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INTERESTING
A N E C D O T E S,
M E M O I R S,
A L L E G O R I E S,
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I N C U L C A T E M O R A L I T Y.

BY MR. ADDISON,

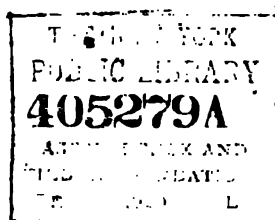
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

1797.

NEW YORK
1797

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NOV 19 1961



A

COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS, &c.

ANECDOTE

OF

JAMES DUKE OF YORK,

SECOND SON OF CHARLES I.

THE Duke of York, it is said, one day told the King his brother, that he had heard so much of old Milton, he had a great desire to see him. Charles told the Duke, that he had no objection to his satisfying his curiosity; and accordingly shortly after, James, having informed himself where Milton lived, went privately to his house. Being introduced to him, and Milton being informed of the rank of his guest, they conversed together for some time; but, in the course of their conversation, the Duke asked Milton, "Whether he did not think the loss of his

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" fight

“ fight was a judgement upon him for what he had written against the late King his father?” Milton’s reply was to this effect: ‘ If your Highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here, are indications of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the King your father? The displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against him than against me; for I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his *head*.’ The Duke was exceedingly nettled at this answer, and went away soon after very angry. When he came back to the court, the first thing he said to the King, was, “ Brother, you are greatly to blame that you don’t have that old rogue Milton hanged.”—“ Why, what’s the matter, James?” said the King, ‘ you seem in a heat! what, have you seen Milton?’—“ Yes,” answered the Duke, “ I have seen him.”—“ Well,” said the King, ‘ In what condition did you find him?’—“ Condition!” replied the Duke, “ why he’s old, and very poor.”—“ Old and poor!” said the King; ‘ well, and he is blind, is he not?’—“ Yes,” said the Duke, “ blind as a beetle.”—“ Why then you are a fool, James,” replied the King, ‘ to want to have him hanged as a punishment: to hang him will be doing him a service; it will be taking him out of his miseries. No, if he is old, poor, and blind, he is miserable enough in all conscience: let him live.’

INTERESTING

INTERESTING ANECDOTE

OF

PETER THE THIRD OF CASTILE.

A Canon of the cathedral of Seville, affected in his dress, particularly in his shoes, could not find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate shoemaker to whom he applied, after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of shoes not made to please his taste, the Canon became furious, and seizing one of the tools of the shoemaker, gave him with it so many blows on the head, as laid him dead on the floor. The unhappy man left a widow, four daughters, and a son fourteen years of age, the eldest of the indigent family. They made their complaints to the chapter; the canon was prosecuted, and condemned *not to appear in the choir for a year*.

The young shoemaker having attained to man's estate, was scarcely able to get a livelihood; and, overwhelmed with wretchedness, ~~sat~~ down on the day of a procession, at the door of the cathedral of Seville, in the moment the procession passed by. Among the other canons he perceived the murderer of his father. At the sight of this man, filial affection, rage, and despair, got so far the better of his reason, that he fell furiously on the priest, and stabbed him to the heart. The young man was seized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to

be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards, with more reason, call the lover of justice, was then at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge; and after learning the particulars, he determined to be himself the judge of the young shoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment, he first annulled the sentence just pronounced by the clergy; and, after asking the young man what profession he was, *I forbid you, said he, to make shoes for a year to come.*

FATAL EFFECTS
OF
FASHIONABLE LEVITIES.

THE STORY OF FLAVILLA.

I Have before remarked, that, “to abstain from the appearance of evil,” is a precept in that law which has every characteristic of divinity; and I have, in more than one of these papers, endeavoured to inforce the practice of it, by an illustration of its excellence and importance.

Circumstances have been admitted as evidences of guilt, even when death has been the consequence of conviction; and a conduct by which evil is strongly

strongly implied, is little less pernicious than that by which it is expressed. With respect to society, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the same; for every man encourages the practice of that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact: and with respect to the individual, as the esteem of the world is a motive to virtue only less powerful than the approbation of conscience, he who knows that he is already degraded by the imputation of guilt, will find himself half disarmed when he is assailed by temptation: and as he will have less to lose, he will, indeed, be less disposed to resist. Of the sex, whose levity is most likely to provoke censure, it is eminently true, that the loss of character by imprudence frequently induces the loss of virtue: the ladies therefore, should be proportionably circumspect; as to those, in whom folly is most likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of most importance to be wise.

This subject has irresistibly obtruded itself upon my mind in the silent hour of meditation, because, as often as I have reviewed the scenes in which I have mixed among the busy and the gay, I have observed that a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dress and behaviour, are become almost universal: virtue seems ambitious of a resemblance to vice, as vice glories in the deformities which she has been used to hide.

A decent timidity, and modest reserve, have been always considered as auxiliaries to beauty; but an air of dissolute boldness is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite. Chastity, which used to be discovered in every gesture and every look, is now retired to the breast, and is found only by those who intend its destruction; as a general, when the town is surrendered, retreats to the citadel, which is always less capable of defence when the outworks are possessed by the enemy.

There is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the prostitute: if they are not otherwise known, they may share the box and the drawing-room without distinction. The same fashion which takes away the veil of modesty, will necessarily conceal lewdness; and honour and shame will lose their influence, because they will no longer distinguish virtue from vice. General custom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual security against general censure; but it will not always lull the suspicions of jealousy; nor can it familiarize any beauty, without destroying its influence, or diminish the prerogatives of a husband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

The excess of every mode may be declined without remarkable singularity; and the ladies, who should

should even dare to be singular in the present defection of taste, would proportionably increase their power and secure their happiness.

I know that in the vanity and the presumption of youth, it is common to alledge the consciousness of innocence, as a reason for the contempt of censure; and a licence, not only for every freedom, but for every favour except the last. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repressed by a sense of danger: and as the persons whom I wish to warn, are most impatient of declamation, and most susceptible of pity, I will address them in a story; and I hope the events will not only illustrate but impress the precept which they contain.

FLAVILLA, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly, without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage was sold to pay his debts; the jewels, which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved; and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and though some gratified their pride by assuming the appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolence, and minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality: they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendour, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain, nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty, but her wit: these qualifications she considered,

dered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered: and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did nor said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy, whom it was an honour to provoke, or to slander, whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less; and though she always treated her with respect, from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated bait; and among other gay visitants, who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour which

enough

encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband: but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind: but whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and her ambition were still predominant; she still hoped to succeed in her project. Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation

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to treat her with generosity and tenderness; only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore, resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view, he went a short journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, “ That he often reflected, with inexpressible regret, “ upon her resentment of his conduct in a late instance; but that the delicacy and the ardour of “ his affection were insuperable obstacles to his marriage; that where there was no liberty, there could “ be no happiness: that he should become indifferent to the endearments of love, when they could “ no longer be distinguished from the officiousness “ of duty: that while they were happy in the possession of each other, it would be absurd to suppose they would part; and that if this happiness “ should cease, it would not only insure but aggravate their misery to be inseparably united; that “ this event was less probable, in proportion as their “ co-habitation was voluntary; but that he would “ make such provision for her upon her contingency,

“ gency, as a wife would expect upon his death. He
 “ conjured her not to determine under the influence
 “ of prejudice and custom, but according to the
 “ laws of reason and nature. After mature delibe-
 “ ration,” said he, “ remember that the whole
 “ value of my life depends upon your will. I do
 “ not request an explicit consent, with whatever
 “ transport I might behold the lovely confusion
 “ which it might produce. I shall attend you in a
 “ few days; with the anxiety, though not with the
 “ guilt, of a criminal who waits for the decision of
 “ his judge. If my visit is admitted, we will never
 “ part; if it is rejected, I can never see you more.”

Flavilla had too much understanding, as well as
 virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this proposal.
 She gave immediate orders that Clodio should be
 admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation
 to gratify her vanity, which she could not resist; she
 shewed it first to her mother, and then to the whole
 circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exul-
 tation of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at
 the wheels of his chariot in a triumph; she consid-
 ered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as
 a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity
 of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without
 apology or restraint.

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It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the play-house by Mercator, a young gentleman who had just returned from his first voyage as captain of a large ship in the Levant Trade, which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendour of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged, rather by curiosity than hope, to inquire who she was; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no designs upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardour of his passion to her mother, giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and intreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some inquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation, and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own
was

was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled; that he ought therefore to obtain his father's consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla was not displeased either with his person or his address; the frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger: a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: he pressed his suit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance, and produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene; but being determined to gratify

gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded, with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that of two evils, to marry without his consent was less than to marry against it; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May-Fair.

In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family: but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter; and after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and had often seen her at publick places. Her beauty and
her

her dependence, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate, but increase;—a resolution, by which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet, to screen her from publick infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from prison by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his own resentment, he told him, that “ if he had taken
 “ Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked
 “ it; and if her extravagance had distressed him, he
 “ would have satisfied his creditors; but that his
 “ marriage was not to be forgiven; that he should
 “ never have another shilling of his money; and he
 “ was determined to see him no more.” Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained reply; and believing that
 he

he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leicester-fields; and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his desire that they should be repeated. But the remembrance of the gay multitude, which, while he was at home, had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent alarmed his suspicion: he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time, Flavilla continued to flutter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long; the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished; the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity: she was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera: sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from the town; she came home some-

times at midnight, and sometimes in the morning ; and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure ; and that the person who had hired the lodgings for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known ; but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence ; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character ; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning ; the family was disturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crowded all day with messages and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant

distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, “ that she was a fine young lady, that her husband was abroad, that she kept a great deal of company, and that the world was censorious; she wished that less occasion for scandal was given; and hoped to be excused the liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those slanders which could have no influence upon the great, and which, therefore, they were not solicitous to avoid.”— This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct; before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint; she answered, with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that ‘ those only who did not know her would dare to take any liberty with her character; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril.’ Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without reply, though she was scarce less offended than her lodger; and from that moment she determined, when Mercator returned, to give warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous; and after an absence of about ten months he came back. The woman to whom her husband left the whole management of her lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that "Madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late; that she had always been used to quiet and regularity; and was determined to let her apartment to some person in a more private station."

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth, as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that "he had no reason to be alarmed; " for

“ for that she had no exception to his lady, but those
 “ gaities which her station and the fashion suffici-
 “ ently authorised.” Mercator’s suspicions, how-
 ever, were not wholly removed; and he began to
 think he had found a confidant whom it would be
 his interest to trust: he therefore, in the folly of his
 jealousy, confessed, ‘ that he had some doubts con-
 ‘ cerning his wife, which it was of the utmost im-
 ‘ portance to his honour and his peace to resolve:
 ‘ he intreated that he might continue in the apart-
 ‘ ment another year: that, as he should again leave
 ‘ the kingdom in a short time, she would suffer no
 ‘ incident, which might confirm either his hopes or
 ‘ his fears, to escape her notice in his absence; and
 ‘ at his return she would give him such an account
 ‘ as would at least deliver him from the torment of
 ‘ suspense, and determine his future conduct.’

There is no sophistry more general than that by
 which we justify a busy and scrupulous inquiry after
 secrets, which to discover is to be wretched without
 hope of redress; and no service to which others are
 so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To
 communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity,
 especially to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of
 folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice
 but of friendship; though it is too late to prevent
 an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuse
 wretchedness

wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's confidant was on this occasion overborne; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal, and promised that she would with the utmost fidelity execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife, and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding, and tears; but, when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an extacy of fondness to his bosom, and intreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; "because," said he, "I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, therefore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation which must otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite us to part no more." To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love. Flavilla,

Flavilla, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now necessary, that the vigils of whist and the tumults of balls and visits should, for a while, be suspended; and in the interval of languor and retirement, Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

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It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady which sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her: this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview, than she had been at the first; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received, was the ground-floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the Horse-Guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face, than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer, and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family, and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance,

countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room: she was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendour, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time, her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by its appearance, that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After such deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult

difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependants: and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same, supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind; and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less cheerful; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection; and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately, and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He, had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once inquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it ever produce any suspicion.

He

He was now halting to inquire after his father; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to inquire how she had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, "that the child" "was born within eight months after his last return" "from abroad; that it was said to have come before" "its time, but that having pressed to see it, she was" "refused." This indeed was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion; for Flavilla, who had still resented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance; and the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation, Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had
been

been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour, and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He sat down, and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship; and soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented: he was received at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting down among them, the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest; but was, indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness.

edness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up, and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: but his uncle, believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room; and to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, that "the resentment which he expressed at his marriage, was every day increased by the conduct of his wife, whose character was now become notoriously infamous; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted." This account threw Mercator into another agony; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and sooth his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented

consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper now was ready: her impatience was increased; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her: she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a billet, which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence, and dishonouring his bed: "of this," he said, "he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more."

To those, whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover

cover what was become of Mercator, and doubting, if she should have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan, whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country-seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch and some other ornaments as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she had discovered Fulvius' business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return;
that

that if possible, the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew; but after much intreaty and expostulation at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when she had recovered from the surprise and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet; which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving, that in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who the moment he cast his eye upon the letter, knew both the hand and the seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words:—

“ Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should
 “ not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances,
 “ but those in which I write. I do not, therefore,
 “ but for your sake, wish them other than they are.
 “ The dear infant, whose birth has undone me, now
 “ lies dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion
 “ and

" and your resentment. I am scarce able to guide
 " my pen. But I most earnestly intreat to see you,
 " that you may at least have the satisfaction to hear
 " me attest my innocence with the last sigh, and seal
 " our reconciliation on my lips, while they are yet
 " sensible of the impression."

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have
 affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive
 in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish
 upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought
 of his distance from London, he started as if he had
 felt a dagger in his heart: he lifted up his eyes to
 heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accu-
 sation of himself, and a petition for her; and then
 rushing out of the house, without taking leave of
 any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took
 post-horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than
 six hours was in Leicester-fields. But notwithstand-
 ing his speed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had suf-
 fered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him
 no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and
 despair, now totally subverted his reason. It be-
 came necessary to remove him by force from the
 body; and after a confinement of two years in a
 mad-house he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion
 shall record these events, tremble to assume the

levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

ANECDOTE
OF THE
DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

WHEN the amiable Duchess of Northumberland was some years ago on the continent, she stopped at an inn in French Flanders, called the Golden Goose; but arriving late, and being somewhat fatigued with her journey, she ordered but a slight repast for herself and her suite, which consisted only of five servants. In the morning when the landlord presented his bill, her secretary was much surprised at one general item of "Expences for the night, 14 louis d'ors." In vain did he remonstrate: the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the Duchess, and was positive. The money was accordingly paid. When she was preparing to depart, the landlord, as usual, attended her to the carriage; and after making many congé's, and expressing many thanks, hoped he should have the honour of her Grace's company on her return.

"Why,

“ Why, I don’t know but I may,” said the Duchefs, with her ufual good humour; “ but it muft be upon “ one condition, that you do not miftake me for “ your fign.”

ON TENDERNESS
TO
THE ANIMAL CREATION,
AND THE COMMON BARBARITY OF OUR MOST
CELEBRATED AMUSEMENTS.

DURING the time of the celebrated Thomas Kouli Kahn, it was a common amufement with him and his officers, to take a number of affes, and try who could make the deepeft incifion in the backs of thofe unfortunate animals with a fabre; he that cut fartheft was allowed the reputation of the ftrongeft man; and frequently it happened that one of the miferable creatures was entirely divided afunder by the force of a fingle ftroke. This anecdote was mentioned at a club, to which I have the honour of belonging, by a gentleman of unqueftionable veracity and good fenfe, who was many years a refident in Perfia, and was an occafional fpectator at feveral of thefe inhuman diverfions; the whole company, to their honour it muft be mentioned,

expressed an honest abhorrence at such barbarous relaxations; and we all congratulated ourselves upon living in a country, where it would be scandalous, for the very first orders, to imitate the Persian hero in his brutal exercises.

When I got home, however, I could not help reflecting, that, notwithstanding the conscious pride of heart which we all possessed in the moment of self-congratulation, a number of amusements could be pointed out in this kingdom considerably more barbarous than the practice of hewing an ass to pieces, though this appeared so justly shocking to our imaginations: nay, what is still worse, the enjoyment of several barbarities is particularly reserved for people of the first figure and understanding, as if those, whose feelings should be uncommonly tender, had an additional title to the commission of cruelties; and as if a violent outrage upon every sentiment of humanity should be the peculiar privilege of birth and fortune.—My readers may be surprised at this observation upon the people of England; yet let me ask, if it be more cruel to torture an ass, than to torture a stag? or whether it is not even more compassionate to dispatch the first at a blow, than to pursue the latter for a number of hours, increasing the wretched animal's agony at every step, and yielding it up at last to a death that must

must harrow up the bosom of any good-natured man, who allows himself a moment's space for reflection ?

The more in reality that we consider this point, the more we shall find it necessary to condemn the inhabitants of this civilized, this benevolent country. The Persian, when he dispatches the unfortunate ass, commits no trespass upon the property of his neighbour, nor manifests any disregard to the distresses of a friend: the animal whom he destroys is his own, it is confined to a particular spot, and nobody can suffer in its death but himself; whereas in the prosecution of the chase with us, we trample inconsiderately through half a country, perhaps, over the corn grounds and inclosures, which the industrious farmer has cultivated, or planted, at a very great expence; and if the person, whom we thus injure, expresses any resentment at our conduct, we possibly horsewhip him for his insolence, and send him home with the reparation of a bleeding head, to comfort his wife and children. This is not all, in the phrenzy of a hunting match, as well as being insensible to the wrongs which we offer to others, we become wholly unmindful of the prejudice which we do ourselves; for let our lives be of never such consequence to our families, we become regardless of danger; we never hesitate at leaps that are manifestly

festly big with destruction; and even if the brother of our breast should meet with any accident in this mad-headed course, so far from stopping to assist him, we make an absolute jest of his misfortune, and express a sense of pleasure in proportion as we find him involved in distress; if he dislocates a leg or an arm by a fall from his horse, he affords us an exquisite entertainment; but if he actually fractures his skull, our mirth becomes extravagant, and we continue wild with delight, till happiness is totally effaced by intoxication.

The civilized nations of Europe are extremely ready, upon all occasions, to stigmatize every other part of the world with the epithet of barbarians, though the appellation might with infinitely more propriety, be conferred upon themselves. Among the politest of our neighbours, there are a thousand customs kept up, which would fill the most uncultivated savage with horror, and give him, if possible, a still more contemptible idea of christianity. An Indian Brachmin, for instance, will frequently go to the sea-side, while the fishermen are drawing their nets, and purchase a whole boat full of fish for the humane satisfaction of restoring the expiring creatures to their natural element, and snatching them from death; nay, the tenderness of the Brachmins is so excessive, with regard to the animal creation, that

that they have been known to purchase cattle at an extraordinary price, merely to save them from slaughter; compassionately thinking the lowing heifer, or the bleating lamb, an equal, though an humble heir of existence, with themselves. What, then, would men of this exalted benevolence think of the British nation, were they to see with what solemnity the right of murdering an innocent partridge, or a harmless hare, is settled by the legislative power of the kingdom? were they to see the armies, which, at particular seasons, issue forth to destroy the warbling inhabitants of the air, for actual diversion; the sporting tenants of the river, for idle recreation? But above all, what would they feel to see a generous domestic little bird, scandalously tied to the stake, and denied the smallest change of life, at the eve of a sacred fast, set apart by our holy religion for the purposes of extraordinary sanctity, and the business of unusual mortification?—It is impossible to imagine what they would feel, when there are even Christians to be found, who cannot see the practice without horror, nor think of it without tears!

I am far from carrying my notions of tenderness to the animal creation beyond the bounds of reason, as the Brachmins do, who think it irreligious to feed upon any thing which has been ever endued with life; because I believe, the great Author of all things.

things designed these animals principally for the use and sustenance of man: yet, at the same time that I suppose they were formed by the Deity for the relief of our necessities, I cannot imagine he ever intended they should be tortured through wantonness, or destroyed for diversion; nor can I imagine, but that even the superstitious forbearance of the Brachmins is infinitely more pleasing in his sight, than the inconsiderate cruelty of those who profess an immediate obedience to his word. A God, all mercy, never takes delight in the unnecessary agony of a creature, whom he has been pleased to endue with existence; we therefore offer an insult to him, when we give a needless pang to the meanest of his creatures; and absolutely pervert the design of his providence, whenever we sacrifice those animals to our amusements, which he has constituted entirely for the relief of our wants. I have thrown out these reflections with a benevolent purpose, as such numbers of the ignorant and the thoughtless are apt to promote their amusements at the expence of their humanity; should what I have here offered be attended with the reformation but of an individual, I shall think my time well employed. Ridicule I must naturally expect from numbers, for daring to combat with favourite prejudices; but it is my consolation, that no witticism whatever, which may be aimed

aimed at me as a writer, can, on the present subject of animadversion, do me the minutest injury as a man.

LORENZO AND VIOLETTA.

A MATRIMONIAL TALE.

FAMILY divisions frequently spring from very immaterial accidents, which gather strength by repetition, till they are augmented in so formidable a manner, as to sweep before them all the domestic virtues, and abolish all the amiable tenderness for which woman was originally intended by the divine Creator. I have been a frequent spectator of such scenes of infelicity. Where I was in most expectation of finding the celestial seeds of connubial happiness flourishing in exquisite beauty, there have I been the most disappointed. Instead of beholding a paradise, I have found nothing but a garden of noxious weeds; which occasions me to publish the following observations. For these may be of utility to society; as by holding up the mirror to the view of inadvertency, they may affright her with her own deformity.

LORENZO and VIOLETTA, have been married upwards of three years: they were equally matched, both in respect of fortune and age; the one being sufficiently

sufficiently affluent for the purchase, and the other for the enjoyment, of the pleasures of life. For some time after the celebration of the nuptials, they entertained a reciprocal affection. She was all fondness, he all indulgence. But their intimacy, instead of increasing, diminished their regard. Her beauty, the more it was familiar to his eye, grew less attractive to his heart; and his conversation grew less engaging, the more she partook of the natural levity of her sex. He renewed his bacchanalian acquaintance; she found more pleasure in discharging her visits, than her domestic offices. In short, both became disintentionally indifferent; their meals were irregular, their conversation little; till, at last, their affection seemed dwindled away to nothing, but a ceremonial complaisance. Nature was soon more predominant than the ties of gentility, or the rules of decency. Their tempers were perpetually bursting the formality of reserve; trivial accidents gave alternate uneasiness to one or the other; which were productive of such disputes, as often terminated in a shiness for two and sometimes for three days together. Though they were both so far estranged from the lambent flame of love, their disagreement very frequently exhibited a conviction of their honesty, by a recollection which just served to blow up the dormant embers of affection; but still they were continually

continually manifesting the difference of their tempers. They were both hastily passionate; he was sometimes furiously ill-natured, while she was too apt to conceive what he never intended. They were both sensible of their folly, yet they still persisted in their obstinacy: if he spoke warm, she reddened with a glow of anger; if he was desirous of tranquillity, she grew turbulent. The vanity of pedigree, and the ostentation of fortune, were often handled backwards and forwards; this ushered in indecency from him, and left her abandoned to a misguided passion.

Reiterated quarrels aggravated their imprudence: he frequently swore, she railed; and blows ensued. She felt the effects of his violence; he bore the marks of her fury. When their passions abated, she sat pensively venting the gushing sorrows from her eyes; he grew mollified, and, after innumerable caresses, recomposed her agitated spirits. The quarrel renewed their tenderness: they gently upbraided themselves, confessed their folly, resolved to oppose the excursions of passion, and for some time lived with all the appearance of a durable felicity. But when passion has once got the head, reason vainly attempts to guide the rein. Though Lorenzo and Violetta, on the repetition of every quarrel, became sensible of their smothered affection, yet they never
endeavoured

endeavoured to light up the extinguished lamp of Hymen. They continued their intemperate follies; and were at last, so habituated to such an ignominious custom, as to give an unbounded loose to their passions before company, till they are now become the derision of all their acquaintance. As I have a regard for Lorenzo, I have taken an opportunity of expatiating with him on his indiscretion: he acknowledges his imprudence, professes the strongest affection for his wife, and solemnly avows his fidelity to the nuptial bed.

Violetta is also sensible of her erroneous behaviour, esteems her husband, and wears the throne of chastity on her brow. They are equally conscious of their faults, are equally sorry for them; and are equally desirous of correcting them: but they are so absolutely devoted to the storms of passion, as to be equally incapable of executing those salutary resolutions, which they are thoroughly sensible can alone give pleasure to the bridal bed, happiness to the prime of life, and comfort to the declension of age.

What a melancholy reflection is this! That two persons, once united by the filken band of love, should so disown its empire, for the gratification of some ridiculous humour, it is most astonishing! That two persons, who could so easily enjoy the beauties of life, should so voluntarily banish themselves

selves from the flowery road of happiness, is amazing! But their conduct serves only to evince this golden maxim—that reason is the best gift of nature; for without her sacred influence, monarchs in their palaces are less happy than peasants in their cottages.

JUVENILE DEGENERACY.

IF we take an enlarged view of the conduct of the younger part of the community, and survey their numerous foibles with attention and seriousness, our feelings will be greatly alarmed, and our attention irresistibly arrested. It must be obvious to every impartial and attentive observer, that the British youth, for the most part, are too unhappily prone to every vice of disgrace, disrepute, and ruin. Every amiable disposition, from the force, perhaps, of bad example, or fatal delusion, is corrupted and destroyed by an attachment to the most shameful excesses of irregular pleasure. Extravagance in dress, a vain ostentation of their persons, sensuality and impiety, are the leading features of their conduct. They plunge into a dangerous gulph of sin and absurd ambition; connecting themselves with the
most

most loose and profligate, and sacrificing their
at the shrine of low sensuality and dishono
Every virtuous motive is expunged from sol
reflection, as the source of madness and melanc

Those virtues, the possession of which constit
the real and only permanent happiness of eve
rational being, are entirely disregarded, and con
sidered as unimportant acquisitions and useless p
fections. Piety, modesty, sympathy, charity, te
perance, rectitude, fidelity, and all the finest feelin
of human nature, are held in disdain and contemp
while sinful pleasure, in all its gay and fashiona
allurements, is eagerly sought after and embrace

Would youth but listen to the voice and pers
sions of conscience, the vicergerent of God himse
would they but shun temptations in every point
view with a just abhorrence, and cultivate su
manly and benevolent affections as are in themse
amiable or commendable; how much more so
pleasure and felicity might they enjoy, in compari
of those grovelling and contemptible pursuits, whi
reflect the highest disgrace on the natural charac
of a just and reasonable human creature! And y
how many thousands are there, who debase th
own nature, by a continued course of depraved a
vicious gratifications! However lamentable the id
of such conduct may appear to every virtuous a
consider:

confiderate person, daily obfervation too glaringly confirms the truth of this remark.

How graceful and becoming, on the other hand, would it appear in youth, were they to feek the the lonely habitations of the neceffitous and diftreffed, and alleviate the fonnors of real poverty and miffortune! The fweet reflection of having relieved and comforted the fatherlefs and the widow can only be known to the compassionate, the liberal, and the merciful. Inftead of indulging in immoral pleasures, by poisoning their minds, and rendering their mental faculties callous to every gentle feeling; would it not be more meritorious and pleafing, and above all highly acceptable to the great Father of the univerfe, to accustom themfelves to contemplate the miferies of human life?—I repeat it—to vifit the folitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan? Thefe are affections which ought particularly to be efteemed and cherifhed. Oh! fay, ye happy poffeffors of riches, fymathy, and benevolence, whether young or old, how great a bleffing it is to blefs and feel another's woe!

TO A FRIEND.

TO A FRIEND.

HAPPY art thou, whom God does bless
 With the full choice of happiness!
 And happier yet, because thou art blest
 With prudence how to choose the best.
 In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
 Thy noble, innocent delight.
 Oh! who would change these soft, but solid joys,
 For empty shows and senseless noise?
 Who would not choose at early morn to wake,
 That of the garden's charms they might partake?
 The garden yields each day a fresh delight,
 Regales the ear, the smell, touch, taste, and sight;
 It yields a calm and cool retreat
 From fell ambition's burning heat;
 The thirst of avarice here does never rage;
 The garden's charms such passions can assuage;
 Custom don't shed that influence here,
 Which tyrannizes all the year
 O'er such as dupes to fashion would appear. }
 We no where art so triumphant seen,
 As when the gard'ner grafts or buds a tree.
 He bids the sour crab to produce
 The wholesome apple's pleasant juice;

The

The rustic plumb and hawthorn he does teach
 The one to bear a pear, th' other a blooming peach.
 Where do we finer strokes or colours see
 Than on the painted tulip, or the verdant tree?
 And if we do but ope the mental eye,
 Reflection sweet would lead us soon t'espy
 E'en in a bush the radiant Deity. }
 Scarce any plant is growing there,
 Which against death some weapon does not bear.
 Let cities boast that they provide
 For life the ornaments of pride;
 But 'tis the garden and the field,
 That furnish them with staff and shield.
 Who that has reason, and has smell,
 Would not with roses and sweet jessamine dwell,
 Rather than all their spirits choak
 With exhalations of a city's smoke?
 Where rank ambition daily breeds [weeds.
 Flow'rs fair to view, which oft prove pois'nous
 Nor does this happy place only dispense
 Such various pleasures to the sense:
 Here blooming health itself does live,
 That salt of life which does to all a relish give;
 Its standing pleasure, and intrinsic wealth,
 The body's virtue, and the soul's good fortune,
 health.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Certain popular Nobleman, in his return from Bath to London, was so delighted with his entertainment at a great Inn in his road, that he staid there a fortnight, with his retinue. On his departure, he took his leave of the landlord with great expressions of perfect satisfaction; but never asked for his bill. The landlord carried his politeness so far as not to deliver his account till his Lordship was seated in his carriage, and just ready to set off. His Lordship looked at the sum total, which was only two hundred pounds, said the bill was extremely reasonable, and bade the coachman drive on.

BON MOT

or

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

THE great Henry IV. of France being asked by one of his haughty favourites, why his Majesty gave himself the trouble to return the salute of so many beggars, who made their obedience to him in the streets, replied, "Because, I would not have my beggars in the streets exceed me in complaisance."

ON

ON JEALOUSY.

BEFORE the temple of marriage, which is holy and sacred, we place the statue of jealousy, and daily offer a thousand sacrifices of sinister suspicions; yet it is far better to think well of a hundred that are ill, than ill of one that is innocent. A woman often is made loyal, by thinking her loyal: and he that doubts faith, well observed, puts himself in danger to ruin it by his suspicion; for many there are who care not to forsake innocence, when they have lost reputation. And when they are grounded in an opinion that their actions are ill interpreted, they thereby become apt to entertain all sorts of mischief. Jealousy is a bad daughter, born of a good house, which is that of love and honour: she hath eyes (like envy) so bleared, that they cannot endure a ray of the virtue or prosperity of another: a most unhappy passion, which, after it hath tormented all the world, devoureth itself, usually growing from the most beautiful loves, as those worms which are said to issue from the fairest flowers, or as the sharpest vinegar proceeding from the best wines: an executioner retained within our own entrails.

He that is good of himself, will hardly believe evil of another, and will rather distrust his own

senses, than the fidelity of those he trusted. A small satisfaction contents those whom guilt hath not made scrupulous. Let your suspicions be charitable, your trust fearful, your censure sure. Jealousy is the phrenzy of wise men, the well-wishing spite and unkind carefulness; the self-punishment for others' faults; self-misery in others' happiness; in its limits, the daughter of love, and mother of hate. He that is truly good of himself, will hardly suspect evil of another; many have taught others to deceive, while they have appeared too jealous of being deceived. Open suspicion of others comes from a secret condemning of ourselves. Where distrust begins, friendship ends. It is no shame to be somewhat suspicious in matter of danger; whereas it is a great shame to be deceived through our own folly and facility: yet our suspicions ought to be grounded upon good presumptions; otherwise suspicion, fearing enemies, will make an enemy; but wisdom knows trust ought here to be applied, and makes suspicion jealous of losing him by suspicion. What this humour doeth undirected, it undoeth what directed full of preservation.

Jealousy is nothing else but love, impatient of a co-rival. The envious man cannot endure it, out of the hatred he hath of another man's contentment; and the jealous cannot suffer it, through the over-
much

much love he beareth to himself, perpetually fearing lest the communication of love may tend to the diminution of the good he possesseth, or pretends to have a right to possess. It is undoubted that a good husband makes his wife loyal by accounting her such; and that he who suspecteth evil in an innocent creature, gives her occasion of sin. Moreover, the jealous man, like Ixion, lives upon the wheel of an eternal torment.

“ Alexander the Great was so free from suspicion, that he received with one hand the drink, which his physician brought him, and with the other shewed him the letter, by which he was advised that Darius had promised him great rewards to poison him. A noble disposition cannot believe that in another, which is not in himself, and will never distrust those whose services have deserved their trust. Suspicion is as great an enemy to wisdom as credulity.

It is but the middle kind of wits that are capable of this contagion: excellent ones are above, and mean ones below it; these are ignorant of the occasions, and the other unmoved with them. It is in this that stupidity arrives at the same points as wisdom, and clowns are as happy as philosophers. But those that afflict themselves for misfortunes, where there is no remedy but patience, do entertain this error in the world, and have a whole moon in their head,

head, when they think they have but half a one in their forehead. It is a passion very senseless, whereby we afflict ourselves, without obliging any body; and make a torment in this world, for fear of missing it in the next. If we discover our suspicions to be false, we are obliged to a repentance: if we find them true, we cannot be too miserable for being too curious.

Jealousy hath no bounds to its invention, but impossibility: there is no malice black enough to blind this passion's capacity; it gives craft to the dullest, and perverts the most virtuous to seek satisfaction for this injury.

Some, that are none of the chafteft, are yet jealous of their husbands, and violate the law of nature, as well as of divinity, not enduring to be paid what they lend. An ingenuous liberty is a better guard than any restraint. Freedom extinguishes desire, and interdiction kindles it. When the opportunities of sin are common, they are neglected; when they are rare, they are made use of, lest they should not be met with again so commodiously. Jealousy is for love, envy for fortune, and emulation for virtue: the goods of fortune are too gross and material; those of love too light for our minds; only those of virtue deserve to be made their object. It is for her only that competitors endure one another in their
 designs;

designs; and there is no more sedition or dispute amongst them, than there is for the impropriation of the light of the sun, or the influence of the stars.

To find a retreat for the persecution of jealousy, let us make use of holy Joseph and the Virgin, to teach us that the chafteft of women has made jealous the most innocent of men. There is sometimes more misfortunes in it than ill-meaning: we must neglect the apparency like him, and suffer suspicions like her. It is no small consolation to think, that after all the proofs and testimonies that may seem to be contrived to make us to conclude ill, it is better in this extremity to believe a miracle, than a sin; and to acknowledge the power of God, rather than the weakness of the creature.

ANECDOTE
or
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

QUEEN Elizabeth (said Sir Walter Raleigh) would set the reason of her meanest subjects against the authority of her greatest counsellors. By her patience herein, she raised the ordinary customs of London, above fifty thousand pounds a year, without any imposition. The Lord Burleigh, the Earl

Earl of Leicester, and Secretary Walsingham, (all three pensioners to Customer Smith) joined to set themselves against a poor waiter of the custom-house, called Cardwarder, and commanded the grooms of the chamber not to give him admission. But the Queen sent for him, on a petition, which he delivered into her hand, and gave him countenance against them all. It would not serve the turn with her to be told by her great officers, that she disgraced them by allowing her ear to the complaints of busy heads, and that she dishonoured her own dignity. She had always this to answer:—
 “ That if men should complain unjustly against her
 “ Ministers, she knew well enough how to punish
 “ them; but if they had reason for the complaint
 “ they offered, she was Queen of all, the *small*
 “ as well as the *great*, and would not suffer herself
 “ to be besieged by servants, who could have no
 “ motive for wishing it, but their interest in the
 “ oppression of others.”

ANECDOTE OF SULLY,

MINISTER TO HENRY IV.

MADAME d'Entragues, Henry's favourite mistress, was extremely angry with Sully one day, on his not immediately paying to her brother, some

some gratuity which that Monarch had ordered him.
 "The King," said she to him, "would act very
 "singularly indeed, if he were to displace persons of
 "quality merely to give into your notions. And
 "pray, Sir, to whom should a king be kind, if not
 "to his relations, his courtiers, and his mistresses?"
 'That might be very well, Madam,' replied Sully;
 'if the king took the money out of his own purse;
 'but in general he takes it out of those of shop-
 'keepers, artificers, labourers, and farmers. These
 'persons enable him to live. One master is enough
 'for us, and we have no occasion for such a number
 'of courtiers, of princes, and of king's mistresses.'

THE DUTIES

THAT OUGHT TO SUBSIST

BETWEEN FRIEND AND FRIEND.

OF all the relations wherein we stand towards
 one another, there is none more strict and
 binding, none more necessary and beneficial, than
 that of Friendship. For human nature is imperfect;
 it has not fund enough to furnish out a solitary life;
 and the most delicious place, barred from all com-
 merce and society, would be insupportable. Besides
 there are so many adverse accidents attending us,
 that,

that, without the communion of friendship, virtue itself is not able to accomplish its end; because the best good man, on several occasions, often wants an assistant to direct his judgment, quicken his industry, and fortify his spirits. ‘A brother,’ indeed, as the wise man observes, ‘was born for adversity; but there is a friend, that sticketh closer than a brother;’ and therefore he that has found this precious treasure has laid up a good foundation against the day of trouble; because every true and real friendship will be an alloy to his sorrows, an ease to his passions, a sanctuary to his calamities, a relief of his oppressions, a repository of his secrets, a counsellor of his doubts, and an advocate for his interest, both with God and man. And yet, as necessary and beneficial as this relation is, in all conditions of life, there is no one thing wherein we mistake ourselves more. Men usually call them their friends with whom they have an intimacy, though that intimacy, perhaps, is nothing else but an union and combination in sin. The drunkard, for instance, thinks him his friend who will swallow wine in bowls, and keep him company in his debauches; the proud man, him his friend who will blow up the bladder, and indulge his vanity with fulsome flattery; and the deceitful man, him his friend that will aid and assist him in carrying on his schemes

schemes of fraud and dishonesty. But, alas! this is so far from being friendship, that it deserves a very different appellation. A true friend loves his friend, so that he is very zealous for his good; and certainly he that is really so, will never be the instrument of bringing him into the greatest evil. How far soever, then, a resemblance in humour or opinion, a fancy for the same business or diversion, may, on some occasions, be a ground of affection; yet this is generally allowed, both by moralists and divines, that virtue is the only proper foundation of friendship, and that none but good men are capable of it: and, among these, it may not improperly be defined to be—An industrious pursuit of our friend's real advantages, or obliging ourselves to do unto him all the good offices that our fidelity and assistance, our advice and admonition, our candour and constancy, can effect.

Friendship, both in the Latin and Greek languages, takes its denomination from love: and as love is every where the same, so there is no principle more faithful, and what less consults the arts of dissimulation. A friend therefore will pursue the advantages of those he truly loves, as if they were his own; because there will be no great difference between the power of self-love, and the love of a person whom, by the laws of friendship, he is bound to love

love as well as himself. From this principle he espouses his interest, whether the opportunities of doing him service be known to him or not: he maintains his honour and right, though invaded by the most potent adversary, or struck at by the most clandestine malice. And, as he suffers none he can hinder to injure his character or fortune, so he is especially careful himself to avoid all ill-bred familiarities in company, or mercenary incroachments upon his good nature; as very well knowing, that friendship, though it be not nice and exceptionous, yet must not be treated coarsely; and that the neglect of good manners therein, is the want of its greatest ornament. Above all, he is continually upon his guard to keep the secrets, which his friend has reposed in his breast, with the most sacred taciturnity; because a discovery of these, in the opinion of the wise Son of Sirac, who well understood the laws and punctualities of friendship, is an offence, of all others, the most provoking and the most unpardonable. For ‘ who so discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but, if thou betrayest his secrets, follow no more after him; for, as one letteth a bird out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shall not get him again. Follow after him no more, for he is too far

far off; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound, it may be bound up; and, after reviling, there may be a reconciliation; but he that betrayeth secrets is without hope.'

How far the measure of mutual assistance ought to extend among friends, is not so easy a matter, in each particular, to determine; but this we may say, in general, that as far as opportunity, discretion, and former pre-engagements will give us leave, we may be allowed to go; and that to break upon the score of danger or expence is narrow-spirited; provided the assistance may be given without ruin to ourselves or prejudice to a third person, without breach of honour or violation of conscience. Where the thing is unlawful, we must neither ask nor comply. All importunities against justice are feverish desires, and must not be gratified. He that would engage another in an unwarrantable action, takes him for an ill person, and, as the motion is an affront, ought to be renounced for the injury of his opinion. But where this is not the case, we ought to treat our friend, as far as prudence and justice will permit, with all the frankness and generosity imaginable; to counsel him, when he wants advice; to cheer him, when he wants comfort; to give unto him, when he wants relief; and, even with some hazard to ourselves, to rescue him, when he is in danger.

And

And in doing of this, we should consider his occasions and prevent his desires, and scarce give him time to think that he wanted our assistance; because a forwardness to oblige is a great grace upon our kindness, and that which doubles the intrinsic worth of it.

It is the observation of the wise King of Israel, 'Woe to him that is alone! for, if he falleth, he hath not another to help him up.' And this observation is verified upon none so much, as upon him that is destitute of friends; who, when he is under a perplexity of affairs, where a determination is dubious, and yet of uncommon consequence, cannot fetch in aid from another person, whose judgment may be greater than his own, and whose concern he is sure is no less. Every man, in his own affairs, is found to be less cautious than a prudent stander-by: he is generally too eagerly engaged, to make just remarks upon the progress and probability of things; and, in such a case, nothing is so proper as a judicious friend, to temper the spirits, and moderate the pursuit; to give the signal for action, to press the advantage, and strike the critical minute. Foreign intelligence may have a spy in it, and therefore should be cautiously received; strangers (I call all such, except friends) may be designing in their advice, or, if they be sincere, by mistaking

mistaking the case, they may give wrong measures: but now an old friend has the whole scheme in his head; he knows the constitution, the disease, the strength, and the humour of him he assists; what he can do, and what he can bear; and therefore none so proper as he to prescribe, to direct the enterprise, and secure the main chance.

But, among all the offices of friendship, there is none that comes up to our aiding and assisting the soul of our friend, and endeavouring to advance his spiritual state, by exhortations and encouragements to all virtue, by earnest and vehement dissuasions from all sin, and especially by kind and gentle reproofs, where there is reason to presume an offence has been committed. This is so peculiarly the duty of a friend, that there is none besides so duly qualified for it. The reproofs of a relation may be thought to proceed from an affectation of superiority; of an enemy, from a spirit of malice; and of an indifferent person from pride and impertinence; and so be slighted: but when they come from one who loves us as his own soul, and come armed with all the tender concern that an unfeigned affection is known to dictate, they must of course take effect, and become irresistible. Self-love, like a false glass, generally represents the complexion better than nature has made it; men have no great inclination
to

to be prying into their own deformities, and have such unwillingness to hear of their faults that whoever undertakes the work, had need have a strong prepossession in his favour; and therefore the friend, that alone is qualified for it, acts the part of a flatterer, and betrays the offender into security, when he sees him commit things worthy of blame, and yet silently passes them by. ‘Open reproof,’ says the wise man, ‘is better than such secret love; for faithful are the words of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.’

But though we are required to admonish our friend when we see him do amiss, yet the manner in which we are to do it, will require our utmost care, and shew our skill and address, as well as our love and esteem for him. ‘A word, fitly spoken,’ says Solomon, ‘is like apples of gold in pictures of silver: as an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear.’ What gracefulness there is in colours judiciously chosen, and rightly put together; what agreeableness there is in the most valuable metals, so oppositely placed as to add to each other’s lustre; what beauty arises from the richest and choicest ornaments; such is the gratefulness, such is the excellency, such is the beauty of a wise reproof, fitted to the occasion of it, to the person and character of those

those that reprove, and of those that are reprov'd: and this, in the case of friends, ought certainly to be managed with all candour and kindness, with all meekness and humility, without any signs of bitterness, and words of reproach, or airs of superiority.

But though we are allowed in this manner to reprove the faults of our friend, yet are we to remember that this is to be done in private; and that no care must be wanting, on our parts, to conceal them from the knowledge of others. And it is a great and noble thing to cover the blemishes, and excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his errors, and to display his perfections; to bury his weakness in silence, and proclaim his virtues upon the house-top. This, as one expresses it, is an imitation of the charities of heaven, which, when the creature lies prostrate in the weakness of sleep, spreads the covering of night and darkness over it, to conceal it in that condition; but as soon as our spirits are refreshed, and nature returns to its morning vigour, GOD then bids the sun rise, and shine upon the day, both to advance and shew our activity.

These are some of the duties or approved qualities of friendship, viz. to be faithful in our professions, and zealous in our services, prudent in our advices, and gentle in our reproofs, to our friend; to be

be dumb to his secrets, silent to his faults, and full of the commendations of his virtues; and, where these are mutually practised, there is less danger of the remaining duty, which is constancy, or such a stability and firmness of friendship as overlooks and passes by all those lesser failures of kindness and respect, that, through frailties incident to human nature, a man may be sometimes guilty of; and yet still retain the same habitual good-will, and prevailing propensity of mind to his friend, that he had before. Alas! there is no expecting the temper of paradise in the corruption of the world: the best of people cannot be always the same, always awake and entertaining; the accidents of life, the indispositions of health, the imperfections of reason, must be allowed for; nor must every ambiguous expression, or every little chagrin, or start of passion, be thought a sufficient cause of disunion. ‘Ointment and perfume,’ says the wise man, ‘rejoice the heart; so does the sweetness of a man’s friend;’ whereupon it follows, ‘thine own friend and thy father’s friend forsake not.’ To part with a tried friend, and one that is grown old, as it were, in the service of the family, besides the injustice done him, is both unreasonable levity, such as argues a mind governed by caprice only, and egregious folly, such as prodigally cast away one of the greatest blessings of
humar

human life. For ‘ a faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such a one hath found a treasure.’ And as nothing can countervail a faithful friend, so when we have once entered into that relation, I know of nothing that should dissolve it, but either downright malevolence or incorrigible vice. These indeed strike at the fundamentals, and make a correspondence impracticable; but, even when the case comes to this unhappy pass, there is still a decency in the manner of our disunion, and prudence seems to direct that we should draw off by degrees, rather than come to an open rupture.

From what has been said on this subject, it seems plainly to follow, that every one is not qualified to enter into the relation of friendship, wherein there is occasion for largeness of mind and agreeableness of temper; for prudence of behaviour, for courage and constancy, for freedom from passion and self-conceit. A man that is fit to be made a friend of, must have conduct to manage the engagement, and resolution to maintain it; he must use freedom without roughness, and oblige without design. Cowardice will betray friendship, and covetousness will starve it; folly will be nauseous; passion is apt to ruffle; and pride will fly out into contumely and neglect: and therefore, to conclude with the wisdom of the son of Sirac, in relation to the choice of a friend, ‘ If

‘thou wouldest get a friend, (says he) prove him first,
 ‘and be not hasty to credit him; for some man is a
 ‘friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the
 ‘day of thy trouble.’ As, again, ‘some friend is a
 ‘companion at the table; in thy prosperity he will be
 ‘as thyself; but if thou be brought low, he will be
 ‘against thee, and hide himself from thy face.
 ‘Wherefore, prove thy friend first, and be not hasty
 ‘to credit him.

A CURIOUS ANECDOTE
 RELATING TO A
 LORD ABERGAVENNY,
 IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE Lord of Abergavenny was so fierce and
 hasty a young nobleman, that no servant or
 gentleman in that house could continue long quiet,
 but he would quarrel with them upon any small
 cause, till Mr. Perrot came thither, whom the gen-
 tlemen and serving-men perceiving to be of a bold
 spirit, comely stature, good strength, and seemingly
 courageous, they then told the young Lord of
 Abergavenny, that there was a young gentleman
 come to the house, who would match him.—“Is
 “there such a one?” said he, “let me see him.”—
 And

And so coming where Mr. Perrot was, for the first salutation he asked him—"What, Sir, are you the "kill-cow that must match me."—"No," said Mr. Perrot, "I am no butcher; but if you use me no 'better; you shall find I can give a butcher's blow.'" "Can you so?" said he, "I will see that."—And so being both angry, they buckled, and fell to blows; in trial and continuance whereof, the Lord Abergavenny found that he had his hands full of him, and was rather over-matched in strength, and had no advantage of him in stomach, whereby he was willing to be parted from him. So the serving-men and other gentlemen in the Marquis's house, (when they found the young Lord Abergavenny unruly) would still threaten him with Mr. Perrot.

A MEMORABLE INSTANCE

OF

HONOUR AND INTEGRITY.

A Spanish cavalier, in a sudden quarrel, slew a Moorish gentleman, and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him, for he had unperceived thrown himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed
by

by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case, and implored concealment. "Eat this," said the Moor, (giving him half a peach) "you now know that you may confide in my protection." He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him, as soon as it was night he would provide for his escape to a place of greater safety. The Moor then went into his house, where he had just seated himself, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by a Spaniard. When the first shock of surprise was a little over, he learned from the description given, that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one; but, as soon as it was dark, retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then accosting the Spaniard, he said, "Christian, the person you have killed is my son; his body is now in my house. You ought to suffer, but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken." He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, and mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said, "Fly far, while the night can cover you; you will be safe in the morning. You are indeed guilty of my son's blood; but God is just and good,

“good, and I thank him I am innocent of your’s;
“and that my faith given is preserved.”

THE STUDY OF MAN.

THE life of man is a mixed state, full of uncertainty and vicissitude, of anxieties and fears. For no man’s prosperity on earth is stable and assured; hence no study, to a thoughtful mind, can appear more important than how to be suitably prepared for the misfortunes of life, so as to contemplate them in prospect without dismay; and, if they must befall, to bear them without dejection.

Throughout every age, power has endeavoured to remove adversity to a distance.—Philosophy has studied when it drew nigh, to conquer it by patience: and wealth has sought out every pleasure that can compensate, or alleviate pain.

But religion has been no less attentive to the same important object. The defence which it provides is altogether of an internal kind.—It is the heart, not the outward state, which it professes to guard, by affording the distressed that security and peace, which arises from a belief of divine protection.—It
opens

opens to them sources of consolation which are hidden from others. By that strength of mind with which it endows them, it sets them upon a rock, against which, the tempest may violently beat, but cannot shake; for it prepares the mind for encountering with fortitude, the most severe shocks of adversity.

GROSS ABUSES
IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

AMONG the many improvements that have been suggested upon the present system of education, it appears extraordinary, that one abuse, which still subsists in full force, should either have been altogether disregarded, or at least, not animadverted on with the severity which it certainly deserves. I mean here that tyranny which is so shamefully exercised at most of the public schools in this kingdom, and those especially which are of the greatest eminence, by those more advanced in life over the younger part of their fellows. Scarcely a gentleman who has been bred up at any of these seminaries of instruction, but must recollect, with some degree of indignation, the unworthy treatment
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he endured, in his early years, from his tyrannical superiors.

This reflection will probably suggest another still more painful to a liberal and generous mind, that he himself as he advanced in years and strength, was so far misled by custom and the example of his associates, as to practise the same cruelty and insult which he had been before compelled to undergo. To particularize instances of such treatment, would be unnecessary. No man, educated at a public school, can deny that the younger part of those sent there for education are treated not only in a servile and humiliating, and often in a cruel manner, but are often made panders to the vices of their superiors.

The scandalous impropriety of tolerating such abuses must be obvious to every one; but it may not be amiss to point out more particularly to the public some of the pernicious consequences that may result from thence to the conduct and manners of the rising generation, and the degradation and consequent disgrace that must necessarily be brought upon the national character.

Previous, however, to these considerations, it will be proper to view the subject with a regard to humanity.

Can the epithet of a tender parent be justly applied to any one who exposes his children, at an early
and

and defenceless age, to danger, mortification, and insult; to hazard, not incurred in the performance of any duty, and therefore unnecessary; and to the wanton infliction of pain and vexation, from which no good can be produced? We have of late years been entertained with frequent declamations concerning the cruelty of masters; of the humiliation and depression of mind that is so likely to accrue from the severe discipline of a cruel pedagogue, and much common-place harangue of a similar kind: but I am satisfied these complaints are without foundation, and are generally propagated by those who wish to deceive mankind into an opinion, that learning and science are attainable without labour and strict application; and that this secret is in the possession of some advertising master, who professes to teach in a few months, what is, perhaps, no very difficult task, to make his pupils as wise as himself: or, in other words, to teach ignorance without trouble. I apprehend, that there is more reason to blame the schoolmasters of the present age for too great relaxation of discipline, than for too severe exertion of it. Had that been properly supported, we should scarcely have seen such a mutinous disposition prevailing among the boys at the public schools in this kingdom, as has taken place of late years; which has arisen, not from over exertion of authority,

authority, but from want of it;—not from resentment of ill treatment, but from impatience of reasonable controul;—not from a spirit of liberty, but from a factious licentiousness of disposition, encouraged by the backwardness or timidity of those who superintended their conduct, in repressing their irregularities before they burst forth into outrage.

The continuance of the abuse here complained of is a sufficient proof, were there no other, that the authority of the masters is at too low an ebb, instead of being tyrannically exerted. No man who has the charge of education, but must condemn such a system of domestic and petty, yet often cruel, tyranny. Yet, how few, if any, take measures to overturn, or even to moderate it! they are sensible that the abuse is too deeply rooted to be redressed by such coercion as they have the spirit to employ.

But, in reality, the discipline of a master, however severe we can reasonably suppose it to be, must be much more tolerable to an ingenuous mind, than the tyrannical authority assumed by his equals. The chastisements of master, we may presume, are, in a good degree at least, regulated by discretion, and intended to reform what is really amiss; they can scarcely recur often to an individual, unless it is obviously the fault of him who suffers it; and they do not carry with them the sting of insult, which al-
ways

ways accompanies the wanton tyranny of those whom we are sensible have no right to the power they assume.

Let us now take a view of the subject in a rational or political light. It is an observation of the most eminent author now extant, the sacred writers excepted, ‘ That a man is deprived of half his worth ‘ to society by being made a slave.’ If this be true, can we think it a promising circumstance for the nation, that the youth, on whom the conduct of it will, probably, in time devolve, receive their first principle of conduct in a state of tyrannical subordination to their equals? Is it probable, that the impressions made at those years should leave no traces of their effects on the mind? What more improper system of education could be devised for a free people, than one which commences with the slavery of an individual, and ends with his becoming a tyrant? The latter, indeed, is the natural consequence of the former. Those who have suffered in this manner, are impatient to revenge themselves on others in their turn. It is remarked at the court of Turkey, that those eunuchs who have suffered the worst usage in the first stages of their preferment, become the most cruel and severe over their dependents, when they get into power. Were we to educate a Captain Bassa, or an Aga of the Janissaries, such methods might

might be proper, but are totally opposite to a truly British system. It is not indeed improbable, that some qualities might hereby be produced, which impose upon incautious observers for those which are congenial to liberty. It may teach faction an overbearing disposition, and an impatience of legal restraint; but it will not inculcate the necessity of respecting the rights of others equally with their own; it will not instruct them to value themselves principally, if not altogether, on personal merit, and to prefer the interest of the public to their own private emolument. In short, the object of obedience seems in our public schools to be at present misplaced. Instead of its being paid to the instructors and guardians of the conduct of the youth, it is transferred, in a great degree, to those who are least proper of any to be intrusted with it. The masters complain of want of authority; let them recover their lost influence by the noblest means possible, that of freeing from undue restraint those whom it is their duty to protect. Obedience, at present unnaturally diverted, will then return into its proper channel, and collecting there, will produce the best effects on the conduct and behaviour of our youth. It is probable, that, in every insurrection at a public school, not one twentieth part of those apparently concerned engage in it voluntarily. They are compelled by
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the menaces or ill-usage of their superiors to mutiny and complaint, of what, perhaps, not one sixth part understands even the pretended cause. Were this tyranny abolished, rebellions at such places would be no more; or if they should break out, we might conclude that they were occasioned by some real misconduct of the masters. Much danger to the younger part would be avoided, and much unnecessary uneasiness. Principles of equality, liberty and justice, would naturally diffuse themselves; order and regularity would be respected when they were alone entitled to command respect. The attention would then fix on its proper point, and probably continue through life to produce such effects as might be hoped; namely, of obedience to the laws and a zealous attachment to the free constitution of their country.

ANECDOTE

OF

ANN BOLEYN.

WHEN Dr. Fisher, bishop of Rochester, was beheaded, the executioner carried the head away in a bag, with an intent to have it set on London Bridge that night, according to the orders he had

had received. The Lady Ann Boleyn, who was the chief cause of this pious man's death, expressed a desire to see the head before it was set up ; accordingly it was brought to her, and, after viewing it some time, contemptuously said the following words: "Is this the head that so often exclaimed against me? I trust it shall never do any more harm."

UNIVERSALITY OF CRITICISM:

BY S. WHITCHURCH,

IRONMONGER, OF BATH.

HARD is his fate, in these censorious days,
 Who rhymes for pleasure, or who writes for
 Who rakes the embers of poetic fire, [praise;
 And sings, as love or friendship may inspire,
 Let but his weeping muse the grave attend,
 And pay her tribute to a lifeless friend ;
 Let him but dare, in undissembl'd woe,
 To tell in print how pure his sorrows flow ;
 Let him to public view expose his lyre,
 Though fraught his numbers with poetic fire ;
 Lo! *would-be* Criticks rise—a snarling band,

To

To damn the work, they cannot understand;
 Their thick, their sapient, skulls together lay,
 Whilst ign'rance dictates what they have to say;
 They throw the blot of censure on his work,
 And treat the author as they would a Turk.

Leaving his tea, his fugar, and his plumbs,
 Licking his fingers, sucking both his thumbs,
 The learned grocer, with sagacious look,
 Makes shrewd remarks upon the hapless book.
 Mechanic preachers next in rank appear,
 At the poor poet, and his verse, to jeer;
 To sever wood, or wield the spade design'd,
 They think by rule, to sense and reason blind;
 As ever us'd, so still they work, or preach,
 And proudly arrogate the right *to teach*;
 Still the same hackney'd subject they pursue,
 And ne'er produce a single thought that's new.
 Yet when a genius, bold and unconfin'd,
 Dares to unlock the storehouse of his mind,
 Dares to depart from systematic rules,
 Dulness alarms these systematic fools;
 Then fir'd with cruel rage they soon condemn
 What can't be known, or understood, by them.—
 Thus fidlers, tinkers, now-a-days will sit,
 And judgment pass on works of real wit;
 Knights of the razor, heroes of the goose,
 Painters, and cobblers, ready in abuse,

Bakers,

Bakers, and smiths, and all the vulgar crew,
 Which ign'rance owns, and wisdom never knew,
 Conspire to run the work-of genius down,
 And with disgrace its author strive to crown.
 But peace, my muse, for tho' thy treatment rough,
 When thou canst please thyself—think that enough.

BATH, 1790.

Copy of a letter from Sir RICHARD STEELE, to Mrs. SCURLOCK, mother of the Lady whom he afterwards married, which will be very acceptable to such readers as are capable of properly estimating superior talents, and unbounded philanthropy. This letter exhibits a minute statement of his affairs, at a certain period, and displays such a disposition for domestic happiness, as, if universally cultivated, would be found an infallible specific for half the evils that embitter life.

TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

Lord Sunderland's Office, Whitehall, Sept. 3, 1707.

MADAM,

THE young Lady, your daughter, told me she had a letter from you of the 22d instant; wherein you gave her the highest marks of your affection and anxiety for her welfare, in relation to

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me

me. The main prospect on these occasions, is that of fortune; and therefore, I shall very candidly give you an account of myself, as to that particular. My late wife had so extreme a value for me, that she, by fine, conveyed to me her whole estate, situate in Barbadoes, which with the stock and slaves (proper securities being given for the payment of the rent) is let for 850l. per annum, at half-yearly payments; that is to say, 425l. each first of May, and 425l. each first of December. This estate came to her incumbered with a debt of 3000l. by legacies and debts of her brother, whose executrix she was, as heiress. I must confess, it has not been in my power to lessen the incumbrance, by reason of chargeable sicknesses, and not having at that time any employment of profit. But at present, and ever since May last, I have been appointed by the Secretaries of State to write the Gazette, with a salary of 300l. a year, paying a tax of 45l. I am also gentleman waiter to his Royal Highness the Prince, with a salary of 100l. a year, not subject to taxes.

Thus my whole income is at present per annum - - - - -	£. 1250
Deduct the interest of 3000l. - -	180
Taxes for my employment - - -	45
	<hr/> 225
Remains after these deductions	<hr/> 1025
	This

This is, Madam, the present state of my affairs; and though this income is so large, I have not taken any regard to lay up any thing further than just what pays the interest above-mentioned. If I may be so happy to obtain your favour, so as we may live together with singleness of mind, I shall readily go into such measures as shall be thought most advisable for our mutual interest; and if it is thought fit, will sell what I have in the Plantations. Your daughter acquaints me, there is a demand of 1400l. upon your estate, the annual income of which, is better than 400l. *per annum*. You have now the whole view of both our circumstances before you; and you see there is a foundation for our living in a handsome manner, provided we can be of one mind; without which I could not propose to myself any happiness or blessing, were my circumstances ever so plentiful. I am at a pleasing juncture in my affairs, and my friends in great power, so that it would be highly necessary for us to be in the figure of life we shall think convenient to appear in, as soon as may be, that I may prosecute my expectations in a busy way while the wind is for me, with just consideration, that about a court it will not always blow one way. Your coming to town is mightily to be wished. I promise myself the pleasure of a virtuous and industrious wife, in studying

to do things agreeable to you. But I will not enlarge into professions. I assure you, I shall always contend with you, who shall lay the greater obligations on the other; and I can form to myself no greater satisfaction than having one day your permission to subscribe myself, Madam,

Your most obedient son,
and most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

ODE TO WINTER.

COME, social Winter, with your hoary train,
Come with the torch that lights to science cell,
Peace be thy guide, in whose sequester'd fane
The sage delights, the muses love to dwell.

For thee I quit the flowery paths of ease,
No more I stray thro' pleasure's airy walks,
The autumn frowns, the leaves desert their trees,
The songsters mope, the flowers leave their stalks.

Welcome, fond nurse of contemplative hours,
No more the sons of folly can delight ;

The

The trump of wisdom calls me to her bow'rs,
 Where, at her sacred shrine, my vows I'll plight.
 Hail! stately virtue, who attends thy throne
 In all the majesty of heavenly birth,
 A ray of glory brightens from her zone,
 And beams immortal on her sons on earth.
 Hasten on thy pinions of celestial down,
 With fostering care beguile each irksome hour;
 May flattering Somnus, when I lay me down,
 Caress my fancy with his magic pow'r.
 In the deep gulph of knowledge let me dive,
 And search for truth within her golden mine,
 And from the fount of nature pure derive
 Th' inspiring genius, and the bliss divine.

ANECDOTE OF ROSS,

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

IN the year 1752, during the Christmas holidays,
 I played George Barnwell, and the late Mrs.
 Pritchard played Milwood. Doctor Barrowby,
 physician to St. Bartholomew's hospital, told me he
 was

was sent for by a young gentleman, in Great St. Helen's, apprentice to a very capital merchant. He found him very ill with a slow fever, a heavy hammer pulse, that no medicine could touch. The nurse told him he sighed at times so very heavily, that she was sure something lay heavy on his mind. The Doctor sent every one out of the room, and told his patient, he was sure that there was something that oppressed his mind, and lay so heavy on his spirits, that it would be in vain to order him medicine, unless he would open his mind freely.

After much solicitations on the part of the Doctor, the youth confessed there was something that lay heavy at his heart, but that he would sooner die than divulge it, as it must be his ruin if it was known. The Doctor assured him, if he would make him his confidant, he would by every means in his power serve him, and that the secret, if he desired it, should remain so to all the world, but to those who might be necessary to relieve him. After much conversation, he told the Doctor, he was the second son to a gentleman of good fortune in Hertfordshire; that he had made an improper acquaintance with a kept mistress of a Captain of an Indiaman then abroad; that he was within a year of being out of his time, and had been intrusted with cash, drafts, and notes, which he had made free with, to the amount of two hundred

hundred pounds; that, going two or three nights before to Drury-lane, to see Ross and Mrs. Pritchard in their characters of George Barnwell and Milwood, he was so forcibly struck, that he had not enjoyed a moment's peace since, and wished to die, to avoid the shame he saw hanging over him. The Doctor asked where his father was? He replied, he expected him there every minute, as he was sent for by his master upon his being taken so very ill. The Doctor desired the young gentleman to make himself perfectly easy, as he would undertake his father should make all right; and to get his patient in a promising way, assured him, if his father made the least hesitation, he should have the money of *him*.

The father soon arrived. The Doctor took him into another room, and, after explaining the whole cause of his son's illness, begged him to save the honour of his family, and the life of his son. The father, with tears in his eyes, gave him a thousand thanks, said he would step to his banker, and bring the money. While the father was gone, Doctor Barrowby went to his patient, and told him every thing would be settled in a few minutes, to his ease and satisfaction; that his father was gone to his banker's for the money, and would soon return with peace and forgiveness, and never mention, or even think of it more. What is very extraordinary, the
 Doctor

Doctor told me, that in a few minutes after he communicated this news to his patient, upon feeling his pulse, without the help of any medicine, he was quite another creature. The father came with notes to the amount of 200l. which he put into his son's hands—they wept, kissed, and embraced—the son soon recovered, and lived to be a very eminent merchant. Dr. Barrowby never told me the name, but the story he mentioned often in the green-room of Drury-lane theatre; and after telling it one night when I was standing by, he said to me, “ You have done
 “ some good in your profession; more, perhaps,
 “ than many a clergyman who preached last Sun-
 “ day;” for the patient told the Doctor, the play raised such horror and contrition in his soul, that, if it would please God to raise a friend to extricate him out of that distress, he would dedicate the rest of his life to religion and virtue. Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up with ten guineas, and these words: “ A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly
 “ obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing Mr.
 “ Ross's performance of Barnwell !”

ON

ON GOD.

EVERY serious person must trace the marks of an invisible hand, in all the variegated paths of life. He must acknowledge, that it is not in man who walketh to direct his steps; yea, he will rejoice to find they are ordered by the LORD, who delighteth in his way: and were we more observant of the hand of providence, many of our enquiries would be needless: we should see the path marked out before us; and if at any time, thro' mistake, we should turn either to the right hand, or to the left, we should hear a still small voice whispering behind,

“ This is the way, walk in it.”

Amaz'd, the wonders of thy God behold!
 And meditate his mercies manifold.
 Oh! happy time, when, shaking off this clay,
 The human soul at liberty shall stray
 Thro' all the works of nature! shall descry
 Those objects which evade the mortal eye.
 No distance, then, shall stretch beyond its flight,
 No smallness 'scape its penetrating sight;
 But, in their real essence, shall be shewn
 Worlds unexplor'd, creations yet unknown.

ON

ON

MEMORY AND REFLECTION.

MEMORY and Reflection are so intimately connected, that it has ever appeared to me an impossible thing, how a man can persist in a course of error and vice, who has not in a very considerable degree, weakened the powers of memory: and that they may be weakened by many indulgences, independently of the natural decay of the human faculties, is consistent with the experience of all mankind. Slight instances of this every man is acquainted with, who has been accustomed to review his conduct; but the most melancholy ones are in the case of those who are suddenly arrested in the career of wickedness by some temporal calamity, which confines them to solitude, and who very soon discover, with repentant surprise, that their present unhappy situation is occasioned by their having forgotten the duties prescribed in early life, sanctioned by universal experience, and bounded by all the adversities to which human beings are exposed.

And why is it that men forget that which it would be so much their advantage to remember?

Why

Why is it they forego the pleasures of the rational, for the more low and groveling indulgences of the animal being? Because, involved in more of the cares of life than contentment would require, and partaking of more of its pleasures than the mind has any necessity for, they have no leisure to abstract themselves from such employments, to turn inwards, and to scrutinize the nature of those things which seem to give most delight. It is wise, therefore, to appropriate certain times for this retrospective duty. It is wise now and then to withdraw to the indulgence of cool deliberation, and enquire how far that which has engaged the passions, and gratified the curiosity, be consistent with those laws which fashion cannot alter, and which the example of a multitude, however fascinating, cannot abrogate.

Of such opportunities for reflection, some are accidental, and some voluntary. The former are, though perhaps more irresistible, yet more precarious than the latter. Among many such, may be mentioned the death of friends, who have been endeared to us by a long interchange of mutual kindness; the sudden and unexpected bankruptcy, whether in fortune, or in character, of those for whom we have entertained a favourable opinion; or, the adversities that may have happened to ourselves, whether we have or have not exerted our best abilities to avert them.

them. To these may be added any great calamity fallen upon persons with whom we have no particular intimacy, which we must feel as good Christians; or any national disasters, in which, though we may not ourselves be directly involved, yet we have a natural relation as good citizens. These, I observe, may be termed accidental, and they may be precarious: it may be long before we meet with them, or we may meet with them seldom. But voluntary opportunities for reflection cannot be wanting to any man, who has not lost the power of thinking. That they ought to be frequent, may be urged from the great power the affairs of life have to draw us from ourselves; and that they ought to be seriously embraced, will equally appear from the obligations of virtue and religion, which are binding on every man, and immutable through all revolutions.

The conclusion of a year presents itself as one of those occasions, on which it is almost impossible to resist some intrusions of a thoughtful mind. It is by years we estimate the length of human life; the account is not long in any of us, and when we arrive at a number which is not very great, experience tells us that it is hardly possible we shall live to double it. But we may yet hope there is yet time to amend what has been amiss, and to render the evening of
 life

life correspondent to the bright morning when our day commenced.

In reflecting upon the concluding year it will not escape any one, that it has been checquered with numerous vicissitudes, that have befallen those who had a part in our esteem, or our affection. Nor is it less obvious, that such occurrences are a striking confirmation of the shortness and uncertainty of time, and of how little avail it is to labour and toil to excess for that upon which we can place no rational dependence. More absurd yet will it appear, to have sacrificed our principles to the attainment of objects that yield so precarious a satisfaction. Better far is it to consider that, as time is short, it ought to be husbanded so as that we may have some consolation in reflecting upon the manner in which it has been spent; and as it is uncertain, in providing that we may not be unprepared or appalled, should we be called to leave life in the midst of our most engaging schemes.

‘Divines,’ says a learned author, ‘have, with great strength and ardour, shewn the absurdity of delaying reformation and repentance;’ a degree of folly, indeed, which sets eternity to hazard. It is the same weakness, in proportion to the importance of the neglect, to transfer any care, which now claims our attention, to a future time. We subject
‘our-

‘ ourselves to needless dangers from accidents which
 ‘ early diligence would have obviated, or perplex
 ‘ our minds by vain precautions, and make provi-
 ‘ sion for the execution of designs of which the op-
 ‘ portunity once missed never will return. As he
 ‘ that lives longest, lives but a little while, every
 ‘ man may be certain that he has no time to waste.
 ‘ The duties of life are commensurate to its duration,
 ‘ and every day brings its task, which, if neglected,
 ‘ is doubled on the morrow. But he that has al-
 ‘ ready trifled away those months and years in which
 ‘ he should have laboured, must remember that he
 ‘ has now only a part of that, of which the whole
 ‘ is little.’

COPY OF A LETTER

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF

A CLERGYMAN,

LATELY DECEASED.

AT a village not far from B——, in Yorkshire,
 lived the good old Honoria, with her two
 daughters, Clarinda and Myrtila. Clarinda, whom
 nature first brought *into this breathing world*, was
 but

but second to her sister in what is generally called beauty, but she might have been called a fine woman; and if her good sense, virtue, and discretion, had been thrown into the scale against her sister's personal charms, the more considerate part of mankind would not have found themselves at a loss to know to which side the balance inclined. Myrtila was greatly indebted to nature, for a genteel shape, an easy air, an elegant set of features, and a brilliant complexion. She had also a lively disposition, and (setting aside all her consciousness of her own perfections) a tolerable share of good-nature.

Honorina, whom fortune had, in some measure, made independent of the world, lived in a genteel, though not in a splendid stile. She walked to church when it was dry, and had a coach to carry her in when it rained: she spared no expence which was thought necessary for the education of her daughters, and she divided her favours to them with so much impartiality, that it would be unjust to say she loved one of them better than the other.

Clarinda, two years older than her sister, had arrived to the age of one and twenty, when Valerius, a neighbouring gentleman, was in search of a wife, to share a very considerable estate, and imagined that he could no where stand a fairer chance than at ——. He accordingly made his addresses in form to the
eldest

eldest sister, and as he was greatly superior to her in point of fortune, proceeded in his courtship with as much haste as decency would allow, with as much expedition as he could desire.

About the same time, the young, the rich, the gay Bellario, made similar overtures to Myrtilla, but in a manner so different, with so becoming a grace, and in so powerful a manner, from the natural vivacity of his temper, and the brightness of his talents, that while he only strove to gain Myrtilla's affection, he stole away her sister's heart.

Valerius, who was in love even to distraction, soon perceived that his company, instead of being agreeable, was irksome; yet he had not the slightest idea of the rival who had supplanted him. Bellario was so much employed with his Myrtilla, that he could seldom cast a look at Clarinda; when he did look at her, he only made unfavourable comparisons.

Myrtilla, it may be easily supposed, could not see a lover every way so enchanting as Bellario was, at her feet, without being very sensibly affected by his assiduities. She loved him, she almost adored. She blushed whenever he entered the room; she trembled whenever he approached her; and if he pressed her hand to his lips, her whole frame was instantaneously disordered. When she saw him prostrate at her feet, she had scarce strength enough to support herself

self from falling: it was with the greatest difficulty she could say, with a faltering voice, in such a tender situation, " Pray, Sir, rise."

At last the wedding-day was fixed, and he had free access to his mistress whenever he pleased, whether he was expected or not, at any hour in the day.

Valerius, in the mean time, experienced, daily, that his visits were more and more disagreeable, and as he loved Clarinda with an uncommon degree of affection, he was almost distracted by the mortifying reception which he met with. Clarinda, on *her* side, could not endure the very thoughts of him; she was ready to run mad whenever her mother mentioned his name, and continually intreated her, if she had not a mind to be the cause of her death, never to admit Valerius into the house.

Honoria wanted not to be acquainted with the secret springs of Clarinda's behaviour, for she had often observed her uneasiness when Bellario entertained her sister; but as she regarded the happiness of her child, unbiaſſed by any interested views, and was willing to hope that when Bellario and her sister were married, her aversion to Valerius would gradually decrease, she promised not only to exclude him, but never to mention the name of a man against whom her antipathy was so strong. In compliance with this promise, she soon found an

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excuse

excuse for desiring Valerius to refrain from visiting her daughter, pretending that she was very much indisposed, or that some family affairs had rendered it necessary to give an interruption to his visits.

One day, while Clarinda and her mother were taking the air in the coach, Bellario came, according to custom, to pay his respects to his *inamorata*, and to talk of their approaching happiness. He found her at her toilet, endeavouring to set off those charms which added a lustre, he said, to the brightest jewel. As often as she adjusted her curls, he put them into disorder, in a playful humour, and rejoiced at every little frown which he raised in her face, that he might have the satisfaction of telling her, in the same playful way, how ill she acted her part. One scene of dalliance produced another: a thousand times he offended: a thousand times he asked pardon: a thousand times he was forgiven. He thought he could love her for ever: he swore he could: and she, measuring the excess of *his* love by her own, fondly believed him, and as they were to be married in a few days, they began to consider themselves as man and wife: by this deceitful mode of reasoning they were both of them ruined.

After having solemnly assured Myrtila of his inviolable attachment to her, Bellario took his leave; but she did not see him again in nine days from that
on

on which she had left him nothing to ask, nothing for herself to give. On the tenth he appeared, and enquired for Clarinda.—She was at breakfast with her mother and sister, but rose directly, and went out to him. In about five minutes she returned, with her hand locked fast in Bellario's. "Yesterday, "Madam," said he to Honoria, "made Clarinda and me one: pardon me for doing that without your consent, which I could not have done with it. On my knees let me beg your blessings for the inestimable Clarinda, *your* daughter, and *my* wife."

It is not easy to describe the surprise of the good mother; it is impossible to describe the shock which the poor deluded Myrtilla received. She fainted, and was carried to her bed, from which she never rose again. In five days after this severe blow, she expired in the most dreadful agonies, exclaiming, in her last moments, against the false, the perjured Bellario.

Valerius, as soon as the marriage between Clarinda and Bellario was published, sent the latter a challenge, and it was accepted. They met, and Valerius received a wound in his left breast, of which he died upon the spot. The conqueror, obliged to save himself by flight, left his wife without giving her the smallest hopes of seeing him any more. As

for Honoria, she is so extremely emaciated by the severity of her grief, that she will, probably be, in a short time, released from all her sublunary afflictions: she wishes, indeed, with the most affecting earnestness, to follow her dear, deluded, murdered child.

ON THE
CALAMITIES OF LIFE.

LOOK on disappointments, toils, and strife,
And all the consequential ills of life,
Not as severities, or causeless woes,
But easy terms indulgent Heav'n allows
To man, by short probation to obtain
Immortal recompence for transient pain.
Th' intent of Heav'n, thus rightly understood,
From every evil we extract a good;
This truth divine, implanted in the heart,
Supports each drudging mortal thro' his part;
Gives a delightful prospect to the blind;
The friendless thence a constant succour find;
The wretch, by fraud betray'd, by pow'r oppress'd,
With this restorative, still soothes his breast.
This, suffering virtue cheers; this, pain beguiles;
And decks calamity herself in smiles.

JULIUS AND MARIA.

IN the town of Calcutta, in the kingdom of Bengal, before that country was annexed to the British empire, lived Mons. de St. Pierre, a French merchant of great merit: he began the world with a small estate, and although industrious, and frugal, had never been able, through repeated losses and disappointments, much to improve it. This gentleman, at an early period of his life, married the daughter of an eminent merchant at Marseilles, a young lady equally admired for her mental accomplishments, and her personal charms. The caprice of parents, or the love of wealth, were none of the motives for this marriage; it was their own free choice, and of course they lived in a state of uninterrupted connubial happiness. In less than a twelve-month they had a daughter, the fruit of their mutual love; and they now began to consider themselves as the happiest couple in the universe, when, alas! how changeable are all human pleasures, the wife was seized with a fever, in which she continued for some time in great agony, and then expired, leaving her hopeless husband to awake at his leisure from that dream of uninterrupted happiness they had promised themselves. Monsieur de St. Pierre continued inconsolable

consolable for some time; but at last, conscious that his grief could be of no service to the dead, he resolved to banish melancholy from his house, and to bestow that care and attention on his daughter, which death had put out of his power to shew to his wife. For this purpose, as soon as she came of an age fit for receiving instruction, he considered with himself what education would be most proper, both for her own happiness, and to render her agreeable to those around her. In the course of his observations, he had frequently remarked, that children, either through the carelessness of teachers, their own inattention and want of thought, or from some other cause, often returned from boarding-schools very little improved, either in their morals or in their studies, (besides, in Calcutta, a boarding-school was entirely out of the question) he therefore determined to educate her under his own eye, and for that end used all his interest, which was very considerable, to procure proper teachers for her, sparing neither pains nor expence, provided they were to his mind. In this agreeable manner did he, for several years, pass his time away, "teaching the young idea how to shoot;" and he had the satisfaction to find, that his daughter made a progress equal to his most sanguine expectations: add to this, that she possessed all the good qualities of her father, and the accomplishments

plishments of her mother. At this time there arrived at Calcutta a young gentleman from England, the son of a rich merchant there, who was about to establish himself in a lucrative business in that city, through the interest of some powerful relations he had in India.

Julius (the young gentleman) brought several letters of introduction from his friends in England, and, amongst others, one for Mons. de St. Pierre; and that gentleman shewed him all the attention and civilities in his power. Knowing the characteristic of the British to be that of a generous people, de St. Pierre had long entertained a particular esteem for that nation: his house was at all times open to Julius, and he had not been many months there, when he contracted an affection for his friend's daughter, which, from an admiration of her virtues, was soon converted into a violent passion for her person. Every day added fresh fuel to his love, and every day the more was he convinced of her merit. A thousand little attentions and civilities, for which the French ladies are remarkable, tended to keep alive his passion; and her father, who had long observed their growing loves, though, for many reasons, he took care to conceal his knowledge of it, was by no means an enemy to the amour. Much about the same time, Maria (that
was

was the lady's name) received the addresses of Berenthus, another Englishman, fully a match to Julius in point of fortune, but far his inferior in point of merit; proud, ambitious, and sullen; he knew no pleasure but that of indulging his passions, or gratifying his ambition.

To one, therefore, of such solid judgment as Maria, their different merits were very evident, and she soon declared herself decidedly in favour of Julius; and Julius, who had long pressed Maria to this declaration, was no sooner informed of her choice, than he immediately wrote to his relations in the other parts of India, requesting their consent; and they knowing the good character Monsieur de St. Pierre had always borne in Calcutta, and hearing of the merits of Maria, soon returned him an answer favourable to his wishes. The moment he received this agreeable intelligence, he ran to the lovely Maria to inform her of his success. Maria received the news with equal pleasure, and the only thing they now wanted to complete their happiness, was, to gain the consent of Monf. de St. Pierre. Maria had never given her father the most distant hint on the subject, and her fear of his displeasure at a courtship carried on without his consent, had long deterred her from mentioning it: however, as she was amusing him one morning, according to custom,

with

with a few airs on the harpsichord, and finding him in a more than ordinary good humour, she ventured to enter on the subject, enumerating all the good qualifications of her lover, and knowing at that time her father's embarrassed situation, and the weight most old men lay on wealth, in love affairs, did not fail to mention the large fortune her lover was possessed of, and finally concluded, by saying, "that as Julius had gained the consent of his relations, she hoped her father would throw no obstacles in the way." The good old man listened with much attention to his daughter, and, seizing her in his arms, exclaimed, ' My dear child, I have heard with rapture the observations you have just made; and although I have used great art in concealing my knowledge of your mutual passion, believe me, I was by no means a stranger to it. His fortune, on which you seem to lay such a stress, pleases me no further than as it will be the means of promoting your happiness and independence; and as his friends are agreeable to the match, you have my full consent and approbation. I have always esteemed his manners, and admired his virtues, and shall think myself much honoured by the connexion.' It is unnecessary to add, that this declaration was highly pleasing to Maria, and that she immediately communicated the same to Julius.

Every

Every thing was now settled according to their most sanguine wishes, and the day appointed to consummate their nuptials, when an affair happened which retarded them for some considerable time, and had nearly proved fatal to both parties. A few weeks previous to the period of which we are now speaking, some very serious disturbances had arisen between the natives of Bengal and the garrison of Calcutta; and several of the most respectable inhabitants, amongst whom was Julius, (who had got much into the good graces of the governor) were sent as a deputation to the natives, to endeavour, if possible, to settle matters in an amicable manner. Such an honour done to so young a person as Julius, we may be sure, flattered his vanity not a little, and the only objection he could make, was, that it would procrastinate his nuptials with Maria longer than they had intended; however, with Maria's consent, and at the repeated solicitations of the governor, he set out, expecting to return at farthest in five or six weeks. Berinthius, once more, in the absence of his rival, redoubled his assiduities; but Maria continued deaf to all his proposals, and he had resolved to abandon his pursuit for ever, when an accident happened which refreshed his hopes, and induced him to redouble his protestations. In the beginning of this history I informed the reader, that Monsieur
de

de St. Pierre, though esteemed and respected, as he had never descended to those arts which disgrace too many Europeans in the Eastern world, had never been able to realize a fortune. He had, for some time past, suffered many considerable losses; and having at this time received accounts of the failure of a British merchant, a gentleman in whom he had always reposed an implicit confidence, and who, at that time, owed him very considerable sums; he was unable any longer to conceal his situation from the world. To add to his misfortune, he had some time before borrowed several large sums of Berinthius, who, hearing of these domestic misfortunes, again renewed his addresses, in hopes that the fear of poverty might induce them to consent to a match which they detested; but, finding them resolute in their refusal, and sensible that de St. Pierre was then unable to satisfy his demands, he required immediate payment of the different sums he had advanced him, and added, that imprisonment would certainly be the consequence of non-compliance. Monsieur de St. Pierre said every thing he could to convince him of the impropriety of such a demand, and of his inability to comply with it; but all to no purpose; and Berinthius left him in a rage, determined next morning to put his threats in execution. It is easier to imagine than describe the situation of poor

Maria

Maria at this moment, but her father seemed to give himself very little uneasiness on the occasion, endeavouring, as much as possible, to conceal his own feelings to alleviate his daughter.

Next morning arrived, and *Monf. de St. Pierre* arose at his usual hour, expecting every foot he heard to be the fatal messenger. He walked through the room for some time very much agitated; and, at last, calling a servant, desired Maria might speak with him. The servant soon returned with an answer, that his daughter was not to be found, and that she had not been seen that morning.

The old man, at this intelligence, concluding that some misfortune must have befallen her, rushed into the streets, frantic with despair, questioning every one he met respecting his daughter, but no daughter could be heard of. At last, passing accidentally the house where *Berinthius* lived, he overheard a female voice calling for assistance; and satisfied that it must be his daughter, he immediately, drawing his sword, rushed into the house, and flying to the room from whence the noise proceeded, was met by four natives, servants to *Berinthius*, who opposed his entrance; but *de St. Pierre*, become desperate, rushed upon them, and at last forced his way; but not before he had mortally wounded two of them, and disarmed the others. The lady was in
fact

fact Maria, and Berinthius, the moment he observed de St. Pierre, quitted her to defend himself. Monf. de St. Pierre attacked his adversary with all the fury injured honour could inspire;—but Berinthius, who was young, healthy, and vigorous, would have soon got the better of de St. Pierre, had not Maria, while as yet the fatal sword was suspended to plunge into her father, rushed between them, and for a moment kept his fate suspended; and de St. Pierre, who now in his turn trembled for his daughter; by the most fortunate thrust in the world, not only saved Maria's life, but rendered his opponent unable to make any further resistance.

The room was now filled with people from all quarters, drawn thither by the clashing of swords, and the shrieks of Maria, who seeing the danger to which her father was exposed, ran through the house calling for assistance, and tearing her hair in all the agony of despair.

The wounds which Berinthius had received, in this *rencontre*, were much more serious than was at first apprehended; and, as fears were entertained for his recovery, de St. Pierre, by command of the governor, was taken into custody, to answer for his safety. Maria was now more inconsolable than ever, on seeing her father unjustly dragged to prison, and that too on her account: however, she determined

mined, whatever punishment he might be doomed to suffer, they should suffer together, and she accordingly accompanied him to prison. Here Maria had leisure to explain to her father the circumstances of her appearance at the house of Berinthius. Morning no sooner appeared, than this virtuous young lady had set out, in order, if possible, to prevail on Berinthius to retract the sentence he had passed the preceding evening against her father; and, as they had used every other means in vain, to try if he would yield to the intreaties of one he affected to admire; but the heart of Berinthius was proof against compassion, and having never been able to gain her consent to marriage, had seized the golden opportunity to force her to his purposes, when her father so providentially arrived to her assistance. They passed the whole night in prison, without bestowing a single thought on sleep, but ruminating on the occurrences of the day; and morning at last arrived, when the keeper came with the joyful intelligence, that Berinthius, in consequence of his wounds, had expired late the preceding night, but not before he had exculpated de St. Pierre in the most unequivocal manner; and that, to shew his sincerity the more, he had, previous to his death, caused the bonds he held of Mons. de St. Pierre to be cancelled in his presence. The consequence of course was, that the gentleman

gentleman was immediately liberated amidst the plaudits of the whole city. Affairs were scarcely settled in this manner, to the mutual satisfaction of all parties, when the disagreeable intelligence arrived, that the natives, in consequence of some recent insults they had received, added to the news of the murder of two of their number in the affair of Berinthius, had broken off all negotiation with the gentlemen deputed from Calcutta, and that their prince, taking part in the affray, had commanded that all Europeans, residing in his dominions, should be immediately thrown into prison: he likewise gave notice, that next day he should bring to trial such of them as were within his capital; amongst which number Julius had the misfortune to find himself and colleagues included.

The wretched Europeans, now giving up every thing for lost, waited their sentence with great composure; well convinced, that in that country their trial and condemnation were synonymous terms.—The fatal morning at last arrived, and the prince, seated on his throne, surrounded by his courtiers, commanded the prisoners to be brought forth.—As they were just about to proceed on the trials, they observed, amidst the immense multitude that surrounded them, an uncommon noise and tumult; and the prince, ordering immediate enquiry to be made

into the cause of it, was informed that an European, who had escaped the search of the citizens, now stung with remorse for his crimes, demanded to be brought before their prince, and to share the same fate with his countrymen.—The stranger, who by this time had reached where the prince was seated, falling prostrate before him, thus exclaimed: “Mighty and illustrious prince, deign to listen to the intreaties of a wretch, who has rendered himself unworthy to live, by taking away the life of his fellow-creatures. I am the guilty wretch who last night was the cause of putting to death two of your subjects; on me then inflict the most severe punishment, but spare those innocent men.” The Emperor, astonished at the uncommon speech he had just heard, and revolving in his mind that nothing but conscious guilt could prompt one to such a confession, gave orders that the stranger, who by his own confession acknowledged himself unworthy to live, should be led to immediate execution; and that, in the mean time, the other prisoners should be remanded back to prison. The Europeans, who were no less astonished at this transaction than the natives themselves, no sooner heard this sentence than their astonishment was changed into pity and compassion for one who had, with such heroism, endeavoured to save their lives, and demanded

manded as a small consolation, that they might be at least allowed to see their deserving countryman.

Julius, who was amongst the foremost in this demand, marching boldly forward, judge what was his astonishment, his surprise, at seeing the face of this supposed stranger, when he immediately recognized his lovely Maria! Forcing his way, therefore, through all opposition, he seized her in his arms, in all the transports of love and admiration, and addressing himself to the prince, intreated that on him alone he might inflict the punishment of the law, but that the prisoner was entirely innocent. Findings, however, all remonstrances were in vain, he told him that the prisoner, now under sentence, was a woman, and of course unable to commit the crime alledged against her. The truth is, Maria, as soon as she found her father was at liberty, and getting acquainted with the dangers her lover was exposed to, immediately disguised herself, and entering the city while they were proceeding to the trial of the Europeans, was determined to use every effort to save him.

The prince, now more astonished than ever at such a strange discovery, interrogated Maria on the inducements she could have to undertake such an adventure. Maria was not ashamed to relate the whole of the matter ; and the prince was so pleased with the candid and simple manner in which she told

it, that he immediately set them all at liberty; presented Maria with a purse of ten thousand rupees; concluded a peace much to the advantage of the English interest; and Julius, and his virtuous Maria, having spent some days with the prince, returned to Calcutta, where they were received with the greatest joy, and were soon after married. They lived happy together, and comfortable for a number of years, blessed with a numerous family, admired by the good, and envied by all—a pattern of virtue and constancy.

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

TO say that his Lordship was one of the most celebrated wits of his time, as well as the polite gentleman, the philosopher, and the statesman, would be superfluous. The following anecdote having been imperfectly told, it cannot be displeasing to see it in its true light.

Lord Chesterfield, being in company with Pope, Bolingbroke, Swift, and all the great geniuses of
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that time, it was agreed to sport their genius in extempore *bons mots* upon glasses. It came to Pope's turn, when he begged the favour of Lord Chesterfield's ring, and wrote as follows:

"Accept a miracle, instead of wit,

"Two bad lines, by Stanhope's pencil writ."

Mr. Pope politely offered to return the ring, (worth near five hundred pounds) when Lord Chesterfield said, "No, Mr. Pope, pray wear it—for it
"fits your hand infinitely better than mine."

ANECDOTE OF A MISER.

A Miser, having lost an hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one who should bring it him. An honest poor man, who found it, brought it to the old gentleman, demanding the ten pounds. But the miser, to baffle him, alledged that there was a hundred and ten pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man, however, was advised to sue for the money; and, when the cause came on to be tried, it appearing that the seal had not been broken nor the bag ript, the judge said to

the defendant's counsel, "The bag you lost had an
 "hundred and ten pounds in it, you say;" 'Yes,
 'my Lord,' says he: "Then," replied the judge,
 "according to the evidence given in court, this can-
 "not be your money; for here are only an hundred
 "pounds: therefore the plaintiff must keep it till
 "the true owner appears."

THOUGHTS

ON THE

TWO OPPOSITE PATHS PURSUED BY MAN

THROUGH THIS LIFE.

THERE are but two general roads to go through
 this world; the *agreeable* and the *useful*. The
 first is taken by those who are in search only of plea-
 sure, and devote themselves to the imaginary delights
 of delusive happiness; the second is pursued by those
 sages, whose sole ambition is solid advantage, even
 in the social commerce of mankind.

The path of pleasure wears an agreeable aspect,
 adorned on each side with fruit trees of exquisite
 beauty that delight the eye; but when a traveller is
 desirous

desirous of tasting them, they appear, like the apples of Sodom, to contain nothing but ashes. As we advance a little, fountains are to be met with, from whence flow the most exquisite wines: on every side are large fields covered with a variety of the finest flowers; and their fragrance exceeds even their charming appearance; this enchanting prospect is bounded by little eminences, on which are erected magnificent palaces, with fine gardens, laid out in the most elegant taste; orange and citron trees form the groves and bowers which invite to love. In these palaces mirth and festivity reign. In some apartments, tables are laid out with Epicurean repasts, and side-boards with delicious wines: in others are the most lovely females, who sue you to their embraces. Here is a concert of harmonious music, there is a ball in masquerade, and play of every kind; in another saloon dramatic performers repeat the lively sallies of the most brilliant wits. In fine, whatever passion can desire, or fancy can suggest, to please and gratify, is here called forth to amuse and delight the traveller.

In this pursuit of gaiety and dissipation, three-fourths of his life has already elapsed, when, on a sudden, he finds a weariness seize him from the extent of the road, which induces him to traverse a horrid desert, at the extremity whereof is a thatched cabin,

cabin. He perceives at the door an old man of shocking aspect, wan and meagre, his eyes sunk in his head, with grey locks interspersed with black flowing down his shoulders, whilst his garment bespeaks a variety of wretchedness. The traveller, though terrified at the stranger's shocking appearance, has nevertheless the fortitude to ask him who he is? "I am MISERY," replies the ghastly spectre, "placed here by the decrees of fate, to receive and lodge such travellers as come this way by the road of pleasure." The traveller, astonished at this reply, enquires if there is no other place in the neighbourhood, where he may repose himself? "Yes," rejoins *Misery*, "ten paces from hence resides my neighbour DESPAIR; but I must inform you, that of all the number who have thought proper to visit him, not one has ever returned; and your choice is now confined to fix your abode either with him or me, for such is the certain termination of that career of pleasure which you have so long pursued."

As to the *useful* path, it is of more difficult access; it can only be obtained by scaling steep mountains. In this arduous toil is the traveller's juvenile years passed, ere he can attain the summit of the eminence; being surrounded by the most dangerous precipices. During this period he has no other
constant

constant companions than labour and anxiety, who indeed solace him with the charms and advantages of riches; and sometimes *Hope* attends him for a minute, and persuades him he will soon accomplish his journey. His own wishes and desires give credit to the flattering intelligence; and, being satisfied by the charm of these seducing promises, he gradually reaches the pinnacle of this tremendous mountain. Here he observes a fine plain, and a sumptuous palace of beautiful construction, standing in a happy situation. He gains intelligence of the name of this edifice, and to whom it belongs; and finds it is called *Convenience*, and the host's name is *Repose*. He is greatly pleased with this information, and hastens to reach the agreeable spot, in order to rest and refresh himself after his fatigue and toil. The master of the mansion allots him an apartment agreeable to his request, and *Hope* now whispers to him, "Here are you, at length, settled for the remainder of your days." The traveller is enraptured at this information, and begins to meditate on the means of making himself master of the whole palace. He forms schemes, and bewilders himself with projects to compass this design, as he is far from being contented at occupying only this little chamber; and when he fancies he has just suggested the plan that will secure him success, *Death*, with his ghastly

ghastly mien, appears and beckons him. He at first pays no attention to the summons; and when the grim tyrant approaches nearer, the traveller repulses his attacks, and bitterly complains of the cruelty of fate, which compels him so soon to quit a situation that promised him felicity, after it had cost him so much labour and trouble to attain it: but *death*, ever inexorable, seizes him without pity, and casts him in a ditch six feet in length, where, covered with earth, he serves for food for the worms, and obtains no other recompence for all his toil, but a few words graven on marble, which tells posterity, that such a one *was a prudent, industrious man, and made his way in the world by dint of incessant application and indefatigable vigilance.*

VANITAS VANITATUM, ET OMNIA VANITAS.

ANECDOTE

OF

DEAN SWIFT AND AN OLD WOMAN.

THE Doctor having some knowledge of an old woman, known by the name of Margaret Stiles, and who was very much addicted to intoxication, against which the Doctor repeatedly admonished

nished her, whenever he met with her; but, as he perceived, altogether without effecting any visible reformation, notwithstanding her seeming penitence and promises of amendment. One day, as the Dean was taking his evening walk, he saw Margaret in her usual state of inebriety, sitting by the foot-path on a bundle of sticks which she had tumbled down with; the Dean, after severely rebuking her, asked her "Where she thought of going to," (meaning after death.) 'I'll tell you, Sir,' (replied Margaret) 'if you will help me up with my wood,' which, after he had done, "Well, Margaret," demanded he, "now tell me?" 'Where do I think of going to,' (repeated Margaret, staggering and staring) 'why where there is the best liquor to be sure, Doctor.'

ON

TRAVELLING, ARTS, AND SCIENCES.

I Have frequently been amazed at the ignorance of almost all the European travellers, who have penetrated any considerable way Eastward into Asia. They have all been influenced either by motives of commerce

commerce or piety, and their accounts are such as might reasonably be expected from men of a very narrow or very prejudiced education, the dictates of superstition, or the result of ignorance. Is it not surprising, that, of such a variety of adventurers, not one single philosopher should be found among the number? For as to the travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed that the whole is but an imposture.

There is scarce any country, how rude or uncultivated soever, where the inhabitants are not possessed of some peculiar secrets, either in nature, or art, which might be transplanted with success. Thus, for instance, in Siberian Tartary, the natives extract a strong spirit from milk, which is a secret unknown to the chymist of Europe. In the most savage parts of India they are possessed of the secret of dying vegetable substances scarlet; and likewise that of refining lead into a metal, which, for hardness and colour, is little inferior to silver; not one of which secrets but would, in Europe, make a man's fortune. The power of the Asiatics in producing winds, or bringing down rain, the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, because they have no instances of the like nature among themselves; but they would have treated the secrets of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, in the same manner, had they been told
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the Chinese used such arts before the invention was common with themselves at home. Of all the English philosophers I most reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius: he it is who, undaunted by the seeming difficulties that oppose, prompts human curiosity to examine every part of nature; and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot subject the tempest, the thunder, and even earthquakes, to human controul. Oh! had a man of his daring spirit, of his genius, penetration, and learning, travelled to those countries which have been visited only by the superstitious and mercenary, what might not mankind expect! How would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! And what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!

There is probably no country so barbarous, that would not disclose all it knew, if it received equivalent information; and I am apt to think, that a person, who was ready to give more knowledge than he received, would be welcome wherever he came. All his care in travelling, should only be to suit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he conversed: he should not attempt to teach the unlettered Tartar astronomy, nor yet instruct the polite Chinese in the arts of subsistence; he should endeavour to improve the barbarian in the secrets of
living

living comfortably; and the inhabitant of a more refined country in the speculative pleasures of science. How much more nobly would a philosopher, thus employed, spend his time; than by sitting at home, earnestly intent upon adding one star more to his catalogue, or one monster more to his collection? or still, if possible, more triflingly sedulous in the incatenation of fleas, or sculpture of cherry-stones.

I *never* consider this subject, without being surprised that none of those societies, so laudably established in England for the promotion of arts and learning, have ever thought of sending one of their members into the most Eastern parts of Asia, to make what discoveries he was able. To be convinced of the utility of such an undertaking, let them but read the relations of their own travellers.

It will there be found, that they are as often deceived themselves, as they attempt to deceive others. The merchants tell us, perhaps, the price of different commodities, the methods of baling them up, and the properest manner for an European to preserve his health in the country. The missionary, on the other hand, informs us with what pleasure the country to which he was sent embraced Christianity, and the numbers he converted; what methods he took to keep Lent in a region where there were no fish, or the shifts he made to celebrate the rites of his

his religion, in places where there were neither bread nor wine: such accounts, with the usual appendages of marriages and funerals, inscriptions, rivers, and mountains, make up the whole of an European traveller's diary: but as to all the secrets of which the inhabitants are possessed, those are universally attributed to magick: and when the traveller can give no other account of the wonders he sees performed, he very contentedly ascribes them to the devil.

It was an usual observation of Boyle, the English chymist, that if every artist would but discover what new observations occurred to him in the exercise of his trade, philosophy would thence gain innumerable improvements. It may be observed, with still greater justice, that if the useful knowledge of every country, how soever barbarous, were gleaned by a judicious observer, the advantages would be inestimable. Are there not, even in Europe, many useful inventions, known or practised but in one place? The instrument, as an example, for cutting down corn in Germany, is much more handy and expeditious in my opinion, than the sickle used in England. The cheap and expeditious manner of making vinegar, without previous fermentation, is known in only a part of France. If such discoveries therefore remain still to be known at home, what funds
of

of knowledge might not be collected in countries yet unexplored, or only passed through by ignorant travellers in hasty caravans?

The caution with which foreigners are received into Asia, may be alledged as an objection to such design. But how readily have several European merchants found admission into regions the most suspicious, under the character of Sanjapins, or Northern pilgrims? To such, not even China itself denies access.

To send out a traveller properly qualified for these purposes, might be an object of national concern: it would in some measure repair the breaches made by ambition; and might shew that there were still some who boasted a greater name than that of patriots, who professed themselves lovers of men. The only difficulty would remain in choosing a proper person for so arduous an enterprise. He should be a man of a philosophick turn, one apt to deduce consequences of general utility from particular occurrences; neither swollen with pride, nor hardened by prejudice; neither wedded to one particular system, nor instructed only in one particular science; neither wholly a botanist, nor quite an antiquarian: his mind should be tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge, and his manners humanized by an intercourse with men. He should be, in some measure,
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an enthusiast to the design; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination, and an innate love of change; furnished with a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger.

ANECDOTE

OF

Mrs. MADDEN, AFTERWARDS LADY ELY,

RELATED BY MRS. BELLAMY, AS FOLLOWS.

WHILST I resided at the sheds of Clontarf, a ludicrous incident happened, which, though it was like to have been attended with serious consequences to me, still excites such laughable ideas in my mind, whenever it occurs to my recollection, that I cannot forbear relating it.

One day the beautiful widow Madden, afterwards Lady Ely, came down to pay me a visit. As it was a holiday, a circumstance my visitor had not recollected, and she had come early in order to spend the whole day with me, she accompanied me to a barn some few miles off, where the service of our church, for the convenience of the neighbouring peasants, was usually performed.

As

As the place was situated upon the sea-coast, the congregation, which was very numerous, chiefly consisted of fishermen and their families; and unluckily some circumstances happened, which put our gravity to the test, and counteracted the intentional devotion with which we entered the sacred shed.

The weather being uncommonly warm, and the barn much crowded, the effects soon became visible on the countenance of the sacerdotal gentleman that officiated. The subtle fluid produced by perspiration, in plenteous streams bedewed his visage, which obliged him to have frequent recourse to his handkerchief; and as that happened to be deeply tinged with blue, and never to have been used before, his face was soon adorned with various stripes of that colour, and exhibited a spectacle that would have extorted a smile from the most rigid anchorite.

My fair companion, who, by the bye, loved laughing more than praying, and preferred a joke to a homily, by frequent jogs with her elbow, drew my attention to the outré figure that now presented itself. In any other place, so ludicrous a scene would have afforded me the highest entertainment; but as I always make a point, and hope I ever shall, of behaving myself in a place of worship with that reverence and solemnity which is due to it, I was not to be tempted to forget where I was.

After

After the prayers were ended, the Minister gave an exhortation to his auditors; and now, by the quaintness of some of his expressions, rendered that hilarity which his be-plastered countenance had first excited in my companion's mind, ungovernable. In the course of his oration, he took occasion to introduce the fall of our first parents. When addressing himself to the female part of his congregation, who, as I have already said, were fish-women, he exclaimed, with a much stronger tincture of the Hibernian brogue than even some of our present preachers, "Your mother Eve sold her immortal soul, and
 "with it all mankind, for an apple; but such is your
 "depravity, ye wretches, that you would sell your
 "souls for an oyster; nay, even for a cockle."

Though my fair friend had been hitherto able to keep her risible faculties within tolerable bounds, an expression so replete with low humour—so truly ludicrous—was not to be withstood; she burst into a loud and violent fit of laughter, and hurrying out of the rustic chapel, left me to encounter the rage of the offended priest and his enthusiastic auditory.

It was happy for me, that I had even then obtained the reputation of being a devotee, as the clergyman instantly put a stop to his exhortation, and addressed himself particularly to me. He told me that if he were not well assured, from the general

tenor of my behaviour, and the character I bore, that I was incapable of countenancing such a flagrant affront to the Deity, he would cause me to be expelled from the mother church; but as he hoped that that was not the case, he would forgive my bringing with me a person, who, having no devotion herself, had dared to disturb those who had, if I would inform him of her name. In order to appease the offended priest, I gave him my word that I would send to him; and the service concluded without any farther interruption.

As to Mrs. Madden, she prudently mounted her horse, and returned with all speed to my lodgings; she otherwise would have stood a chance of being in the same predicament as poor Orpheus was; the common people of that country being no less revengeful, when their religious rights are supposed to be contemned, than the Thracian dames could be for the indifference shewn to their sex by the son of Apollo.

Agreeable to my promise to the priest, I sent to him soon after; not, indeed, to acquaint him with the name of my imprudent companion, but to endeavour to palliate her offence. Fortunately, Mr. Crump was his penitent, by whose means the affair was at length made up. And this interference was the only part of his conduct, with regard to myself, that I ever was pleased with.

THE

THE SOCIAL ATTACHMENT

OF

ANIMALS.

THERE is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment: the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance.

Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet, in other respects, is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves, but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly flock together. But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species; for we know a doe,

still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows, with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues; while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, still she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture. Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped, with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other; so that Milton, when he puts the following

ing sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems to be somewhat mistaken:

Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape.

WE have remarked in a former letter how much incongruous animals, in a lonely state, may be attached to each other from a spirit of sociality; in this it may not be amiss to recount a different motive, which has been known to create as strange a fondness.

My friend had a little helpless leveret brought to him, which the servants fed with milk in a spoon, and about the same time his cat kittened, and the young were dispatched and buried. The hare was soon lost, and supposed to be gone the way of most fondlings, to be killed by some dog or cat. However, in about a fortnight, as the master was sitting in his garden in the dusk of the evening, he observed his cat, with tail erect, trotting towards him, and calling with little short inward notes of complacency such as they use towards their kittens, and something gambolling after, which proved to be the leveret that the cat had supported with her milk, and continued to support with great affection.

Thus

Thus was a graminivorous animal nurtured by a carnivorous and predacious one!

Why so cruel and sanguinary a beast as a cat, of a ferocious genus of *feles*, the *murium leo*, as Linnæus calls it, should be affected with any tenderness towards an animal which is its natural prey, is not so easy to determine.

This strange affection probably was occasioned by that desiderium, those tender maternal feelings, which the loss of her kittens had awakened in her breast; and by the complacency and ease she derived to herself from the procuring her teats to be drawn, which were too much distended with milk, till, from habit, she became as much delighted with this foundling as if it had been her real offspring.

This incident is no bad solution of that strange circumstance, which grave historians, as well as the poets, assert, of exposed children being sometimes nurtured by female wild beasts that probably had lost their young. For it is not one whit more marvellous that Romulus and Remus, in their infant state, should be nursed by a she-wolf, than that a poor little sucking leveret should be fostered and cherished by a bloody grimalkin.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

or

JAMES I. KING OF ENGLAND.

OF all the qualities which marked the character of James I. King of England, there was none more contemptible than a pedantic disposition, which he had obtained from a narrow, though a laborious education. Some school-learning he had, the fruits of that unwearied application which is often united to mean parts. Of that learning he was ridiculously vain. His vanity was much heightened by the flattery he had met with from the minions of his English court. He was eager for an opportunity of displaying it to the whole nation; the opportunity was offered him by a petition from the Puritans, for a reformation of fundry articles of the established church. James gave them hopes of an impartial debate, though he mortally hated all the reformers, for the restraints they had laid upon him in his Scotch government. In this debate, James was to preside as judge; and an assembly of churchmen and ministers met at Hampton-Court, for this purpose. From judge he turned principal disputant, silencing all opposition by his authority and loquacity,

loquacity, and closed his many arguments with these *powerful* ones. "That Presbytery agreed as well
 "with monarchy, as God with the devil; that he
 "would not have Tom and Dick and Will meet to
 "censure him and his counsel. If this be all your
 "party hath to say, I will make them conform them-
 "selves; or else I will *barrie* them out of the land,
 "or else do worse—only hang them—that's all!"
 Great was the exultation and adulation of church-
 men and courtiers on this occasion. Chancellor
 Egerton cried out, 'He had often heard that roy-
 'alty and priesthood were united, but never saw it
 'verified till now.' Archbishop Whitgift carried
 his flattery still farther; 'He verily believed the
 'king spoke by the spirit of God.'

ANECDOTE

or

BISHOP BERKELEY.

THE very ingenious and amiable Bishop
 Berkeley, of Cloyn, in Ireland, was so en-
 tirely contented with his income in that diocese, that
 when offered by the late Earl of Chesterfield (then
 Lord

Lord Lieutenant) a bishoprick much more beneficial than that he possessed, he declined it with these words:

“ I love my neighbours, and they love me: why
 “ then should I begin, in my old days, to form new
 “ connexions, and tear myself from those friends
 “ whose kindness is to me the greatest happiness I
 “ can enjoy?”—Acting, in this instance, like the
 celebrated Plutarch, who, being asked, “ Why he
 “ resided in his native city, so obscure and so little?”
 answered, ‘ I stay, lest it should grow less.’

RELIGION

THE ONLY FOUNDATION OF CONTENT;

AN EASTERN STORY.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabes,
 which rises on the coast of Mecca, and over-
 looks the city, found one evening a man sitting
 pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell.
 Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived
 that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his
 body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed
 to gaze stedfastly on Omar; but such was the ab-
 straction

straction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "where art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan, and I am a native of this city; the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me: and the wretch whom thine eye comprehends, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request:

"It is now six years, since our mighty Lord, the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress, and restraining oppression; the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of
age

' age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I
 ' who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no
 ' good beyond the reward of my labour, was finging
 ' at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling.
 ' He looked round with a smile of complacency;
 ' perceiving that though it was mean it was neat,
 ' and that though I was poor I appeared to be con-
 ' tent. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I
 ' hastened to receive him with such hospitality as
 ' was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather
 ' increased than restrained by his presence. After
 ' he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many
 ' questions; and though by my answers I always
 ' endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I per-
 ' ceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with
 ' a placid but fixed attention. I suspected he had
 ' some knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his
 ' country and his name.' "Haffan," said he, "I
 " have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied;
 " he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sove-
 " reign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of
 " Medina, and whose commission is from above."
 ' These words struck me dumb with astonishment,
 ' though I had some doubt of their truth: but Al-
 ' malic, throwing back his garment, discovered the
 ' peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet
 ' upon his finger. I then started up, and was about
 ' to

‘ to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me.’ “ Haffan,” said he, “ forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom.” ‘ I answered, Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will.’ “ Haffan,” he replied, “ I can no otherwise give life or happiness than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish.

“ By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition to exalt thee, which would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue.” ‘ He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

‘ As

' As soon as I recovered from the confusion and
 ' astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began
 ' to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his
 ' bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly,
 ' which was the concomitant of poverty and labour.
 ' I now repined at the obscurity of my station,
 ' which my former insensibility had perpetuated:
 ' I neglected my labour, because I despised the re-
 ' ward; I spent the day in idleness, forming roman-
 ' tic projects to recover the advantages which I had
 ' lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that
 ' sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to
 ' rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I
 ' dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue,
 ' of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and
 ' waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished.
 ' My health was at length impaired by the inquietude
 ' of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsist-
 ' ence: and reserved only a mattrafs, upon which I
 ' sometimes lay from one night to another.

' In the first moon of the following year, the
 ' Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same se-
 ' crecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing
 ' once more to see the man, whom he considered as
 ' deriving felicity from himself. But he found me,
 ' not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and
 ' vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected,
 ' sitting

' sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, w
 ' contributed to substitute the phantoms of imag
 ' tion for the realities of greatness. He ent
 ' with a kind of joyful impatience in his cou
 ' nance, which, the moment he beheld me,
 ' changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I
 ' often wished for another opportunity to add
 ' the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his prese
 ' and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my h
 ' upon my head, and was speechless. " Haffi
 ' said he, " what canst thou have lost, whose we
 " was the labour of thy own hand; and what
 " have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy
 " in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen th
 " Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happ
 ' I was now encouraged to look up, and I repl
 ' Let my Lord forgive the presumption of his
 ' vant, who, rather than utter a falsehood, would
 ' dumb for ever. I am become wretched by
 ' loss of that which I never possessed; thou
 ' raised wishes which indeed I am not worthy t
 ' shouldst satisfy: but why should it be thou
 ' that he, who was happy in obscurity and indiger
 ' would not have been rendered more happy
 ' eminence and wealth?'

' When I had finished this speech, Almalic sto
 ' some moments in suspense, and I continued pr

' tr

'trate before him. "Hassan," said he, "I per-
 "ceive, not with indignation but regret, that I
 "mistook thy character; I now discover avarice
 "and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only
 "because their objects were too remote to rouse
 "them. I cannot, therefore, invest thee with autho-
 "rity, because I would not subject my people to
 "oppression; and because I would not be compelled
 "to punish thee, for crimes which I first enabled
 "thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee
 "that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify
 "the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me
 "of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to
 "thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me." 'I
 'sprung from the ground as it were with the wings
 'of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an
 'extacy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out
 'of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped
 'from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the
 'caravanfera in which he lodged; and after he had
 'fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina.
 'He gave me an apartment in the Seraglio; I was
 'attended by his own servants; my provisions were
 'sent from his own table; and I received every
 'week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the
 'most romantic of my expectations. But I soon
 'discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the
 ' food

' food to which labour procured an appetite; n
 ' slumbers so sweet as those which weariness invited
 ' and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which dili
 ' gence is expecting its reward. I remembere
 ' these enjoyments with regret; and while I wa
 ' fighting in the midst of superfluities, which thoug
 ' they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, the
 ' were suddenly taken away.

' Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his king
 ' dom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired sud
 ' denly in the bath; such, thou knowest, was th
 ' destiny, which the Almighty had written upon hi
 ' head.

' His son Abubeker, who succeeded to the throne
 ' was incensed against me, by some who regarded
 ' me at once with contempt and envy: he suddenly
 ' withdrew my pension, and commanded that I
 ' should be expelled the palace; a command which
 ' my enemies executed with so much rigour, that
 ' within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of
 ' Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger
 ' and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all
 ' the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart de
 ' spise me, thou whom experience has not taught,
 ' that it is misery to lose that which it is not happi
 ' ness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had
 ' not been written on the tablets of Providence! I
 ' have

' have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed ! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasure of neither can return.' Hassan, having thus ended his story, smote his hands together, and looking upward burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till his agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, " My son," said he, " more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Abubeker take away. The lesson of thy life the Prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

" Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; but when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldest not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed

“ was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distre
 “ which is now suffered, will but quicken it to actio
 “ Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all thing
 “ put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify t
 “ wish of reason, and satisfy the soul with good: 1
 “ thy hope upon that portion, in comparison
 “ which the world is as the drop of the bucket, an
 “ the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to t
 “ labour; thy food shall be tasteful again, and t
 “ rest shall be sweet: to thy content also will i
 “ added stability, when it depends not upon th
 “ which is possessed upon earth, but upon that whic
 “ is expected in heaven.”

Hassan, upon whose mind the angel of instructio
 impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostra
 himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned
 upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: h
 returned to his labour with cheerfulness: his dev
 tion became fervent and habitual: and the latte
 days of Hassan were happier than the first.



ORIGINAL ANECDOTE

OF A

COUNTESS,

WHO WENT A BEGGING.

THIS extraordinary incident, which was for many years proverbial in some parts of Staffordshire and Worcestershire, occurred about the beginning of the reign of George I. During the depth of an extreme hard winter, a charity sermon being preached at the parish church of Endfield, near Endfield-hall, a seat of the Lady Grey, near Stourbridge, Worcestershire, her Ladyship, who attended, was so affected by the pathetic address of the rector, that in order to sound the charitable dispositions of the hearers, most of whom she knew, she disguised herself in the habit of a beggar, and traversing the parish a whole day, the greatest part of which it snowed, she soon found that very few of the congregation, any more than the preacher, retained similar impressions of commiseration with herself after the sermon; and what was most remarkable, among a number of scanty pittances which with no small address she obtained, that of the Rev. Divine, though

a man of considerable estate, was the least of all ; in fine, where she expected most, she obtained the least ; only one poor cottager, an aged woman, asked her to come in and warm herself in the course of the day. The alms she had received elsewhere she had saved in a bag, which she was provided with. This aged woman, who was baking when she came to the door, made the unknown Countess sit down by the fire, while she baked her a cake in the mouth of the oven. The consequence of this unexpected kindness was, that the Lady, assuming her real character, the day after invited all her benefactors to a feast ; but when they entered the hall, though there were two tables, only one of them was furnished with the fare of the season ; but the other was, to the unspeakable surprise of the guests, garnished with the identical alms they had so illiberally bestowed before upon the noble beggar ; a label specifying the portion of each ; and finally, an explanation, and a most severe lecture by the lady, increased their confusion beyond all conception ; whilst the different treatment of the poor cottager, &c. and an annual stipend settled upon her by the Lady, stamped her ever after with the love and respect of the whole country.

AN

AN ESSAY

ON THE

FALSEHOOD OF MEN.

THE generality of mankind are very apt to be severe on the ladies, on account of their ambition for coronets, their passion after wealth, and their inclination for parade. Time out of mind has it been a standing joke, that a red rag was a bait both for women and mackarel, and that where a celebrated toast might possibly be proof against the attacks of opulence and title, she has surrendered in an instant, at discretion, to a scarlet coat.

There may be some truth, perhaps, in these accusations; but if the ladies were to recriminate ever so little, we should find that the mighty lords of the creation, nine out of ten, are infinitely more fordid in their dispositions, and ridiculous in their pursuits, notwithstanding all the boasted superiority of their understandings, than those women whom they affect to treat with so much indifference and contempt.

When a young fellow, now-a-days, begins to look out for a wife, the first enquiry which is made relates
not

not to the beauty of her person, or the accomplishments of her mind, but to her future expectations, and the present weight of her purse: whether she is a fury or a fool is a matter of no consequence; the greatness of her fortune stifles every other consideration, and, as if there were no possibility for the virtues to dwell any where but with opulence, he takes her without knowing whether she is possessed of any one, and gains the approbation of the whole world for so prudent a solicitude about the main chance.

As we know that the foregoing method is the general criterion of conduct among the men, why should they be offended with the fair sex for making it the standard of theirs?—Is it more surprising that a woman should marry a lumpkin for his money, than that a man should give his hand to a fool for her fortune?

Charles Courtly for a long time paid his addresses to Miss Harriet Hartley, and was fortunate enough to engage her esteem; a day was appointed for the wedding, friends were invited, clothes were made, and no preparations were omitted for the proper celebration of the solemnity. Two days before the appointed one, a widow, with a large jointure at her own disposal, made some advances to him. He was caught. The desire of having an unnecessary dish at dinner, or a useless set of horses in his stable, prevailed

prevailed over his honour and his love, and he sold that hand to a superannuated simpleton, which he had before, in the most solemn manner, promised to exchange with the every way engaging Harriet.—“ O shame! where is thy blush?”

THE MAID OF THE HAMLET.

A TALE.

LAURA was one of the six daughters of Mr. Hartley, who resided in a small village in the county of Hereford, on an estate which he inherited from his ancestors. Laura was the eldest child; and from her birth had been the favourite of a maiden aunt, who left the whole of her property to her infant niece. The amount of the old lady's personal estate was very considerable; and that of her real formed an income of five hundred pounds a year. The residence of this relative was at a small distance from the village; and, being surrounded by a few scattered cottages, was denominated the Hamlet. Hence the heir to her fortunes acquired the appellation of—“ The Maid of the Hamlet.”

When

When Laura had obtained her eighteenth year, she found herself surrounded by a numerous levee of admirers; some of whom paid their court with a view of sharing the establishment which her departed relative had provided her; others were actuated by less interested motives; but none had effected the smallest impression on her heart.

Among the circle of her acquaintance, was admitted the only son of the curate of the village; a youth of modest mien and unassuming manners. Vincent Plomer had a heart susceptible of the most tender sensations: can it then be wondered at, that the united efforts of worth and beauty, which were eminently conspicuous in the mind and person of the fair Laura, should kindle in his breast the ardent flame of love? Such, indeed, were their effects on the humble Vincent; yet dare he not reveal the secret of his fondness. With much concern, his aged father saw the alteration which was daily making in his constitution: frequently would he urge him to disclose the cause of the grief which preyed on his mind, and drained from his cheek the bloom of health. Still he denied that he was unhappy and strove, by a forced cheerfulness, to convince his friends of their mistake.

Vincent during his residence at the University among his numerous studies, had made a considerable
ab

able progress in the science of musick, of which he was always passionately fond. He played on several instruments; but his favourite was the German-flute, his execution on which was exquisitely fine.

Laura, was also much attached to musick, would frequently importune Vincent to play some of the most favourite airs then in vogue; and the pleasure he received in obeying the wishes of the woman he loved was too great to be resisted.

Calling accidentally in one of her evening walks at the parsonage, she discovered Vincent in his study, sitting at a table with a pencil in his hand, in the attitude of drawing. So attentive was he on the subject before him, that he heard not the entrance of Laura; who, crossing the room in soft and wary step, peeped over his shoulder, and beheld an admirable likeness of herself nearly in a finished state.

The thought, which she had long cherished, that he entertained a fond regard for the original, at this moment recurred to her mind with increased force; and she concluded that the concealment of his passion was the cause of his declining health and dejected spirits. Retreating a few paces from his chair, she saluted the attentive artist, who instantly rose; and, by his embarrassed address, confirmed the suspicion she had imbibed.

To

To the eyes of Laura, the features of Vincent were more than usually pale and languid. She intimated her thoughts of the visible decline there appeared in his constitution; observed, that the alteration could only be attributed to some hidden cause, which preyed on his mind; and lamented the error he committed in denying his friends the privilege of partaking in his sorrows and administering to his griefs.

Vincent thanked her for the concern she expressed for his happiness; and assured her that he should ever retain a due sense of the friendship and esteem with which she honoured him.

“Come, come, Vincent,” said Laura, with a smile of bewitching sweetness, “make me your confidant. I will not betray the trust, on my honour. Say, has not some girl got the possession of your heart? and is not love the source of your uneasiness?”

Vincent sighed heavily; and, taking up his flute, played, in the most pathetic manner—

“How sweet the love that meet’s return!”

His fair auditor listened with the most profound attention to the melancholy cadence of this favourite air; and Vincent, casting a glance on the attentive beauty, saw the tears of sensibility glistening in her lovely

lovely eyes. It was a favourable omen. A beam of joy darted through his frame; the dawn of hope rose in his lorn bosom; and though it did not remove, it in some measure dissipated the gloom of despair.

‘What favoured object, Madam,’ said Vincent, perceiving Laura deeply absorbed in thought, ‘has the happiness to engage your attention?’ The lucid drop still trembled in her eye, and an involuntary sigh escaped her bosom, ‘Has my too officious care,’ resumed the anxious youth, ‘to oblige the lovely Laura, waked in her mind the remembrance of some painful incident? Does she in silence mourn the pangs of unrequited love? It cannot be! Such worth, such beauty, the coldest heart—’

The unexpected entrance of his father checked the rapturous Vincent, and barred the progress of a conversation which promised to be very interesting.

Mr. Plomer, after paying his respects to Laura, addressed himself to Vincent; who had taken the opportunity which his father’s conversation with Miss Hartley afforded, to recover himself from the embarrassment he felt at this sudden and unexpected interruption. “I have just received a letter,” said Mr. Plomer, “from my college friend; who informs me, that he has obtained a curacy for you some short distance from Cambridge. I therefore
“ would

“ would have you, my son, return to the University;
 “ and, at the ensuing ordination, receive the necessary
 “ qualifications for accepting the office he has
 “ generously employed his interest to procure.”

‘ Your wishes, Sir,’ returned Vincent, ‘ to me
 ‘ are absolute commands. Little preparations,’
 added he, ‘ will be necessary for my journey: I will
 ‘ therefore take my departure in the morning.’

“ In the morning, Sir?” with eagerness, asked
 Laura.

‘ No, Vincent!’ said Mr. Plomer; ‘ important
 ‘ as the business is, it requires not the dispatch you
 ‘ propose. A few days will be necessary for you to
 ‘ take leave of your friends, whose partiality and
 ‘ esteem ask a more liberal return than the time you
 ‘ have fixed will enable you to pay.’

Vincent bowed assent: and, after a short conversation, but ill-supported on the part of the young people, Laura rose to take her leave. Vincent solicited permission to attend her home; and the pleasure which Laura experienced in his company, would not permit her to decline his politeness.

The superior merits of Vincent—abstracted from his personal accomplishments, which, though not strictly meriting the proud distinction of beauty, were particularly striking and engaging—had long attracted the attention of Miss Hartley; and if, on
 a strict

a strict examination of her heart, she could acquit it of the charge of love, she certainly cherished a regard for him, not very much differing in nature from that tender passion. It is true, that she had, with becoming prudence, resisted the advances of the smiling deity, and in a great measure suppressed the wishes of her heart, aware that many obstacles would occur to prevent her union with the son of a poor and humble curate.

Mr. Hartley, it must be observed, though possessed of many excellent qualities, was a man of no little pride; and thought too much of his family descent, which boasted some of the most distinguished characters in the annals of history, either as statesmen, warriors, or eminent divines, to be easily prevailed on to bestow his daughter on one whose only boast was intrinsic merit. A poor and bootless recommendation in the present age of refined sentiment!

But to return to our lovers—for such, from this moment, the reader may consider them—slowly pacing a grove of firs, through which their road to the Hamlet lay; where we shall find them lost in deep reflection, and profound silence, save when the half-smothered sigh from either breast forced its painful passage. At length, the trembling youth, summoning all his courage, ventured to address the thoughtful maid:—

“ A few

“ A few short hours,” said he, in a melancholy tone of voice, “ and I shall no more enjoy the converse of each social friend; nor—what is bliss still greater far than these—with Laura stray through fields, where summer spreads her lovely blossoms to the wondering eye, and blushing Flora exalts her balmy sweets. Yet shall remembrance often dwell, enraptured, on each bliss which, in these secluded shades, my bosom knew; and fancy, from the wreck of time, revive each pleasing scene. But, chiefly, shall memory trace my Laura’s lovely form, and bring to fond imagination’s eye those matchless charms, and that unrivalled worth, it boasts.”

‘ And am I, Vincent, so dear to you? will you, in absence, hold me in your thoughts?’ enquired the blushing maid.

“ Come along, Jack!” said a rough voice, behind them. “ This is she we are looking for.”

The astonished lovers turned, to learn from whence the threatening sound proceeded; and beheld two men, with crapes over their faces, advancing towards them.

As soon as the ruffians had reached the astonished pair, one of them seized Vincent by the arm; and, pointing a pistol to his breast, menaced him with instant death, if he dared to stir or speak. His companion,

companion, in the mean time, laid hold of Laura; who, sinking from his grasp, fell lifeless to the ground. The sight of the maid, whom he tenderly loved, in this perilous situation, roused the indignant spirit of the astonished Vincent; and, snatching the pistol which the villain pointed at his breast, he lodged its contents in his body, and brought him to the ground. His companion, seeing him fall, hurried from this scene of death; first discharging his pistol at Vincent, who unfortunately received the ball in his left shoulder.

Vincent's whole attention was now directed to the fainting Laura; who soon revived from this transitory state of death; and the first object that met her returning senses was her gallant lover.

"Hasten with me, my dear Laura," said he, "from this scene of horror! let us seek your father's mansion, where only we shall be safe; for still I fear danger surrounds us. This weapon," continued he, snatching a sword from the fallen villain's side, who lay weltering in his blood, and heaving deadly groans, "will be our sure defence, should the monster who has escaped return to execute his horrid purpose." Without waiting her reply, he raised the trembling beauty from the ground, and hurried her out of the grove. Fear lent them strength, and added swiftness to their steps. Just as

they had reached the lawn that fronted the house of Mr. Hartley, the wounded lover found his strength exhausted; and, leaning on his sword, said—"I can go no farther, Laura! Here must I lay me down, till my wasted strength returns. A few short paces, and you will reach a place where danger has no dwelling. Fly, then!" added he, throwing himself on the ground; "and, ere too late, send me some friendly help."

The perturbed state of Laura's mind, from the rude treatment of the ruffians, had prevented her from discovering the situation of her deliverer; and, till this moment, she was a stranger to his being wounded. Swift as the winged arrow speeds its rapid flight, the lovely mourner bounded over the lawn; and meeting her father at the entrance of the house, who, beholding from a window her unusual haste, came to enquire the cause, rushed into his arms; and with wildness in her looks, and a trembling voice, informed him of Vincent's situation, and urged him to hasten to his assistance.

Mr. Hartley called his servants, and proceeded to the bottom of the lawn; where they found the brave youth so faint, through loss of blood, as to be totally incapable of speaking. With the assistance of his attendants, Mr. Hartley conveyed him to his house; and, having laid him on a bed, dispatched
a messenger

a messenger for the surgeon of the village. Every possible care was taken of the unfortunate youth. The ball was extracted without much difficulty; and his surrounding friends had the happiness to hear the surgeon pronounce his wound remote from danger.

And now Mr. Hartley, having received the particulars of the accident which occasioned the wound of his young friend, sent a servant to the parsonage, desiring the presence of Mr. Plomer; while he himself, attended by the surgeon and a servant, directed his steps to the fatal spot, to learn from the fallen ruffian, if yet alive, the cause of the outrage committed against his daughter, and by whom he was engaged; for he suspected that he had been hired to effect the diabolical purpose of some unknown villain.

They found the poor wretch in a state of insensibility; and, having conveyed him to a neighbouring cottage, administered some cordials to his relief. After a length of time, he seemed to revive; but all he could articulate was, "Sir William!" and shortly after expired.

These words, however, afforded sufficient information for Mr. Hartley to conclude, that they had been hired by Sir William Ayliffe, to secure the person of his daughter, that by one efficient stroke of villainy he might revenge the disappointment he had

received from Laura's rejection of his hand: and this conclusion seemed to be justified by Sir William's sudden flight from this part of the country; which could only be attributed to the failure of his projected scheme, and the fear of exemplary punishment.

For several weeks Vincent was closely confined to his bed; and his friends experienced much anxiety at his situation. A variety of passions agitated his mind, and retarded the progress of his recovery. The fair Laura, too, suffered much from the state of uncertainty in which she was involved. The rose in her cheek each day disclosed a fainter blush; her spirits forsook her; and her anxious parents frequently discovered her in tears. Mr. Hartley readily divined the cause of her uneasiness, and charged her with the partiality she bore the humble Vincent. She fought not to elude the question, but frankly owned her love.

"I confess," said Mr. Hartley, "I did expect you would have selected a man of equal birth and fortune with yourself, to associate with in the marriage state. One of greater merit, I am persuaded you could not have chosen than our young friend, and I can but think he well deserves your love. I have observed," continued he, "that an hopeless passion on his part is the chiefest, and, perhaps, only obstacle to his recovery; and that a similar attachment on that of your's is the source

"O

"of your present uneasiness and declining health. It would, indeed, be the very height of ingratitude in us, Laura, not to esteem that valour, but for which you might, at this moment, have been deprived of life, and I in fruitless grief mourned your loss. Go then. My child," added he, "the gladsome messenger of joy; remove from his mind the clouds of uncertainty; and tell him you are his for ever."

Laura instantly threw herself on her knees; and, snatching her father's hand, carried it to her lips—
'And will you, will you, my dear father, make the generous Vincent happy? will you ease the fears that rack his tortured mind? Oh! matchless condescension! how shall I repay such unbounded goodness?'

"Rise, my dear Laura," said Mr. Hartley, wiping from his eye the starting tear of paternal love: "your happiness is mine; and whatever gives joy to you is to me an equal blessing."

The grateful Laura impatiently sought the chamber of her desponding lover; and removed from his mind each fearful doubt, each lingering trace of wretchedness.

"Now each new day increasing strength bestows,

"And his brac'd limbs the limping staff resign;

"His humid lip with roseate lustre glows,

"His lucid eyes with wonted brightness shine."

The grateful pastor received the intelligence of Mr. Hartley's consent to the union of his son with the wealthy Laura, with tears of joy. To see his only child advanced to wealth and honour, raised from the painful state of low dependence to ease and affluence, blotted from his memory his former sufferings; relieved him from the tender fears he entertained for his fate; and warmed his soul with gratitude to the beneficent Ruler of the world. "Thus," said he, "when the angry tempest over the peopled globe its rage has spent, the balmy gales of health succeed, and nature gathers new beauties from the storm."

A few weeks from the dawn of this promised scene of bliss, the venerable curate joined the consenting hands of this virtuous pair. The happiness of their friends was considerably augmented by the felicity in which they lived; and the surrounding peasantry, who shared the benevolence of Vincent and Laura, with ceaseless gratitude sung the praises of—*The Maid of the Hamlet.*



ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR,

JOSEPH THE SECOND.

THE Emperor having gone to the vault of the palais royal, which is renowned for ice, the report spread; and among other people who came to wait in the passage, was a hackney-coachman, who had left his coach in order to see the Emperor: a gentleman comes out, and desires the coachman to carry him in his coach: "I cannot carry you, Sir, I am come to see the Emperor, and though you should give me a crown, I would not go along with you." "Come, come, I will give you six franks." "No, it is impossible—I must see the Emperor." "With all my heart, but the Emperor is no longer in the vault, but just gone out—" "Are you sure of that?" "Yes—Drive on to the Hotel Treville, Rue Tournon." The coach arrives, and the Count of Falkenstein comes out, and pays the coachman his fare, wrapped up in a bit of paper. Our modern Phaeton unrolls it, for fear of being deceived; but what was his surprise at finding, instead of six franks, a double louis! Quite confounded, he calls to the porter—"the gentleman is mistaken—he has given me two louis instead of

" six

“ six franks, which he promised me. Who then
 “ may he be?” ‘ It is the Emperor,’ replied the
 other. “ Falkenstein,” exclaimed the coachman
 with energy, “ how unhappy am I!—had I known
 “ it was you, I should have turned round on my
 “ coach-box to look at you:” with this he runs to
 the tavern to drink the Emperor’s health. It is
 added, that he put a cockade in his hat, and in the
 ears of his rozinantes, published to all the world,
 “ I have carried the Emperor.”

FOLLY
 OF
 PLEADING INABILITY
 TO
 DISCHARGE THE DUTIES OF LIFE,

I Had the misfortune, some time ago, to be in com-
 pany, where a gentleman, who has the honour to
 be a principal speaker at a disputing society of the
 first class, was expected. Till this person came in,
 the conversation was carried on with the cheerful
 easy negligence of sensible good-humour: but we
 soon discovered, that his discourse was a perpetual
 effort

effort to betray the company into attempts to prove self-evident propositions; a practice in which he seems to have followed the example of that deep philosopher, who denied motion, "because," as he said, "a body must move either where it is, or where it is not; and both suppositions are equally absurd."

His attempt, however, was totally unsuccessful, till at last he affirmed, that a man had no more power over his own actions than a clock; and that the motions of the human machine were determined by irresistible propensities, as a clock is kept going by a weight. This proposition was answered with a loud laugh; every one treated it as an absurdity which it is impossible to believe; and to expose him to the ridicule of the company, he was desired to prove what he had advanced, as a fit punishment of his design to engage others to prove the contrary, which, though for a different reason, was yet equally ridiculous. After a long harangue, in which he retailed all the sophistry that he remembered, and much more than he understood, he had the mortification to find, that he had made no proselyte, nor was yet become of sufficient consequence to provoke an antagonist.

I sat silent, and as I was indulging my speculations on the scene which chance had exhibited before me,
I recollected

I recollected several incidents, which convinced me that most of the persons who were present had lately professed the opinion which they now opposed; and acted upon that very principle which they derided as absurd, and appeared to detest as impious.

The company consisted of Mr. Traffic, a wealthy merchant; Mr. Courtly, a commissioner of a public office; Mr. Gay, a gentleman in whose conversation there is a higher strain of pleasantry and humour than in any other person of my acquaintance; and Myrtila, the wife of our friend, at whose house we were assembled to dine, and who, during this interval, was engaged by some unexpected business in another room. Those incidents which I then recollected, I will now relate: nor can any of the persons whom I have thus ventured to name be justly offended, because that which is declared not to be the effect of choice, cannot be considered as the object of censure. With Mr. Traffic, I had contracted an intimacy in our younger days, which, notwithstanding the disparity of our fortune, has continued till now. We had both been long acquainted with a gentleman, who, though his extensive trade had contributed to enrich his country, was himself by sudden and inevitable losses become poor: his credit, however, was still good; and by the risk of a certain sum, it was possible to retrieve

his fortune. With this gentleman we had spent many a social hour; we had habitually drunk his health when he was absent, and always expressed our sentiments of his merit in the highest terms. In this exigency, therefore, he applied to me, and communicated the secret of his distress; a secret, which is always concealed by a generous mind, till it is extorted by torture that can no longer be borne: he knew my circumstances too well to expect the sum that he wanted from my purse; but he requested that I would, to save him from the pain and confusion of such a conversation, communicate his request; and a true state of his affairs, to Mr. Traffic: "for," says he, "though I could raise double the sum upon my own personal security, yet I would no more borrow of a man without acquainting him at what risk he lends, than I would solicit the insurance of a ship at a common premium, when I knew, by private intelligence, that she could swim no longer than every pump was at work."

I undertook this business with the utmost confidence of success. Mr. Traffic heard the account of our friend's misfortunes with great appearance of concern; "he warmly commended his integrity, and lamented the precarious situation of a trader, whom œconomy and diligence cannot secure from calamities which are brought upon others only by
" profusion

“ profusion and riot; but as to the money,” he said, “ that I could not expect him to venture it without security: that my friend himself could not wonder that his request was refused, a request with which, “ indeed,” said he, “ I cannot possibly comply.” Whatever may be thought of the free agency of my friend and myself, which Mr. Traffic had made no scruple to deny in a very interesting particular; I believe every one will readily admit, that Mr. Traffic was neither free in speculation nor fact; for he can be little better than a machine actuated by avarice, who had not power to spare one thousand pounds, from two hundred times the sum, to prevent the immediate ruin of a man, in whose behalf he had been so often liberal of praise, with whom his social enjoyments had been so long connected, and for whose misfortunes he was sensibly touched.

Soon after this disappointment, my unhappy friend became a bankrupt, and applied to me once more to solicit Mr. Courtly for a place in his office. By Mr. Courtly I was received with great friendship; he was much affected with the distresses of my friend; he generously gave me a bank-note, which he requested me to apply to his immediate relief in such a manner as would least wound his delicacy; and promised, that the first vacancy he should be provided for: but when the vacancy happened,

pened, of which I had the earliest intelligence, he told me, with evident compunction and distress, that he could not possibly fulfil his promise, for that a very great man had recommended one of his domestics, whose solicitation for that reason it was not in his power to refuse. This gentleman, therefore, had also professed himself a machine; and indeed, he appears to have been no less the instrument of ambition than Mr. Traffic of avarice.

Mr. Gay, the wit, besides that he has very much the air of a free agent, is a man of deep penetration, great delicacy, and strong compassion: but in direct opposition to all these great and good qualities, he is continually entangled in difficulties, and precipitated not only into indecency and unkindness, but impiety, by his love of ridicule. I remembered, that I had lately expostulated with him about this strange perversion of his abilities, in these terms: “ Dear Charles, it amazes me that you should rather
 “ act the character of a merry fellow, than a wise
 “ man; that you should mortify a friend whom you
 “ not only love but esteem; wantonly mangle a
 “ character which you reverence; betray a secret,
 “ violate truth, and sport with the doctrine and the
 “ practice of a religion which you believe, merely
 “ for the pleasure of being laughed at.” I remember too, that when he had heard me out, he shrugged
 up

up his shoulders, and greatly extended the longitudinal dimensions of his countenance. ‘ All this,’ said he, ‘ is very true, but if I were to be hanged I ‘ could not help it.’ Here was another declaration in favour of fatality. Poor Gay professes himself a slave rather to vanity than to vice, and patiently submits himself to the most ridiculous drudgery, without one struggle for freedom.

Of the Lady, I am unwilling to speak with equal plainness; but I hope Myrtilla will allow me to plead an irresistible impulse, when she reflects, that I have heard her lament that she is herself urged by an irresistible impulse to play. I remembered, that I had, at the request of my friend, taken an opportunity, when we were alone, indirectly to represent the pernicious consequences of indulging so preposterous an inclination. She perceived my design; and immediately accused herself, with an honest sensibility that burst into tears; but at the same time told me, “ that she was no more able to refrain from cards than to fly:” and a few nights afterwards, I observed her chairmen waiting at the door of a great lady, who seldom sees company but on a Sunday, and then has always the happiness of engaging a brilliant assembly at cards.

After I had recollected these incidents, I looked with less contempt upon our necessitarian; and to
 confess

confess a truth, with less esteem upon his present opponents. I took for granted, that this gentleman's opinion proceeded from a consciousness, that he was himself the slave of some, or all of these vices and follies; and that he was prompted by something like benevolence, to communicate to others a discovery, by which alone he had been able to quiet his own mind, and to regard himself rather as an object of pity than contempt.

And indeed no man, without great incongruity, can affirm that he has powers which he does not exert, when to exert them is evidently his highest interest; nor should he be permitted to arrogate the dignity of a free agent, who has once professed himself to be the mere instrument of necessity.

While I was making these reflections, the husband of Myrtila came in; and to atone for any dishonour which custom or prejudice may suppose to be reflected upon him by the unhappy fatality of his wife, I shall refer to him as an incontestible proof, that though there are some who have sold themselves to do evil, and become the bondmen of iniquity, yet there are others, who preserve the birth-right of beings that are placed but a little lower than the angels; and who may, without reproach, deny the doctrine of necessity, by which they are degraded to an equality with brutes that perish. I acknowledge,
indeed,

indeed, that my friend has motives from which he acts; but his motives receive their force from reason illuminated by revelation, and conscience invigorated by hope. I acknowledge too, that he is under subjection to a master; but let it be remembered, that it is to Him only, "whose service is perfect freedom."

ANECDOTE OF Mr. POPE.

DURING Mr. Pope's last illness, a squabble happened in his chamber between his two physicians, (Dr. Burton and Dr. Thomson, both since dead) Dr. B. charging Dr. T. with hastening his death by the violent purges he had prescribed, and the other retorting the charge. Mr. Pope at length silenced them, saying, "Gentlemen, I only learn, by your discourse, that I am in a very dangerous way; therefore, all I have now to ask is, that the following epigram may be added, after my death, to the next edition of the Dunciad, by way of postscript:

"Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past,
"The greatest dunce has kill'd your foe at last."

Others

Others say, that these lines were written by Dr. B. himself; and the following epigram by a friend of Dr. T's was occasioned by the foregoing one:

As physic and verse both to Phœbus belong,
So the college oft dabble in potion and song;
Hence Burton, resolv'd his emetics shall hit
When his recipes fail, gives a puke with his wit.

ANECDOTE

or

LORENZO DE MEDICI.

THIS great man, from his earliest years, exhibited that quickness of mind, which so much distinguished his maturer years. His father Cosmo, having one day presented him, when he was quite a child, to an Ambassador, to whom he was talking of him with the foolish fondness of a parent, desired the Ambassador to put some questions to his son, and to see, by his answers, if he was not a boy of parts. The Ambassador did as he was desired, and was soon convinced of the truth of what Cosmo had told him; but added, "This child, as he grows up, will probably become stupid; for it has generally
" been

“ been observed, that those who, when young, are
 “ very sprightly and clever, hardly ever increase in
 “ talents as they grow older.” Young Lorenzo,
 hearing this, crept gently to the Ambassador, and
 looking him archly in the face, said to him, ‘ I am
 ‘ certain, that when you were young, you were a boy
 ‘ of very great genius.’

THE LIFE OF MAN.

. **B**EHOLD, fond man !
 See here thy pictur'd life: pass some few years ;
 Thy flow'ring spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober autumn fading into age,
 And pale-concluding winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness ; those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness ; those longings after fame ;
 Those restless cares ; those busy bustling days ;
 Those gay-spent festive nights ; those varying
 thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
 All now are fled ! Religion sole remains
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high.

IN

IN WHAT

TRUE HAPPINESS CONSISTS.

TRUE happiness consists in three things: 1st. In such an innocence, that the mind has nothing criminal to reproach it with. 2dly. In learning to be content with that station wherein Heaven has placed us. 3dly. In the enjoyment of perfect health. If any of these be wanting, we cannot be truly happy: virtue is at that time of service to comfort us; but it cannot exempt us from the evils which we suffer. There is a great difference between comforting a man, and curing him: we assist the former to bear up under his misfortunes, but we change the pain and sorrow of the latter into pleasure and joy.

It is certain that a man who abandons himself to wickedness, be his estate, dignity, or post, ever so great or eminent, cannot be happy. The wicked are their own judges; the horror of their crimes follows them wherever they go; and, though their guilt be so far unknown to the public that they pass for men of virtue, yet they are not easy in their minds. ‘The worst punishment,’ says Juvenal, ‘which a wicked man suffers, is, that he cannot
N declare

‘ declare himself innocent, though he is acquitted
 ‘ and discharged out of court; and though the
 ‘ prætor takes a bribe, and obtains him a pardon,
 ‘ yet he cannot absolve himself.’ It is a mistake to
 think that bad men can entirely stifle the remorse of
 conscience: sometimes they fancy they are above
 the reproaches of it; but soon after they condemn
 themselves, they are struck with a secret horror,
 persecute themselves, and are their own executioners.
 The torments which they endure are not to be ex-
 pressed; and is it not a question whether there is any
 one more cruel in hell, than a conscience bearing
 secret witness in the soul against a man’s guilt day
 and night? No pleasures, banquets, plays, or any
 other representations, nor even the charms of love,
 can restore a calm to a breast which is troubled with
 a remorse for wickedness. Conscience is not silent
 in the most pompous entertainments; but, like an
 implacable fury which nothing can pacify, it poisons
 the most dainty dishes, and turns the most lively
 mirth into uneasiness.

They who appear to us to be the most daring
 offenders, are the most timorous after the commis-
 sion of their crimes. They are equally afraid of
 the indignation of men and the wrath of Heaven,
 and turn pale at the least flash of lightning. If it
 thunders, they are half dead; for they do not con-
 sider

sider it as proceeding from a natural cause, but imagine that Heaven, provoked at their wickedness, is ready to dart its thunder-bolts at their guilty heads. Nor are they much more tranquil when the storm is over; for they imagine it only a reprieve from their deserved punishment. The slightest malady that seizes them they take to be mortal, and what will deprive them of this life, to give them a new one full of torments. If the wicked did but foresee what troubles their crimes would involve them in, they would abstain from committing them; but they do not begin to see and feel the enormity of them till after they have committed them; yet they go on to perpetrate new ones, because of their natural bias to wickedness; so that they cannot help doing the evil which in their judgment they condemn. They hope to be less troubled in conscience by fresh transgressions than by the former, and flatter themselves that they shall make wickedness familiar to them by repeated acts of it. What wretches are these, who think to obtain a cure by what increases their disease, and are incessantly procuring themselves new torments!

The common people, who only judge by external appearances, very often think men happy, who are actually devoured with chagrin: they cannot conceive how a sovereign, to whom all is obedience,

can be unhappy; that a great nobleman, who keeps a plentiful house, who has mistresses, domestics, equipages, palaces, and manors, can be tormented with a thousand uneasinesses: but wise men know that this sovereign, who does not govern by the rules of justice, finds that he is hated by his people, despised by foreign nations, and doomed to be transmitted to posterity as a wicked prince. There is no man, be he ever so bad, but is sorry to be hated and despised. The wicked have a love for themselves as well as the good; and, while they have so, hatred and contempt wound them. If we read the history of the most cruel and savage tyrants, we shall find them more than once lamenting that they were the abhorrence of mankind; and their vexation at the thoughts of it made them still more fierce and barbarous; whereas they had not been so bloody and inflexible, if they knew they had not been so much detested. They committed the more crimes, to be revenged for the abhorrence formed of them; and such their vengeance added to the measure of their own uneasiness and of their public hatred.

Therefore no man can be truly happy, let his condition be what it will, if he be not virtuous. The prince and the peasant are on the same footing in this respect; and the one is as much punished by remorse on his throne, as the other at his plough.

Whoever

Whoever seeks to live a happy life, ought to be more afraid of guilt than of death; for the latter only puts an end to our days, whereas the former only renders them unhappy. The virtuous man, when he dies, goes to the enjoyment of much greater happiness than what he loses; whereas the criminal, while he lives, is overwhelmed with misfortunes here, and tormented with the fear of those that threaten him in the life to come; and, though he should not believe the immortality of the soul, yet he would not be the less unhappy, because he would have no hopes of finding a change in his misfortunes into happiness after his death.

The second thing which is absolutely necessary towards leading a happy life is, to know how to make ourselves easy in the station wherein Heaven has placed us. If a man has a competency, if he has every thing that is needful to keep him from want, why should he envy others the possession of great riches, which perhaps would only conduce to make him unhappy? 'It is not wealth,' as Horace wisely says, 'that makes a man happy. None can be esteemed happy, but they who are so wise as to be satisfied with whatever the Gods send them.' When men give themselves up to their ambition, and do not put a check to their desires, they become slaves to their passions; and whenever those bear arbitrary

trary sway over a man, he is sure to be always unhappy. The wisest and most important thing in life is, to be able to know how to be content with the portion allotted us by Heaven. He who is for increasing his revenue by illegal methods, is tormented by remorse; and he who strives to increase them by honest methods, but such as are painful, is oppressed with care and anxiety; two faults, which must equally be avoided, if we would live happy. Why should we be perpetually thinking of what we may want some years hence? We should leave every thing to contingencies, and make the best of it that we can. Besides, do we know certainly that it would be for our advantage, if Heaven were to gratify our wishes? Perhaps, from the very moment that we saw them fulfilled, we should date the beginning of misfortunes which would sink us, and never leave us till death; at least certain it is, that they would increase the thirst after riches in us, and would only render our avarice the stronger. When once the heart is set upon the amassing of wealth, the treasures of all the princes upon earth cannot satisfy it: the more a man has, the more he covets. Avarice is a passion which never can be satisfied: the more we seek to gratify it, the stronger it grows, and the more it manifests its power. A man needs not to be a philosopher, to be sensible that an honest mediocrity

mediocrity is infinitely more desirable than immense riches; it is sufficient if we hearken to plain reason, and if we will but make use of it.

Great honours and dignities are altogether as unlikely as riches to procure a happy life. A peasant may be happy, though he is not a judge, or justice of the peace, in his village; a citizen ought not to envy the office of the sheriff, nor a member of parliament that of the chancellor. In all states we may be easy, if we acquit ourselves in all relations to them with honour and prudence. Employments are so far from rendering a man the more happy, that commonly they do but diminish his felicity, by subjecting him to a greater number of duties, that are indispensable, and which he cannot neglect without failing in his obligations to himself and the public, and consequently without forfeiting his happiness; because, by the principle we have established, it is proved, that whoever is dishonest cannot be happy.

It may be said of offices, birth, kindred, and riches, that all these things are according as they are considered by those who enjoy them. They may be reckoned as blessings to those that know how to make use of them; but they become great misfortunes to those who do not make the use of them which they ought to do: and, as it requires great wisdom

wisdom for a man to know how to conduct himself in prosperity, the wealth and grandeur which raise us above other men are commonly more prejudicial than useful: from being real advantages they become misfortunes, and are obstructions to the happiness of life.

Perhaps it will be asked, that, if it be easier for mere private men to be happy than great ones, why the latter, who desire to be happy and tranquil, do not descend to be private men? The reason is very plain; it is because they are so attached to their office or station, by what they owe to their family, their country, their prince, and themselves, that they cannot quit it without a breach of their duty. Should they take a step which they knew was not fitting for them, they would not be happy in such new state, because the thing which is most essential to the happiness of life is, to have nothing wherewith a man can reproach himself. It is natural, therefore, for men of wisdom and penetration to continue in the posts wherein Heaven has placed them, and to which it is allotted them; and that they should endeavour therein to make themselves happy, without having recourse to an alteration, which, instead of being for the better, would be to their prejudice, and distance them for ever from the mark which they would fain arrive at.

ON

ON THE DIFFERENCE
 BETWEEN
 GRATITUDE AND LOVE.

GENEROSITY, properly applied, will supply every other external advantage in life, but the love of those with whom we converse. It will procure esteem, and a conduct resembling real affection; but actual love is the spontaneous production of the mind; no generosity can purchase, no rewards increase, no liberality can secure the continuance of it: that very person who is obliged, has it not in his power to force his lingering affection upon the objects he should love, and voluntarily mix passion with gratitude.

Imparted fortune, and well-placed liberality, may procure the benefactor's good-will, may load the person obliged with the sense of the duty he lies under to retaliate; this is gratitude; and simple gratitude, untinged with love, is all the return an ingenuous mind can bestow for preceding benefits.

But gratitude and love are almost opposite affections; love is often an involuntary passion, placed upon our companions without our consent, and frequently

frequently conferred without our previous esteem. We love some men we know not why; our tenderness is naturally excited in all their concerns; we excuse their faults with the same indulgence, and approve their virtues with the same applause, with which we consider our own. While we entertain the passion, it pleases us; we cherish it with delight, and give it up with reluctance; and love for love is all the reward we expect or desire.

Gratitude, on the contrary, is never conferred, but where there have been previous favours to excite it; we consider it as a debt, and our spirits are a load, till we have discharged the obligation. Every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumstance of humiliation, and some are found to submit to frequent mortifications of this kind, proclaiming what obligations they owe, merely because they think it in some measure cancels the debt.

Thus love is the most easy and agreeable, and gratitude the most humiliating, operation of the mind. We never reflect on the man we love without exulting in our choice; while he, who has bound us to him by benefits alone, rises to our idea as a person to whom we have, in some measure, forfeited our freedom.

Love and gratitude are seldom, therefore, found in the same breast, without impairing each other:

we

we may tender the one or the other singly to those with whom we converse, but cannot command both together. By attempting to increase we diminish them; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large obligations; all additional benefits lessen every hope of future return, and bar up every avenue that leads to affection.

In all our connexions with society, therefore, it is not only generous, but prudent, to appear insensible of the value of those favours we bestow, and endeavour to make the obligation seem as slight as possible. Love must be taken by stratagem, and not by open force; we should seem not to know that we oblige, and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuse its affections. Constraint may, indeed, leave the receiver still grateful, but it will certainly produce disgust.

If to procure gratitude be our only aim, there is no great art in making the acquisition; a benefit conferred demands a just acknowledgment, and we have a right to insist upon our due.

It were much more prudent, however, to forego our right on such an occasion, and exchange it, if we can, for love. We receive little advantage from repeated protestations of gratitude; but they cost him very much, from whom we exact them in return. A grateful acknowledgment exacted, is a
debt

debt demanded: by which proceeding, the creditor is not advantaged, and the debtor makes his payment with reluctance.

While Mencius, the philosopher, was travelling in the pursuit of wisdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountain, remote from the habitations of men. Here, as he was straying during a thunder-storm accompanied with rain, which conspired to make solitude still more hideous, he perceived an hermit's cell, and approaching, asked for shelter. "Enter," said the hermit, in a severe tone, "men deserve not to be obliged, but it would be imitating their ingratitude to treat them as they deserve. Come in: examples of vice may sometimes strengthen us in the ways of virtue."

After a frugal meal, which consisted of roots and tea, Mencius could not repress his curiosity to know why the hermit had retired from mankind, as their actions taught the truest lessons of wisdom. "Mention not the name of man," cried the hermit with indignation; "here let me live retired from a base ungrateful world; here among the beasts of the forest, I shall find no flatterers: the lion is a generous enemy, and the dog a faithful friend; but man, base man, can poison the bowl, and smile while he presents it."

'You have been ill-used by mankind,' said the philosopher shrewdly, interrupting him. "Yes,"

“ Yes,” replied the hermit, “ on mankind I exhausted my whole fortune; this staff, that cup, and those roots, are all I have in return.”

‘ Did you bestow your fortune, or did you lend it?’ asked Mencius.

“ I bestowed it, undoubtedly,” replied the other, “ for where is the merit of being a money-lender?”

‘ Did they ever own that they received it?’ still adds the philosopher.

“ A thousand times,” said the hermit: “ they loaded me every day with professions of gratitude for favours received, and solicitations for future benefactions.”

‘ If, then,’ said Mencius smiling, ‘ you did not lend your fortune, in order to have it returned, it is unjust to accuse them of ingratitude. They owned themselves obliged, you expected no more, and they certainly earned each favour by a frequent acknowledgment of it.’

The hermit, struck with the reply, surveyed his guest with emotion. “ I have heard of the great Mencius,” said he, “ and you are certainly the man. I am now fourscore years old, but still a child in wisdom; take me back to *the school of men*, and educate me as one of the youngest, and most ignorant of your disciples.”

‘ Indeed,

‘ Indeed, my son,’ replied Mencius, ‘ it is better
 ‘ to have friends in our passage through life, than
 ‘ grateful dependents; and as love is a more willing,
 ‘ so is it a more lasting tribute than extorted obliga-
 ‘ tion. As we are uneasy when greatly obliged,
 ‘ gratitude once refused can never after be recovered.
 ‘ The mind that is base enough to disallow the just
 ‘ return, instead of feeling any uneasiness upon re-
 ‘ collection, triumphs in its new acquired freedom,
 ‘ and, in some measure, is pleased with conscious
 ‘ baseness.

‘ Very different is the situation of disagreeing
 ‘ friends; their separation produces mutual uneasi-
 ‘ ness. Like that divided being in fabulous creation,
 ‘ their sympathetic souls once more desire their for-
 ‘ mer union; the joys of both are imperfect; their
 ‘ gayest moments are tinged with uneasiness; each
 ‘ seeks the smallest concessions to clear the way to a
 ‘ wished explanation: the most trifling acknow-
 ‘ ledgments, the slightest accidents, serve to effect a
 ‘ mutual reconciliation.’



LOVE:

LOVE is a passion felt by all people, and talked of by most people: by very few people is it understood. By nothing more than its despotic sway over all the other passions, is its omnipotence discovered. According to the different operations of love in our bosoms, we are furious or tame, compassionate or resentful: animated with hope, or plunged into despair. By love, the proudest of men is converted into an abject slave. By love, those who have the meanest opinion of their intellects are inspired with towering ideas, and consequential sensations. Nay, even the most miserable miser, when love has thawed his icy heart, will dash about his money with an air of liberality. Love, indeed, makes many a man ridiculous; but, "of all the various fools which love has made," the old dotard is justly to be placed in the highest form. When grey-beards turn inamoratos, human nature appears in a very contemptible light. The appearance of such a wretch is sufficient to make us ashamed of our existence. Let no man, however, when such an object is before his eyes, be too severely

severely farcaſtical; for no man, without great preſumption, can ſay, “ I ſhall never expoſe my-
“ ſelf like him.”

A LETTER
FROM
ELIZABETH, PRINCESS PALATINE,
TO
SIR SIMONDS D'EUES.

SIR,

I Have received your kind letter, and learned diſ-
course, with much contentment. Indeed, we
have ſuffered much wrong in this world, yet I com-
plain not at it, becauſe, when God pleaſeth, we ſhall
have right. In the mean time I am much beholden
to you for your good affection, hoping you will not
be weary to continue your friendly offices towards
me, in the place where you ſit, which ſhall never
be forgotten by

Your moſt aſſured friend,

ELIZABETH.

To Sir Simonds D'Eues, &c.

Aug. 21ſt, 1645.

ANECDOTE

OF

HENRY II. KING OF FRANCE.

THIS Prince, though of a very easy and accommodating disposition, knew occasionally when to give a refusal. His favourite sister, married to the Duke of Savoy, was very earnest with him to give up to her husband, the strong fortresses of Pignerol, Tarillon, and Perouse, which may be looked upon as the keys of France towards Italy. He told the Ambassadors from Savoy, who intimated his sister's desire to him, "I am extremely fond of my sister, but I would much sooner give her my two eyes out of my head, than these three fortresses."

THE LEAF.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd to the ground;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
 In a sad and solemn sound:

O

Sons

Sons of Adam, once in Eden
 Blighted when like us he fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,
 'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much, presuming
 On your boasted white and red,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead.

Gripping misers, nightly waking,
 See the end of all your care;
Fled on wings of our own making,
 We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,
 Flutt'ring high in fancied worth,
Lo! the fickle air, that raises,
 Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned sops, in systems jaded,
 Who for new ones daily call,
Cease at length by us persuaded,
 Ev'ry leaf must have its fall!

Youth. tho' yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
 Summer gives to autumn place.

Venerable

Venerable fires, grown hoary,
 Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
 Think, amidst your falling glory,
 Autumn tells a winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning,
 Messengers of shortest stay;
 Thus we preach this truth concerning,
 "Heav'n and earth shall pass away."

On the Tree of Life eternal,
 Man! let all thy hope be staid,
 Which alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

ANECDOTE

or

DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN the Doctor first became acquainted with David Mallet, they once went, with some other gentlemen, to laugh an hour at Bartholomew fair. At one of the booths was an amazing large bear, which the showman assured them was "*catch'd* in the *undiscovered* parts of Russia." The bear

bear was muzzled, and might therefore be approached with safety; but to all the company, except Johnson, was very furly and ill-tempered: of the Doctor he appeared extremely fond, rubbed against him, and shewed every mark of awkward kindness. "How is it, (said one of the company) "that this animal is so attached to Mr. Johnson?" "Because, (replied Mallet) he knows that Linnæus 'would have classed them together, as *two* animals 'of *one* species.'

The Doctor disliked Mallet for his tendency towards infidelity; and this sarcasm turned his dislike into downright hatred. He never spoke to him afterwards, but has gibbeted his name in the Octavo Dictionary under the word *Alias*.

ANECDOTE.

AS Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, the Rev. — and corpulent Mr. Brown chanced to pass that way, and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austerey reproved him for breaking the sabbath; telling him, that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should
have

have taught him better. The poor poet replied,
 “ Reverend Sir, your external appearance says, that
 “ if your dinner was at the bottom of the river, as
 “ mine is, you would angle for it, though it were a
 “ fast day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you.”

PEEVISHNESS

EQUALLY WRETCHED AND OFFENSIVE.

THE CHARACTER OF *TETRICIA*.

MEN seldom give pleasure, where they are not
 pleased themselves ; it is necessary, therefore,
 to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulness,
 that in whatever state we may be placed by Provi-
 dence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive
 benefits, to implore or to afford protection, we may
 secure the love of those with whom we transact. For
 though it is generally imagined, that he who grants
 favours may spare any attention to his behaviour,
 and that usefulness will always procure friends; yet
 it has been found that there is an art of granting
 requests, an art very difficult of attainment; that
 officiousness and liberality may be so adulterated, as
 to

to lose the greater part of their effect; that compliance may provoke, relief may harass, and liberality distress.

No disease of the mind can more fatally disable it from benevolence, the chief duty of social beings, than ill-humour or peevishness; for though it breaks not out in paroxysms of outrage, nor bursts into clamour, turbulence, or bloodshed, it wears out happiness by slow corrosion, and small injuries incessantly repeated. It may be considered as the canker of life, that destroys its vigour and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

Peevishness, when it has been so far indulged as to outrun the motions of the will, and discover itself without premeditation, is a species of depravity in the highest degree disgusting and offensive, because no rectitude of intention, nor softness of address, can ensure a moment's exemption from affront and indignity. While we are courting the favour of a peevish man, and exerting ourselves in the most diligent civility, an unlucky syllable displeases, an unheeded circumstance ruffles and exasperates; and in the moment when we congratulate ourselves upon having gained a friend, our endeavours are frustrated at once, and all our assiduity forgotten in the casual tumult of some trifling irritation.

This

This troublesome impatience is sometimes nothing more than the symptoms of some deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confess his resentment, or sorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to the fermentations of his mind at the first passages that are opened, and to let his passions boil over upon those whom accident throws in his way. A painful and tedious course of sickness frequently produces such an alarming apprehension of the least increase of uneasiness, as keeps the soul perpetually on the watch; such a restless and incessant solicitude, as no care or tenderness can appease, and can only be pacified by the cure of the distemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakness, is the capriciousness of old age. When the strength is crushed, the senses dulled, and the common pleasures of life become insipid by repetition, we are willing to impute our uneasiness to causes not wholly out of our power; and please ourselves with fancying that we suffer by neglect, unkindness, or an evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon those on whom we resolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greatest need of tenderness and assistance.

But

But though peevishness may sometimes claim our compassion, as the consequence or concomitant of misery, it is very often found where nothing can justify or excuse its admission. It is frequently one of the attendants on the prosperous, and is employed by insolence in exacting homage, or by tyranny in harrassing subjection. It is the offspring of idleness or pride; of idleness, anxious for trifles; or pride, unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Those who have long lived in solitude, indeed, naturally contract this unsocial quality, because, having long had only themselves to please, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations; their singularities, therefore, are only blameable, when they have imprudently or morosely withdrawn themselves from the world; but there are others, who have, without any necessity, nursed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit submissiveness the condition of their favour, and suffering none to approach them, but those who never speak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himself up to his own fancy, and converses with none but such as he hires to lull him on the down of absolute authority, to soothe him with obsequiousness, and regale him with flattery, soon grows too slothful for the labour of contest, too tender for the asperity of contradiction, and too delicate
for

for the coarseness of truth; a little opposition offends, a little restraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him; having been accustomed to see every thing give way to his humour, he soon forgets his own littleness, and expects to find the world rolling at his beck, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

TETRICA had a large fortune bequeathed to her by an aunt, which made her very early independent, and placed her in a state of superiority to all about her. Having no superfluity of understanding, she was soon intoxicated by the flatteries of her maid, who informed her that ladies, such as she, had nothing to do but take pleasure their own way; that she wanted nothing from others, and had therefore no reason to value their opinion; that money was every thing; and that they who thought themselves ill-treated, should look for better usage among their equals.

Warm with these generous sentiments, Tetrica came forth into the world, in which she endeavoured to force respect by haughtiness of mien, and vehemence of language; but having neither birth, beauty, nor wit, in any uncommon degree, she suffered such mortifications from those who thought themselves at liberty to return her insults, as reduced her turbulence to cooler malignity, and taught her

to

to practise her arts of vexation only where she might hope to tyrannize without resistance. She continued from her twentieth to her fifty-fifth year to torment all her inferiors, with so much diligence, that she has formed a principle of disapprobation, and finds in every place something to grate her mind and disturb her quiet.

If she takes the air, she is offended with heat or cold, the glare of the sun, or the gloom of the clouds; if she makes a visit, the room in which she is to be received, is too light, or too dark, or furnished with something which she cannot see without aversion. Her tea is never of the right sort; the figures on the *Cbina* give her disgust. Where there are children, she hates the gabble of brats; where there are none, she cannot bear a place without some cheerfulness and rattle. If many servants are kept in a house, she never fails to tell how Lord *Lavisb* was ruined by a numerous retinue; if few, she relates the story of a miser that made his company wait on themselves. She quarrelled with one family, because she had an unpleasant view from their windows; with another, because the squirrel leaped within two yards of her; and with a third, because she could not bear the noise of the parrot.

Of milliners and mantua-makers she is the proverbial torment. She compels them to alter their
work,

work, then to unmake it, and contrive it after another fashion; then changes her mind, and likes it better as it was at first; then will have a small improvement. Thus she proceeds till no profit can recompence the vexation; they at last leave the clothes at her house, and refuse to serve her. Her maid, the only being that can endure her tyranny, professes to take her own course, and hear her mistress talk. Such is the consequence of peevishness; it can be borne only when it is despised.

It sometimes happens, that too close an attention to minute exactness, or a too rigorous habit of examining every thing by the standard of perfection, vitiates the temper, rather than improves the understanding, and teaches the mind to discern faults with unhappy penetration. It is incident, likewise, to men of vigorous imagination to please themselves too much with futurities, and to fret, because those expectations are disappointed, which should never have been formed. Knowledge and genius are often enemies to quiet, by suggesting ideas of excellence, which men and the performances of men cannot attain. But let no man rashly determine, that his unwillingness to be pleased is a proof of understanding, unless his superiority appear from less doubtful evidence; for though peevishness may
sometimes

sometimes justly boast its descent from learning or from wit, it is much oftener of base extraction, the child of vanity, and nursling of ignorance.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE UNFORTUNATE

KING OF FRANCE.

WHEN Louis XVI. ascended the throne, he was only twenty years of age; and had, at first, no other counsel than the written advice left him by his father, the late dauphin. This precious paternal bequest was ordered to remain sealed till his son should succeed to the throne. Immediately on his accession, he hastens to open it, with a pious design to obey its every injunction. It advises him, by all means, to engage for his mentor M. De Machault, as the most able person to direct his steps, if the weight of royalty should descend on him at a period so premature, that he could only be supposed to possess rectitude of intention for the performance of his duties. Faithful to the wishes of a beloved father, he immediately writes the following letter to M. Dé Machault:

“ *Choisy,*

“ Choisy, May 11, 1774.

“ IN the just grief which overwhelms me,
 “ and which I participate with the whole nation, I
 “ have great duties to fulfil: I am king, and this
 “ name includes innumerable obligations. But I
 “ am only twenty, and have not acquired all the
 “ knowledge which is necessary for my situation.
 “ In the mean time, I must not see any of the mi-
 “ nisters, who have been with the king during his
 “ contagious distemper. From the confidence
 “ which I repose in your probity, and the profound
 “ knowledge which you are known to possess, I am
 “ induced to desire that you would assist me with
 “ your advice. Come, then, the first moment
 “ possible, and you will afford me a great pleasure.

“ LOUIS.”

The confidence of the young monarch was well merited by M. De Machault, who had long been the minister of the finances and of the law, under Louis XV. He had, however, been for some time dismissed from his employments, through the intrigues of the ecclesiastical cabal, because he was desirous of obliging the clergy to pay taxes like other subjects; and he had ever since lived on his estate, in the deepest retirement, universally esteemed, except by those who had so successfully conspired against him.

Nothing now was wanting to this letter, but the direction; when, either from a native timidity, or a desire to have the excellence of his choice confirmed, Louis XVI. went to his aunt, Mademoiselle Adelaide, communicated the desire of his father, and shewed her the yet unaddressed letter, which he had in consequence written. The princess highly approves his conduct, and even requests him instantly to send off a courier with the letter. *The king, unfortunately, keeps it back several hours!* Mademoiselle Adelaide, in the mean time, as most ladies would naturally do, informs her female suite who was to be the prime minister. The news flies, with the rapidity of lightening, and alarm spreads among the courtiers. Every individual of this sycophantick swarm dreaded the integrity, and the austere virtues, of him who was now to be appointed state pilot. Intrigue is put in motion; corruption, of course, follows. A hundred thousand crowns are offered to a lady, who is well known to have great influence over the princess, if she can so far succeed, as to change the choice of a minister in favour of M. De Maurepas. This nobleman had been minister at the juvenvile age of fifteen; and, at thirty, he had been dismissed. Though now far advanced in years, he was known to have lived a life of dissipation, and to possess a large fund of intrigue, gaiety, frivolity,

nd pliability. He had written epigrams; he was voluptuary, and a wit: in short, he was the person best adapted to the views of the dissolute courtiers of Versailles, who were desirous of prolonging the abuses of the late reign. The lady of honour, emptied by the hundred thousand crowns, now droightly insinuated to the princess that the choice of M. De Machault would not fail to offend the clergy; and that, in consequence, there was reason to fear the commencement of the new reign would be stormy. Having contrived to alarm Mademoiselle Adelaide, that princess hastens to disclose her anxiety to the king; and the unfortunate Louis XVI. naturally timid, and dreading the consequences of his first regal act, finished the business by directing the same letter to the Count De Maurepas!

Thus, at his first step towards the throne, this unhappy monarch fell into a net; and this error was the fertile source of innumerable others. M. De Maurepas, tottering with age and infirmity, on the brink of his tomb, thought it necessary to procure friends, who might, by every where extolling his abilities, fix him firmly in the office of grand-vizier. To augment their number, he purchased them by all possible methods. To some he gave pensions, for others he created new offices; and, by these means, soon completed the ruin of the finances, and paved

paved the way for the fate of Louis XVI. and all the irretrievable misery with which France has been subsequently overwhelmed. Never, surely, did such fatal consequences arise from changing the direction of a letter!

ON LAUGHTER.

LAUGHTER, like many other dispositions of our minds, is necessarily pleasant to us, when it begins, in the natural manner, from some perception in the mind of something ludicrous, and does not take its rise unnaturally from external motion in the body. Every one is conscious that a state of laughter is an easy and agreeable state: that the recurring or suggestion of ludicrous images, tends to dispel fretfulness, anxiety, or sorrow, and to reduce the mind to an easy and happy state: as, on the other hand, an easy and happy state is that in which we are most lively and acute in perceiving the ludicrous in objects: any thing that gives us pleasure, puts us also in a fitness for laughter, when something ridiculous occurs; and ridiculous objects occurring to a soured temper, will be apt to recover
it

ness. The implanting then a sense of the
ous in our nature, was giving us an avenue to
e, and an easy remedy for discontent and for-
Again, laughter, like other affections, is very
ious: our whole frame is so sociable, that one
countenance may diffuse cheerfulness to many;
: they all fools who are apt to laugh before
now the jest, however curiosity in wise men
strain it, that their attention may be kept

are disposed by laughter to a good opinion of
son who raises it: if neither ourselves, nor our
are made the butt. Laughter is not one of
least bonds of common friendship, though it
is consequence in great heroic friendship.
ughter is received in a different manner by the
ridiculed, according as he who uses the ridi-
cences good-nature; friendship and esteem
person whom he laughs at, or the contrary.
istical circumstances accompanying a crime
se laughter, but a piece of cruel barbarity,
cherous villainy, of itself, must raise very
passions. A jest is not common in an im-
ent of a criminal, or an oration full of in-
; it rather diminishes than increases the
ice in an audience, and may justly excite
ot of the orator for an unnatural affectation

of wit. Jeſting is ſtill more unnatural in diſcourſes intended to move compaſſion towards the diſtreſſed. A forced ridicule, on either of theſe occaſions, muſt be apt to kindle in the guilty or the miſerable, hatred againſt the laugher; ſince it muſt be ſuppoſed to flow from hatred in him towards the object of his ridicule, or from want of all compaſſion. The guilty will take laughter to be a triumph over him as contemptible! the wretched will interpret it as hardneſs of heart, and inſenſibility. This is the natural effect of joining to either of theſe objects, mean, ludicrous ideas.

If ſmaller faults, faults not inconſiſtent with a character amiable in the main, be ſet in a ridiculous light, the guilty are apt to be made ſenſible of their folly, more by an expoſure of their follies than by grave admonitions.

Ridicule upon very little faults, when it does not appear to flow from kindneſs, is extremely provoking; for by the application of mean ideas to our conduct, the ridiculer diſcovers contempt for us, and ſhews a deſire to render us contemptible to others.

Ridicule upon any ſlight miſfortune or injury, which we have received with ſorrow or reſentment, when it is applied by a third perſon, with appearance of good nature, is exceedingly uſeful to abate our concern, or reſentment, and to reconcile us to
the

the person who injured us, if he does not persist in his injurious proceedings.

From this consideration of the effects of laughter, it may be easy to see for what end a sense of the ridiculous was implanted in human nature, and in what manner it ought to be managed.

It is plainly of considerable moment in human society: it is often productive of great pleasure, and it enlivens our conversation exceedingly when it is conducted by good-nature. It spreads a pleasantry of temper over hundreds at once; and one merry, easy mind frequently diffuses a similar disposition over all who are in company. There is nothing of which we are more communicative than a good jest; and many a man who is incapable of obliging us in any other shape, can oblige us by his mirth, and really insinuate himself into our kind affections and good wishes.

But this is not all the use of laughter: it is well known that our passions of every kind lead us into wild enthusiastic apprehensions of their several objects. When any object seems great in comparison with ourselves, our minds are apt to run into a perfect veneration; when an object appears formidable, a weak mind will fly into a panic, an unreasonable impotent horror. Now, in both these cases, by our sense of the ridiculous, we are made capable of re-

fections occur with a vicious character, against which people should be alarmed and cautioned, it is below a wise man to raise aversions to bad men from their necessary infirmities, when they have a juster handle from their vicious dispositions.

ANECDOTE

OF

MARGARET OF ANJOU.

IMMEDIATELY after the fatal battle of Hexham, which ended in the defeat of Henry VI. his son and queen, (the illustrious Margaret of Anjou, of whom the Abbé Provost has given us so entertaining a history) afraid of trusting to any person's fidelity, fled for refuge into woods and deserts, where they suffered all the extremity of distress, till at length they were rifled by robbers, who would, in all probability, have deprived them of their lives as well as of their apparel and effects, had not the thieves quarrelled about the booty, and, attacking one another, afforded an opportunity for the royal prisoners to make their escape. They had not proceeded far when they were met by another ruf-
fian,

han, who approached them with a drawn sword in his hand, and fury in his aspect. On this occasion, Margaret exhibited a remarkable proof of presence of mind and resolution. Taking her son by the hand, and assuming an air of confidence and majesty, "There, friend," said she, "save my son, the son of good King Henry." The robber was struck with the dignity and beauty of her person, as well as with the nature of her address. He happened to be one of those who had been outlawed for adhering to the cause of her husband. His savage heart was melted into compassion at the sight of his queen and prince in such deplorable distress. He comforted them with assurances of fidelity and protection; and carefully conducted them to a village near the sea-side, where they found an opportunity of embarking in a vessel for Flanders.

THE TENDER POINT.

A MORAL TALE.

HARRY Greville, the third son of a gentleman of fortune in the north of England, was a student in the Temple, with a genteel allowance from

from his father. Having always had a strong relish for theatrical entertainments, and being an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespear, he was naturally driven, by an irresistible impulse, to Stratford, to be present at the jubilee in honour of his favourite bard. During his stay at Stratford, his eyes and his ears were sufficiently delighted: the latter were particularly feasted by the parts of the Commemoration Ode, which our Roscius recited in a masterly manner, more easily to be conceived than described.— Highly delighted, however, as he was with the festivities of the place, his transports upon the mirthful occasion were prodigiously increased by a little adventure which he met with as a man of gallantry,

Happening to sit by a fine young girl, apparently about nineteen, on the last day of the jubilee, he was so struck with her personal charms, that he could not help addressing some panegyrical speeches to her; but he addressed them with a delicate obliquity which prevented them from being the least offensive. So far, indeed, were they from being offensive to the young lady, that she received them with smiles evidently expressive of satisfaction; and those smiles encouraged him to throw additional spirit into his conversation, especially as he found by the answers which she very modestly returned, that her conversable talents were by no means contemptible. Fired
with

with her beauty, and in raptures at every syllable which dropped from her lovely lips, he “with greedy ear devoured up her discourse, and looked “and sighed unutterable things.”

Miss Morley was, indeed, pretty nearly of the age Mr. Greville had supposed her to be: she was little more than nineteen, and very much admired by every body who beheld her. She was at Stratford under the protection of an aunt, who, by her behaviour to Harry, gave him no small reason to believe she was extremely well pleased with his attentions to her niece. Harry, in short, made himself so agreeable in Mrs. Barnard's eyes, that, on the day of her setting out for London, she gave him an invitation, a pressing one, to her apartments in Bond-street.

Mrs. Barnard was a gay widow of five and thirty; but no girl of fifteen had ever a higher relish for what is commonly called pleasure. She was lucky enough, with a fortune of five hundred pounds, to get a settlement of five hundred a year; in return for which, she broke her husband's heart in little more than a twelvemonth, by turning out totally different from the person to whom he made his addresses, and by committing several indiscretions, indiscretions which, as a man of nice sensibility, he could not overlook, but which he could not resent without

without exposing himself to the ridicule of the polite world; and he was utterly unable to stand firm against the laugh of those with whom from his genteel situation in life he associated. Mr. Barnard, being very much in love himself, fondly imagined, for want of penetration, during the delusive moments of courtship, that he was truly beloved; matrimony soon opened his eyes, and he was almost ready to tear them out of his head, before the honeymoon was over, for having so cruelly deceived him. From that time the matrimonial yoke grew less and less supportable; and the cutting reflections which rose every hour in his mind, very soon impaired his health. He could not unmarry himself; but he altered his will; that his wife might not, at his death, have a penny more than the sum which he had settled upon her.

Mrs. Barnard was extremely disappointed when the will was read, fully imagining that she should have been left a richer widow. Her first effusions upon this mortifying occasion were rather indecent. Some of her husband's relations, scandalized at the gross impropriety of her behaviour, severely reprehended her for it; but their reprehensions only excited her mirth. "Well," replied she, flouncing out of the room, "since the old fellow has left me
"no more than my jointure, I must make the most
"of it, that's all."

Mrs.

Mrs. Barnard's jointure, however, handsome as it was, by no means proved sufficient to support her in her favourite sphere of life: her income was in no proportion to her taste; so that finding her affairs in a short time pretty much embarrassed, she began to look out for another dupe to disentangle them. She was in this situation when Harry waited on her in town, in order to renew his addresses to Miss Morley.

Harry met with the reception from Mrs. Barnard which he had reason to expect from her: she was, indeed, remarkably polite in her behaviour to him, and as she had, previously, enquired into his family and connections, pleased herself not a little with the thoughts of getting off her niece, who began to be much in her way. She had taken her out of compassion to a sister of her's in the West of England, a widow, also encumbered with a large family, and in very narrow circumstances, when her affairs enabled her to be kind to her: but she now heartily wished to be rid of her almost at any rate.

Harry, quite satisfied with his reception, soon came to the point, by seriously asking Mrs. Barnard's permission to marry her niece; and she immediately gave him her consent without the least hesitation. "I shall think myself honoured, Sir," continued she, "by being allied to your family, and I will
" venture

“ venture to answer for my niece’s readiness to be-
 “ come Mrs. Greville; I must, however, deal in-
 “ genuously with you; she has no fortune: her
 “ mother is utterly unable to give her a shilling;
 “ but as Fanny has always been an exceeding good
 “ girl, I shall certainly be her friend as much as it is
 “ in my power.”

By the latter part of the speech, Harry was induced to overlook the want of fortune in the idol of his heart. Dazzled by the widow’s appearance, which was in every respect elegant, genteel, and rather superb, he hastily concluded, that she was in affluent circumstances; and upon the strength of his false conclusions, he fixed a day for the celebration of his nuptials. With the naming of that day Mrs. Barnard was so well pleased, that she expressed her satisfaction in the strongest terms; Miss Morley modestly assented to it by a graceful motion of her head.

In the midst of his preparations for his wedding-day, Harry received an express from Greville-hall. His father was given over by the physicians who attended him, and he earnestly wished to see him with his other children.

In consequence of this hurrying summons he set off immediately.

On

On the evening of the third day after Harry's precipitate departure, Mrs. Barnard returned from Lady Rook's rout with such a diminution of her fortune, that she really alarmed Fanny, whom she had left at home indisposed with a cold; by her distracted behaviour. She walked up and down the room most violently agitated, wrung her hands, and ravingly cried several times, "I am ruined, absolutely ruined."

The next morning she received a visit from Sir George Frampton, in whose company she had played the evening before; but not at the same table.

Sir George being a man who knew a great deal of the female world, and who was as artful as he was amorous, opened his mind with much ease and confidence, "I have long had a prodigious passion for Miss Morley, madam, and if you will favour me with your assistance—You understand me, I imagine—These notes," spreading out five of an hundred each—"will be extremely at your service."

Mrs. Barnard paused. Sir George immediately reckoned upon her assistance: when a woman deliberates upon such an occasion, she is certainly in a captivating condition.

After a short consultation, a mock marriage was agreed upon. Fanny, not having any partiality

lity for Mr. Greville, was easily persuaded to become Lady Frampton.

In less than a fortnight after the sham marriage of her niece, Mrs. Barnard surprised her one day at her new apartments, by appearing in tears, and bemoaning bitterly against Sir George—"O Fanny! my dear Fanny," said she, "we have been shockingly deceived; Sir George is a villain. The person whom he employed to perform the ceremony was not a clergyman, but one of his libertine companions disguised."

Fanny instantly fainted. When she came to herself, Mrs. Barnard took an infinite deal of pains to comfort her; and to render her consolations the more efficacious, told her, they had nothing to do but to hush the matter up, and wait with patience for the return of Mr. Greville from the North. In cases of necessity there is no time for demurring. Fanny consented to impose upon Greville, by concealing the ill-treatment she had met with; but could not be prevailed on to stay in the apartments which Sir George had hired for her. Sir George made his appearance just when she was going to leave them; and she discovered a becoming resentment in her behaviour to him. Harry arrived at Greville-hall only time enough to receive his father's blessing: the good old man died in a few hours after his arrival.

Har-

Harry had great reason to be satisfied with the distribution of his father's fortune; but as there were many family affairs to be settled, he was obliged to remain with his brothers longer than he intended to stay with them, for his heart was in Bond-street.

As soon as he came to his chambers in the Temple, he found a card from the most intimate friend he had in the world.

"Charles Bruton begs the favour of his old friend to call on him without delay, after the refusal of this card."

Harry, though strongly prompted by love to make his first visit to Bond-street, was just at that moment more strongly urged by curiosity to stop in the Paper-Buildings before he proceeded to his mistresses.

Charles, after having cordially embraced, intreated him with uncommon earnestness to give up all thoughts of Miss Morley.

So extraordinary a request, so abruptly delivered, threw Harry into astonishment; and he desired his friend, hastily, to explain the meaning of these words.

Charles, like a true friend, disclosed all he had heard, and from unquestionable authority, concerning the connection between Miss Morley and Sir George Frampton. Harry would not believe a syllable of the allegation against his Fanny. High words

words arose between them, and Harry set off Bond-street, as fully convinced of the virtue of his mistress, as he was irritated against the credulity and impertinent officiousness of his friend.

His reception at Mrs. Barnard's gave him much satisfaction, that when he returned to his chambers, he sent a challenge to his friend.

They met the next morning in Hyde-Park, having in vain endeavoured to reason with his adversary, fought, fell, and—died.

Harry, in a few days afterwards, was married to Miss Morley: but he in a very short time found how grossly he had been imposed upon. To describe what he felt at that instant is impossible. His feelings must have been of the most torturing kind, but those feelings were of a short duration, for he was utterly unable to bear the ignominy which was brought upon himself, and severely smarting for the murder of his friend, he shot himself through the head soon after the afflicting discovery.



ANECDOTE

or

HARRY FIELDING.

IN the character of the late Harry Fielding, good-nature and philanthropy, in their extreme degree, were known to be the prominent features. The following anecdote of that second Timon, not of universal notoriety, is given in illustration of such his peculiar characteristic. This invoker of the Nine, in common with all the verse-making tribe who climb Parnassus' hill, had not the mines of Potosi at command. His receipts were never large, and his pocket was an open bank for distress and friendship at all times to draw on. Marked by such a liberality of mind, it is not to be wondered at, if he was frequently under pecuniary embarrassments. In one of these predicaments, his conduct was so truly social, so perfectly oblivious of self, that it ought to be recorded to his immortal honour, as exhibiting the proof dernier of friendship *inter homines*. Some parochial taxes for his house in Beaufort-Buildings being unpaid, and for which he had been demanded again and again, or, in the vulgar phrase, dunn'd *de die in diem*, he was at last given to

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understand

understand by the collector, who had an esteem for him, that he could procrastinate the payment no longer. In this dilemma the author of *Tom Jones* called a counsel of his thoughts, to whom he should apply for a temporary accommodation on the pledge of the embryos of his own brain. Jacob Tonson was his resource on these occasions:—to him therefore he addressed himself, and mortgaged the coming sheets of some work then in hand. He received the cash—some ten or twelve guineas. Full freighted with this sum, he was returning home; when, lo! fate, in the guise of friendship, had determined to intercept him, and prevent his reaching his destination with his pecuniary cargo. In the Strand, within a few yards of his own house, he met an old college chum, whom he had not seen for many years. Harry felt the enthusiasm of friendship; an hundred interrogations were put to him in a moment; as, Where had he been? Where was he going? How did he do? &c. &c. His friend told him, in reply, he had long been buffeting the waves of adverse fortune, but never could surmount them:

“ Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.”

The result may be anticipated. Fielding's glow of friendship led him to ask his quondam intimate

to

to take a dinner at the neighbouring tavern, to talk over old stories, and taste the Tuscan grape. The invitation was accepted—the viands were spread—the exhilarating juice appeared—and cares were given to the winds. The moments flew joyous, and unperceived; they both partook largely of “the feast of reason, and the flow of soul.” In the course of their *tête à tête*, Fielding became acquainted with the state of his friend’s pocket. He emptied his own into it; and parted, a few periods before Aurora’s appearance, greater and happier than a monarch. Arrived at home, his sister, who waited his coming with the greatest anxiety, began to question him as to his cause for staying. Harry began to relate the felicitous rencontre—his sister Amelia tells him *the collector had called for the taxes twice that day*. This information let our worthy author down to earth again, after his elevation, in his own reflections, to the seventh heaven. His reply was laconic, but memorable: “Friendship has called for the money, and had it:—let the collector call again.” A second application to Tonson gave him the ability to satisfy the joint demands of the parish and his friend.

ON THE
SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

WHEN, gently swelling from the genial root,
The buds of balmy spring begin to shoot,
The eye, inquisitive, from day to day,
Observes the progress of the solar ray;
And, as the warmth and vernal airs inspire,
The leaf expanding glows with rich attire:
The insect tribes, upon its glossy vest,
Their hours of pastime o'er, return to rest,
Depose their eggs, in velvet safely lie,
And nature fully satiate, buzz, and die.

Thus we, poor actors, on this transient stage,
Pass a short interval from youth to age;
Can scarcely con our mortal lesson o'er,
Before we languish, sigh, and are no more.

BON MOT.

A Lawyer being very pleasant on one of the witnesses concerned in an action against a Lottery Office-keeper, saying, "Sir, the lottery business
" appears

“ appears to me to be very profitable ; I desire you
 “ will give me some insight into it, as I mean to
 “ commence lottery office-keeper myself.” The
 witness replied, ‘ The business is not so lucrative as
 ‘ your own, but equally as honest. You now cut a
 ‘ respectable figure, but, depend upon it, in the new
 ‘ business you would cut a ridiculous one.’

AN INSTANCE OF VALOUR AND FORTITUDE

IN

LORD ROBERT MANNERS,

DURING THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT APRIL 12, 1782,

BETWEEN THE

ENGLISH AND FRENCH FLEETS.

LORD Robert Manners was among the very first wounded on board his own ship the *Resolution*. He was endeavouring to get to his cabin upon one leg, when he was perceived by a very stout man, stationed at the wheel, who instantly took him up in his arms and carried him into his cabin. Besides the loss of his leg, Lord Robert received some other wounds and contusions. Notwithstanding his

maimed

maimed condition, he continued to issue his orders through the whole day, with as much composure as if he had been perfectly at his ease. This astonishing circumstance, however, will not surprise those who had the honour and happiness of knowing him. His behaviour in such extreme bodily pain, is a strong proof of the power of a firm and collected mind. After being engaged with several ships, he bore down on the *Ville de Paris*, at that time engaged with the *Barfleur*, Admiral Hood, and a 64, and soon after he got within gun-shot she struck. The *Compte de Grasse* in some degree kept up his fire to the last, for several of his cannon-shot struck the *Resolution* as she was coming on his quarter. From his Lordship's fortitude, composure, and excellent constitution, after some days, his recovery was not doubted of; when most unfortunately, a locked jaw came on, and he expired on board the *Andromache* frigate, having been about a fortnight on his passage home. His body was committed to the ocean. The not bringing it to England gave his noble relations great and just uneasiness.



DEFINITION OF WIT.

WIT by some persons is esteemed a lively imagination, fraught with images humorous and satirical, by others it is held to consist in a quickness of fancy, and a keenness of apprehension. But what is wit? that is the present question; to answer which, I would first observe, negatively, that it is not humour, it is not mirth, it is not a lively fancy, or quickness of apprehension, but it includes all of them; and, positively, that it is a brilliant thought happily expressed. Dryden defines it a propriety of thought and words, or thought and words elegantly adapted to the subject. Hence, then, it appears plainly to be an utter stranger to all obscenity, levity, and ill-nature. Mr. Locke describes it as consisting in the assembling of ideas together with quickness and variety, wherein may be found any resemblance or congruity, making up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. Whence it is evidently no friend to personal satire, ridicule, or contumely; in a word, true wit includes all such pleasing observations and remarks as delight and surprise at the same time.

False

False wit is only another term for meanness, scurrility, and low humour; it too frequently lights on the defects of nature, or subjects of indecency, and generally betrays a shallow understanding, a degenerate taste, or a trifling spirit. A true wit is a man of genius, education, sentiment, and acuteness; and, so far from being severe on the natural failings of others, or giving the least encouragement to indelicacy or unmanly reflections, he always approves himself the friend of virtue, humanity, and good-breeding. According to Mr. Addison's opinion, "Good-sense is his father, Truth is his grandfather, and Mirth and Good-humour are his chosen companions."

FALSE PROMISES.

AN ESSAY.

A False promise is a lie, and of the worst kind too. I presume no man is fond of being justly branded with the odious appellation of liar, and yet every man who pays no regard to his promises certainly deserves it; I will therefore propose that a law shall immediately take place to this effect: That
every

every person who regards not his promises, or is not punctual in performing them, shall (so soon as he is found out) have a slip of white paper pasted upon the back of his coat, in the most conspicuous place, with the following motto written thereon in large capitals: I AM ONE OF THE KINGS OF THE LIARS. He shall be obliged to wear the same one month for every trivial offence, and a whole year for such promises as were attended with bad consequences. Or suppose, as government is now in want of cash, you know for what purpose, we should lay another tax upon the whole race of promise-breakers, and let L—d N---- be appointed receiver-general of all the money arising from such tax, and have under him deputies appointed, one for every town in Europe. .

Troth, Sir, I think this is no bad scheme, since, in the first place, it would shame numbers into *some* principle, who at present have *none*. In the next place, P--t would have no occasion to devise methods for raising new taxes, for I think a supply might by this means be obtained sufficient to hire mercenaries to cut a million of throats. But perhaps to this my scheme you will make one objection, viz. suppose the receiver-general should break his promise, to whom shall he pay his fine.—Oh, Sir, this is not difficult—let him be obliged to condescend to pay

pay it himself into the hands of one of the deputies, and the mortification may serve as some punishment.

Well but, Sir, if you do not chuse to adopt my plan for curing those who break their promises, yet I hope you will be kind enough to tell them that they must hereafter be answerable for their conduct, and perhaps in such a manner as they now least think of.

It is the peculiar property of the devil to deceive with false promises; what else induced our first parents to eat of the forbidden fruit, but a false promise that they should become as gods, knowing good and evil? In what manner does the devil continue to gain servants, but by false promises? What man would even run into sin, unless he were persuaded that he should find some pleasure or advantage therefrom? And does not the devil promise him, that he shall enjoy just what he wishes for or expects? Whereas it is evident, at the same time, that this promise is a most deceitful lie. In short, it is not common for the devil to make very large and advantageous promises? But did you ever know him perform any of them? Whosoever thou art, then, that thus imitatest the devil, thou art not far from being a second devil. Remember, therefore, ere it be too late, from whence thou art fallen, and repent; promise no more, for the future, than thou art

art able to perform, and be punctual in the performance thereof.

In the common concerns of life, the false promises made to the fair sex are the most unpardonable, because they very often tend to their ruin. Let, therefore, the lawless libertine be ashamed of his conduct, unless he can make it appear that it is laudable to ruin those who sue unto us for protection. Let him likewise consider, that whilst he is thus delighting in the destruction of those whom God and nature intended that he should preserve, protect, and defend, he is most effectually ruining himself; for shall not he, in some measure, be answerable for those crimes which he induced them to commit? If thou art not able to answer for thy own sins, how shalt thou be able to answer for those which thou hast caused others to commit? If, therefore, thou wilt indulge thyself in lawless sallies, only for the sake of momentary gratifications, yet remember that for all this God will one day bring thee into judgment.



ANECDOTE
OF AN
EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE Czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, frequently went out disguised, in order to discover the opinion which the people entertained of his administration. One day, in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village; and, pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged; his appearance mean; and what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers, and ensured his reception, was productive of refusal. Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he perceived another habitation, to which he had not yet applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the whole village. The Emperor hastened to this, and knocking at the door, a peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted. "I am almost dying with fatigue and hunger," answered the Czar, "can you give me a lodging for one night?"—"Alas!" said the peasant, taking him by the hand, 'you will have but poor fare
' here:

' here: you are come at an unlucky time: my wife
 ' is in labour; her cries will not let you sleep: but
 ' come in, come in; you will at least be sheltered
 ' from the cold; and such as we have you shall be
 ' welcome to.'—The peasant then made the Czar
 enter a little room, full of children: in a cradle were
 two infants sleeping soundly; a girl, three years old,
 was sleeping on a rug near the cradle; while her two
 sisters, the one five years old, and the other seven,
 were on their knees, crying, and praying to God for
 their mother, who was in a room adjoining, and
 whose plaints and groans were distinctly heard.—
 ' Stay here,' said the peasant to the Emperor, ' I
 ' will go and get something for your supper.' He
 went out, and soon returned with some black bread,
 eggs, and honey.—' You see all I can give you,'
 said the peasant; ' partake of it with my children.
 ' I must go and assist my wife.'—" Your charity,
 " your hospitality," said the Czar, " must bring
 " down blessings upon your house: I am sure God
 " will reward your goodness."—" Pray to God, my
 ' good friend,' replied the peasant, ' pray to God
 ' ALMIGHTY, that she may have a safe delivery:
 ' that is all I wish for.'—" And is that all you wish
 " to make you happy?"—" Happy! judge for your-
 ' self. I have five fine children, a dear wife that
 ' loves me, a father and mother, all in good health,
 ' and

‘and my labour is sufficient to maintain them all.’

“Do your father and mother live with you?”—

‘Certainly; they are in the next room with my wife.’—“But your cottage here is so very small!”

—‘It is large enough; it can hold us all.’—The

good peasant then went to his wife, who, an hour after, was happily delivered. Her husband, in a transport of joy, brought the child to the Czar:

‘Look,’ said he, ‘look; this is the sixth she has brought me! What a fine hearty child he is!

‘May God preserve him, as he has done my others!’

The Czar, sensibly affected at this scene, took the

child in his arms: “I know,” said he, “from the

“physiognomy of this child, that he will be quite

“fortunate: he will arrive, I am certain, at great

“preferment.”—The peasant smiled at this predic-

tion; and at that instant the two eldest girls came to

kiss their new born-brother, and their grandmother

came also to take him back. The little ones fol-

lowed her; and the peasant, laying himself down

upon his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the

same. In a moment, the peasant was in a sound

and peaceful sleep; but the Czar, sitting up, looked

round, and contemplated every thing with an eye

of tenderness and emotion—the sleeping children and

their sleeping father. An undisturbed silence reigned

in the cottage. “What a happy calm! What de-

“lightful

"lightful tranquillity!" said the Emperor: "Ava-
 "rice and ambition, suspicion and remorse, never
 "enter here. How sweet is the sleep of innocence!"
 In such reflections, and on such a bed, did the mighty
 Emperor of all the Russias spend the night! The
 peasant awoke at break of day; and his guest, tak-
 ing leave of him, said, "I must return to Moscow,
 "my friend: I am acquainted there with a very
 "benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to
 "mention your kind treatment of me. I can pre-
 "vail upon him to stand godfather to your child.
 "Promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me,
 "that I may be present at the christening: I will be
 "back in three hours at farthest." The peasant did
 not think much of this mighty promise; but in the
 good-nature of his heart, he consented, however, to
 the stranger's request. The Czar immediately took
 his leave: the three hours were soon gone; and no-
 body appeared. The peasant, therefore, followed
 by his family, was preparing to carry his child to
 church; but as he was leaving his cottage, he heard,
 on a sudden, the trampling of horses, and the rattling
 of many coaches. He looked out, and presently
 saw a multitude of horses, and a train of splendid
 carriages. He knew the Imperial guards, and in-
 stantly called his family to come and see the Em-
 peror go by: they all run out in a hurry, and stood
 before

before the door. The horsemen and carriages formed a circular line; and, at last, the 'state-coach of the Czar stopped opposite the good peasant's door. The guards kept back the crowd, which the hopes of seeing their sovereign had collected together. The coach door was opened; the Czar alighted, and, advancing to his host, thus addressed him: "I promised you a godfather; I am come to fulfil my promise; give me your child, and follow me to church."—The peasant stood like a statue; now looking at the Emperor with the mingled emotions of astonishment and joy; now observing his magnificent robes, and the costly jewels with which they were adorned; and now turning to a crowd of nobles that surrounded him. In this profusion of pomp he could not discover the poor stranger, who had lain ill with him all night upon straw. The Emperor, for some moments, silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then addressed him thus: "Yesterday *you* performed the duties of humanity: to-day I am come to discharge the most delightful duty of a sovereign, that of recompensing VIRTUE. I shall not remove you from a situation to which you do so much honour, and the innocence and tranquillity of which I envy: but I will bestow upon you such things as may be useful to you.—You shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures—

“ and a house that will enable you to exercise the
 “ duties of hospitality with pleasure. Your new-
 “ born child shall become my ward; for you may
 “ remember,” continued the Emperor, smiling,
 “ that I prophesied he would be fortunate.”—The
 good peasant could not speak; but, with tears of
 grateful sensibility in his eyes, he ran instantly to
 fetch the child, brought him to the Emperor, and
 laid him respectfully at his feet. This excellent
 sovereign was quite affected: he took the child in
 his arms, and carried him himself to church; and,
 after the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive
 him of his mother’s milk, he took him back to the
 cottage, and ordered that he should be sent to him
 as soon as he could be weaned. The Czar faith-
 fully observed his engagement, caused the boy to be
 educated in his palace, provided amply for his future
 settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap
 favours upon the virtuous peasant and his family.

A PERSIAN ANECDOTE.

A Virtuous young Emperor, very much affected
 to find his actions misconstrued and defamed
 by a party among his subjects, who favoured ano-

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ther

ther interest, while he was one day sitting among the ministers of his divan, and amusing himself, after the eastern manner, with the solution of difficult problems and enigmas, proposed to them, in his turn, the following one: "What is the tree that bears 365 leaves, which are all black on the one side, and white on the other?" His grand-vizier immediately replied, 'It was the year which consisted of 365 days and nights: but, sir,' continued he, 'permit me, at the same time, to take notice, that those leaves represent your actions, which carry different faces to your friends and enemies, and will always appear black to those who are resolved to look upon the wrong side of them.'

AN ODD ANECDOTE

OF AN

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

EDWARD Howard, Earl of Suffolk, with great inclination to versify, and some derangement of his intellects, was so unlucky as not to have his *furor* of the true poetic sort. A gentleman, on his first appearance as an author, was sent for by this lord

lord to his house. His lordship told him, that he employed many of his idle hours in poetry, but that having the misfortune to be of the same name with the Honourable Edward Howard, so much ridiculed in the last age, no printer would meddle with his works, which he therefore desired the gentleman to recommend to some of the profession of his acquaintance. The gentleman excused himself as well as he could: the Earl then began to read some of his verses, but coming to the description of a beautiful woman, he suddenly stopped, and said, "I am not like most poets, sir; I do not draw from ideal mistresses, I always have my subject before me." Then ringing his bell, he said to a footman, "call up *fine eyes*." A woman of the town appeared. "*Fine eyes*," said the Earl, "look full on this gentleman:" she did so, and retired. Two or three others of the seraglio were summoned in their turns, and displayed the respective charms for which they had been distinguished by his lordship's pen.



THE RIVAL BROTHERS.

A MORAL TALE.

AMONG the numerous heroes of antiquity, whose names have been buried in oblivion for want of a poet or an historian to transmit them to posterity, Alcander and Cephifus are certainly to be classed. They were (according to the manuscript from which the following history is extracted) Athenians of a good family, and brothers: esteemed for their private, still more for their public virtues, which prompted them, upon every occasion, to shew their patriotism with their tongues, or their swords. With the latter they nobly distinguished themselves under the command of Miltiades, in the battle of Marathon; but as no historian has thought proper to take notice of their military achievements, dazzled by the superior lustre of the general himself, those achievements have not been recorded in the manner they merited. Luckily, however, some account of these brothers is preserved in the annals of an obscure Grecian writer, by whom their martial behaviour in the above-mentioned battle is highly extolled, and a few curious anecdotes, with regard to their private characters, are introduced, which will
afford

afford more entertainment, perhaps, to the readers of them, than a long detail of the wounds they gave, or the wounds they received, while they were bravely hazarding their lives in the pure spirit of patriotism, with a true love for their country.

Alcander and Cephifus were both amiable, but there were several traits in their dispositions which served to make them appear distinct characters. Their persons were striking, their manners were polished, their eloquence was persuasive, and their courage was unquestioned: but they were of tempers diametrically opposite. Alcander, free, open, and unreserved, thought every body as sincere as himself, and was consequently often deceived in his commerce with the world. Cephifus, on the other hand, by having made more observations on mankind than his brother, was full of suspicions, and of course more upon his guard: he wrapped himself up in his own virtue, and as he had no sort of inclination to injure others in any shape whatever, he did all in his power to prevent others from injuring him: and as his private suspicions only led him to be thus armed with circumspection in his public dealings, they could not be deemed censurable. Men who discover no doubts concerning the honour and integrity of those with whom they have any transactions, will, indeed, be more popular characters;

ters; they will be laughed at too, perhaps, for dupes; but they will be loved at the same time for good-natured creatures, who are only enemies to themselves.

No two brothers ever lived more happily together than Alcander and Cephifus: a fraternal affection, like that subsisting between them, was a proverbial expression; and as for the opposition discernible in their tempers, it proved, on many occasions, serviceable to them: the unjust suspicions of Cephifus were, sometimes, happily corrected by Alcander, and the excessive credulity of Alcander was as happily corrected by Cephifus; so that there was a perfect agreement between them upon the whole; and a few home-bred discords, like those in music, did but contribute to render their domestic harmony more complete.

As these brothers had often distinguished themselves by their valour in the field, as well as by their elocution in the senate; they were greatly esteemed by Miltiades, and they gave him particular pleasure by the eagerness which they shewed to accompany him in his expedition against Xerxes; an expedition which proved as honourable to himself, as it was inglorious to the haughty, over-bearing monarch that opposed him; imagining, with all the false spirit and real insolence of a Drawcanfir, from the
superiority

superiority of his military force, that he should certainly conquer those against whom he dared to lead his unwieldy armies. If royal ambition did not now and then receive very mortifying disappointments, the world would be full of carnage and desolation: but fortunately, when a king discovers too great a propensity to be a scourge than a blessing to his subjects, Providence enables them, at some time or other, and in some shape, to throw off the yoke which is too heavy for them to bear.—Happily for us, our sovereign is not of a sanguinary disposition; he is willing to rule us with the sceptre of peace.—But to return to the two brothers.

Doubly animated by the pleasure which Miltiades expressed at their alacrity, when they heard of his being appointed to check the career of the Persian king, glorying in his strength, and supposing him invincible, they prepared for their departure from Athens without delay; and, without being in the least intimidated by the magnified accounts of the Persian army, attended their general.

Every school-boy knows that Miltiades gained a victory over Xerxes in the plains of Marathon; a victory particularly brilliant, as he had only ten thousand to oppose six hundred thousand; it is, of course, unnecessary to enter into minutiae relating to the battle which redounded so much to his own honour,

honour, and to the glory of his countrymen: but every body is not acquainted with the share which Alcander and Cephifus had in it.—They fought with the ferocity of lions, side by side, and exhibited the most indubitable proofs of their powers. Their valorous feats procured them the highest commendation from their successful general; but he was uncommonly touched by the noble behaviour of Cephifus, who, seeing himself separated from his brother, during the bloody conflict, by a body of Persians, by whom he was carried away their prisoner, immediately determined to rescue him out of their hands, or perish in the attempt. Stimulated by his fraternal affection as well as martial ardour, he followed the flying corps, pushed into the thickest part of them, with a few young Athenians, who generously offered their assistance, and, after a severe engagement with them, relieved Alcander. Alcander, perceiving his brother advance, greatly facilitated the execution of his affectionate design by the exertion of his own strength and address; but the heroism of Cephifus was not, however, by that exertion, diminished. The scene betwixt the two brothers, in consequence of their meeting again after a short separation, was very pathetic. Miltiades himself, when he heard of the tears which they mingled with their embraces, could hardly refrain from

from weeping, so powerfully did he feel, by the force of sympathy, the pleasure—exquisite almost to pain, which they felt by their animated interview upon their being at liberty to display new proofs of their patriotic zeal.

Soon after this junction between the two brothers, Alcander and Cephifus were warmly employed in two parts of the field of battle with some of the best troops in the Persian army. Alcander was so fortunate with his little corps, that he put his adversaries to flight, and took a lady, who had accompanied the commanding officer, prisoner.

Alcander was very much pleased with having routed any part of that army by which Xerxes, presuming upon numbers, thought, no doubt, in the pride of his heart, that the Greeks, who were daring enough to appear in arms against him, would be all cut to pieces: he was additionally pleased with the capture he had made. With the beauty of Celimene, indeed, he was transported to such a degree that he could not mention her without having recourse to the most rapturous expressions. So happy a mixture of beauty and grace, of dignity and ease, he had not, even among his own country-women, ever seen before; and as he was of an amorous complexion, her personal charms operated upon him in a violent manner. To increase the transports which
he

he felt upon the occasion, he beheld in her rather a satisfaction than a concern at her captivity. This seeming paradox must be explained.

Celimene, the only daughter of a man in a very humble sphere, was all his comfort: he loved her with an unusual share of parental affection, and her behaviour to him, from her earliest infancy, left him no room to question the sincerity of her filial attachment to him. Her whole study, indeed, was to make her father's life happy, and she succeeded so well, that he derived from her dutiful attentions much the greatest part of the rural felicity which he enjoyed in his lowly cottage, respected by all who knew his worth (though doomed by fortune to labour for a subsistence) for the innocence of his life, and the integrity of his conduct. The birth of his daughter gave the poor peasant small pleasure, as he had wished for a son, and as her mother died in bringing her into the world; but as she grew up, she not only rendered herself perfectly agreeable, she made herself also really useful to him. As she was exceedingly handsome, however, he sometimes sighed to think of the temptations to which she would be exposed, should he be snatched suddenly from her by the omnipotent arm of death; but he drew consolation on the other hand, from the discretion which she discovered in all her actions, and from
her

her never appearing to be censurably conscious of her beauty ; so that he was, upon the whole, more inclined to believe, that she would be always governed by prudence, than do any thing to blast her honour. To those among the libertines of the age who happen to dip into this artless tale, this passage may, perhaps, afford merriment, and prompt them to be as witty as they can upon the honour of a country girl; but such a girl has surely a character to support as well as the daughter of a peer; and if every female, both in high and low life, would look upon a good name as the immediate jewel of their souls,

. . . . " Men would adore them,
" And all the business of their lives be loving."

Thoroughly happy in her humble situation, Celimene, though she had been often tempted by some of the licentious men of fashion in her father's neighbourhood, to put them in possession of her beauty, upon their own terms, would never make any deviations from the paths of virtue, in which her father had laudably trained her. Never dazzled by the splendour of their offers, she rejected them all with a commendable disdain; and by so doing she rendered her dishonourable admirers almost mad with vexation and pride; but she, at the same time;

shone

shone with redoubled lustre in the eyes of all those who consider the union between beauty and virtue in a female form, as “ a consummation devoutly to “ be wished:” for without that union, the man who takes a Venus to his arms, may be justly apprehensive of every young Mars who comes in his way.

On his march with the Persian troops under his command towards the plains of Marathon, Harpagus could not, without deviating unnecessarily from the direct road, avoid passing within sight of that cottage in which the above-mentioned beauty lived in a state of the purest simplicity. The sight of this cottage would have been no object of this general’s attention, had he not beheld, at the entrance of it, a female figure, the most alluring, in spite of the rusticity of her attire, which he had ever met with. The meanness of her dress could not divest her person of the power of striking whenever it appeared. Harpagus felt its force to such a degree that he could not restrain himself from halting, in order to solicit her company in his expedition.

Celimene, happening at that moment to be quite alone, and waiting impatiently for the return of her father from the nearest city, on whose account she endured no small uneasiness, fearful of his having been detained from his homely, but happy dwelling, by some disagreeable accident, was very much embarrassed

and confused at the approach of a fine fellow, extremely pleasing in his person, and habiliments evidently a man of importance in the Persian army. The nearer he approached, greater was her confusion; her eyes were so strongly attracted at the same time by the pomp of his appearance, that she had not sufficiency of mind to retire, in order to shun an evil which she dreaded. Harpagus, having come near enough to take a very accurate survey of her personal charms, was still more inflamed than when seen by a distant view of them, and, with all the address of a satrap, made her an offer which Persian girls in her situation would have refused: Had she have rejected them, had her admirer no reason to believe that his generosity proceeded from the most disinterested motives. As she found that his magnificent offers were intended as a bribe to seduce her from the path of duty, she felt her soul superior to all his glittering temptations, and fled from his presence. Impelled by love—or rather by a passion which decried that name—he followed; and perceiving, to his utmost pleasure, that there was not a creature who could captivate herself in the cottage, he forced her to be regardless of her intreaties and her prayer, affecting by the tears with which they were accompanied,

accompanied. By this compulsive mode of acting; he gained her for a companion in his march; but he had taken the worst way imaginable to gain her heart. She conceived, indeed, from the brutality of his behaviour, (the politest men act the brutes in some situations) such an aversion for him, that she felt joy springing up in her bosom on her being made prisoner by Alcander. That joy was greatly increased by his carriage to her; for with as much politeness in his manners as her Persian lover had discovered, he shewed himself to be a man of a very different turn, a turn which prevented her from being alarmed on account of her virtue. Alcander, indeed, was not less sensible of her personal attractions than Harpagus had been; but as he had no dishonourable points to carry, his deportment, if not so insinuating as that of her Persian admirer, was far more satisfactory.

Celimene, transported to find in her deliverer (for in that light she looked upon Alcander) a man who, while he appeared transported with her beauty, behaved also with a respectfulness which seemed to arise from the operation of a laudable passion, and not assumed with a design to draw her into a criminal connection, felt herself as happy as she could be in a state of separation from a father whom she loved with the sincerest filial affection; and her Grecian lover

lover made her still more happy, by assuring her that he would do all in his power, on his return to Athens, to find him out, that he might partake of the felicity which he promised himself by her acceptance of his hand, heart, and fortune.

Soon after this event, Cephisus, having received dispatches from Athens, relating to the unexpected conduct of a man in whom he had—presuming too much upon his insight into characters—placed too much confidence, begged leave of Miltiades to withdraw himself from the camp; and his request was readily granted. As a soldier, indeed, he removed himself not without some reluctance; but as he had sufficiently proved his valour against the enemies of his country, he was willing to hope that the deeds he had done would preclude any constructions, upon his sudden return to Athens, injurious to his military reputation.

It was not, however, on account of such constructions only, that he felt disquiet at his being summoned from the field of war, to make his appearance in the field of litigation. At the moment he saw his brother's beautiful captive, he felt an unusual commotion in his breast; and as that commotion grew more violent every time he beheld her, he not only began to wish to have her in his own possession, but to lay schemes for the gratification of
his

his amorous desires. His bosom no longer throbbed with that kind of fraternal love, by which it had before been animated. Celimene's beauties, beyond expression, and not to be resisted, separated the brother from the man, and he now, in the character of a rival, thought of nothing but how to win the heart of the Persian prisoner; how to get her person into his power. His efforts to win were seducing, but they were unsuccessful: she had no eyes, no ears for Alcander; and he, transported at the double conquest he had gained, undesignedly, because unsuspectingly, increased the flame which love had kindled in his brother's breast by his rapturous effusions. Fortunately, as Cephifus thought, while he was preparing to return to his native city, Celimene was attacked with a disorder which, though not of an alarming nature, had such an effect upon her spirits, that Alcander imagined she would be more happily situated, at that time, with some of his female relations at Athens, than with him, amidst the clamours and bustle of a camp, and therefore proposed to her a removal with Cephifus; and she, having no objection to him as a fellow-traveller, with the more readiness consented, as Alcander assured her, repeatedly, that he would follow her as soon as he possibly could, without fixing a stain upon his honour as a soldier, and complete the happiness

happinefs he had already enjoyed with her, by attending her to the Temple of Hymen.

Having no fufpicions with regard to his brother's paffion for Celimene, and having the higheft idea of his integrity in every refpect; he committed her to his care with the greateft fatisfaction. Their adieus were the tendereft to be conceived, and the feelings of Celimene upon the occafion may be more eafily imagined than defcribed.

Celimene, with her head and her heart full of Alcander, paid little attention to Cephifus during her journey under his protection, but behaved to him with a proper civility whenever he addreffed himfelf to her. Many were the compliments which he paid to her beauty, though directed to her in the moft artful manner; but ſhe was not fufficiently moved by them, to infpire him with any hopes of her changing the object of her affection in his favour. The firft accounts which Alcander received from Cephifus relating to Celimene, were very pleafing, as they informed him of the full recovery of her health: but he ſoon received others of a difagreeable nature. Cephifus, though he had vainly endeavoured to alienate Celimene's affections from his brother during her journey, did not entirely give up all hopes of fuccefs after his arrival at Athens; but finding all his efforts ineffectual, he at laft de-
s
terminated

terminated to render her an object of detestation in the eyes of Alcander, who would not look upon himself in the wished-for light: accordingly he sent from time to time intelligence to his brother, concerning her behaviour, which made him extremely uneasy, as it gave him too much reason to suspect her fidelity to him. Not willing, however, to credit the information he received from Athens, relating to her conduct, he procured permission of Miltiades to return, and set out from the Grecian camp in a state of mind not easily to be expressed.

Cephus, having been apprised of Alcander's departure from the army, prepared new forgeries against Celimene, and with them in his hand received him on his approach to his own house, without giving himself time to change his military dress.

"If you have any doubts remaining," said he to him, "concerning Celimene's inconstancy, these papers (presenting them to him) will confirm all I have advanced—with the greatest reluctance you may be assured,—(added he, with an affected sorrow) as I have taken no small pains to convince her of the ingratitude of her behaviour." Alcander at first started back, as if fearful of receiving a confirmation of what his brother had, in successive dispatches, urged against the idol of his heart; but at length, from a desire to be thoroughly convinced
of

of her inconstancy, before he totally abandoned her, he took the papers which related to her, read them, and was almost distracted with the perusal. After having lamented the desertion of the first woman for whom he had felt the tenderest of sensations, he accompanied his brother to the place where Celimene, he said, entirely regardless of him, was engaged with her new lover; and he saw her there, indeed, with a nobleman who was, he knew, remarkable for his dishonourable connections with the fair sex. Almost petrified at the sight, he could not at first utter a syllable. When he recovered himself a little, he left the spot overwhelmed with grief, as he really loved her to an extreme.

To his unspeakable astonishment, soon after he returned to his own house, the noble Athenian, whom he had seen with his fair captive, made him a visit, and after having told him he was the happiest man in Athens, to be loved by such a woman as Celimene, gave him so favourable an account of her behaviour, and made such discoveries with regard to the conduct of Cephissus, that he was at once charmed with the constancy of his mistress, and shocked at the more than duplicity, the infamous attempts of his brother to seduce her from the paths of honour especially as he knew that she was, though not actually, yet virtually his wife. By the discoveries

which Arcas made, Alcander found that Cephifus, not being able to prevail on Celimene to be false, had thrown him in her way, at a time when he thought his interview with her would have the most suspicious appearance: but he, to his great satisfaction, found also that Arcas, being struck at the firmness of her carriage to him, upon his taking steps not to be justified by the rules of honour, had repented of the insolence of his deportment, and revering that virtue which he could not shake, had resolved to make a free confession of his own precipitation, in consequence of the encouragement he had received from the disappointed Cephifus.

Restored to all his former tranquillity by this unexpected visit, Alcander hastened to the place which he had not long before quitted, truly distressed.

Celimene, upon his appearance, (for she had not seen him till then, as he was concealed in another apartment) flew to his arms, in a manner which convinced him that all the stories he had heard against her were void of truth; and he embraced her most tenderly in return. The first effusions between them were scarcely articulate.

Upon such occasions, however, the language of love, if it is not intelligible, is exquisitely delightful. It would be needless, surely, to add, that after this happy meeting, Alcander and Celimene had their
felicity

felicity compleated by Hymen. They were indeed, in a few days, united by the strongest bands, and they did not, during a long union, ever wish to break them.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE SETTING SUN.

PARENT of Beauty! oft as I behold
 The veil of evening thy resplendence shroud,
 See thee empurple yon flow-fading cloud,
 And o'er the ocean show'r a paler gold;

And from this height discern a deeper hue
 Steal o'er yon wood, checking the linner's stay,
 Hear its mellifluous cadence die away,
 And mark the rock-rose droop beneath the dew.

The grandeur of *his* powerful hand I own,
 Who clothes in amber light thy morning-throne,
 And bids thee in the zenith radiant shine:
 But when from western skies thy beauty flows,
 His mercy in thy soften'd splendour glows,
 And fills my pensive soul with love divine!

TIME.

TIME.

HOW speedily will the consummation of all things commence! for yet a very little while, and the commissioned Arch-Angel lifts up his hand to heaven, and swears by the ALMIGHTY name, that "*Time shall be no longer.*" Then abused opportunities will never return, and new opportunities will never more be offered. Then should negligent mortals wish ever so passionately for a few hours,—a few moments only,—to be thrown back from the opening eternity; thousands of worlds would not be able to procure the grant.

A wise man counts his minutes. He lets no time slip, for time is life; which he makes long, by the good husbandry, by a right use, and application of it.

"Make the most of your minutes," says Aurelius, "and be good for something while you can."

Know the true value of time, snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

We should read over our lives as well as books; take a survey of our actions, and make an inspection into the division of our time. King Alfred (that truly

truly great and wise monarch) is recorded to have divided the day and night into three parts: eight hours he allotted to eat and sleep in, eight for business and recreation, and eight he dedicated to study and prayer.

To come but once into the world, and trifle away our right use of it, making that a burthen which was given for a blessing, is strange infatuation.

Time is what we want most, but what we use worst; for which we must all account, when time shall be no more. There is but little need to drive away that time by foolish divertisements, which flies away so swiftly of itself, and, when once gone, can never be recalled.

An idle person is a kind of monster in the creation; all nature is busy about him. How wretched is it to hear people complain, that the day hangs heavy upon them, that they do not know what to do with themselves. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation; to the reading of useful books; who may exercise themselves in the pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better.

Should the greatest part of the people sit down, and draw a particular account of their time, what a shameful

shameful bill would it be! So much extraordinary for eating, drinking, and sleeping, beyond what nature requires; so much in revelling and wantonness; so much for the recovery of last night's intemperance; so much for gaming, plays, and masquerades; so much in paying and receiving formal and impertinent visits, in idle and foolish prating, in censuring and reviling our neighbours; so much in dressing and talking of fashions; and so much lost and wasted in doing nothing.

There is no man but hath a soul; and, if he will look carefully to that, he need not complain for want of business. Where there are so many corruptions to mortify, so many inclinations to watch over, so many temptations to resist, the graces of God to improve, and former neglects of all these to lament, sure he can never want sufficient employment. For all these require time, and so men at their death find; for those who have lived carelessly, and wasted their time, would then give their all to redeem it.

It was a memorable practice of Vespasian, through the whole course of his life, he called himself to an account every night for the actions of the past day, and so often as he found he had skipped any one day without doing some good, he entered upon his diary this memorial, "*I have lost a day.*"

If

If time, like money, could be laid by, while one was not using it, there might be some excuse for the idleness of half the world,—but yet not a full one;—for even this would be such an œconomy, as the living on a principal sum, without making it purchase interest.

Time is one of the most precious jewels which we possess; but its true value is seldom known till it is near a close, and when it is not in our power to redeem it. The right improvement of time is of the greatest consequence to mankind. The present moment is only ours. The present moment calls for dispatch; and, if neglected, it is a great chance if ever we get another opportunity. To-day we live, to-morrow we may die. Besides, we have a great work to do, and an appointed time in which it must be done. The uncertainty of this time adds much to its brevity; the velocity of it urges its improvements the more. Seneca observes, “ We all complain of the shortness of time, but spend it in such a manner as if we had too much.”

The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use which has been made of it. It is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent, which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures! in the only place where covetousness were a virtue, we turn prodigals!

prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make time glide away imperceptibly, and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that which is above the price of an estate is flung away with disregard and contempt.

ANECDOTE

or

DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE Doctor, having inadvertently paid an hackney-coachman a guinea instead of a shilling, and, with great consistency, forgot to take the number of the coach, was obliged to apply to the fraternity of the whip about Temple-Bar, to find the coachman again, by the description of his person. The fellow being well known, the Doctor had soon the satisfaction to be informed he was a very honest man, and would certainly return the guinea, if he knew where to find him. "Well," says the Doctor, "I am going to dine at the Devil's with my friend Dr. Johnson and Mr. Stevens: if

" he

“ he should come before six o'clock, send him to me.” The Doctor went to dinner, and before the cloth was taken away, the waiter informed him the coachman was below stairs with his guinea. On this information, the Doctor largely descanted on the singular honesty of the fellow, and the expediency of his being properly rewarded for it. This drew a voluntary subscription from the company of about nine shillings; which the Doctor took down to the coachman, putting it into his hand with many encomiums on his honesty; at the same time receiving the guinea from the coachman, which he slipped into his pocket; on turning to go up stairs, however, the honest hack-driver modestly reminded his honour, that he was not paid his fare; very arithmetically conceiving, that the nine shillings being given as a reward for his honesty, his fare was not included. “ Right,” cries the Doctor; “ there is “ a shilling for thee, my lad.”—‘ God bless your ‘ honour,’ returned John; ‘ I see you know how ‘ to consider a poor man.’ Then artfully dropping, that, though poor, he was honest; yet, God knew, he had a wife and four children; concluding with a hint on family sickness, and the dearness of provisions: this melted the Doctor, and drew another half-crown from his pocket, which he gave him, desiring he would then go about his business, left

he should take the silver back again, and return him the whole guinea. On this hint, the coachman declared himself fully satisfied; and with many scrapes and bows took his leave. The Doctor returned to his company, exulting to think he had met with so favourable an opportunity to reward honesty, and to indulge his natural propensity to benevolence. The company renewed their encomiums, both on the coachman and the Doctor; but with what propriety, was discovered, when, the reckoning being called for, the Doctor pulled out the guinea to discharge his quota; not, indeed, the identical guinea the Doctor gave the coachman, but the guinea the coachman gave the Doctor, which, being of silver gilt, was worth just eight-pence halfpenny.

ANECDOTE OF DENNIS.

THE extravagant and enthusiastick opinion Dennis had of the merit and importance of his tragedy, called *Liberty Asserted*, cannot be more properly evinced, than by the following anecdote: He imagined there were some strokes in it so severe upon the French nation, that they could never be forgiven;

forgiven; and consequently, that Louis XIV. would not consent to a peace with England, unless he was delivered up as a sacrifice to national resentment. Nay, so far did he carry this apprehension, that, when the Congress for the peace of Utrecht was in agitation, he waited upon the Duke of Marlborough, who had formerly been his patron, to intreat his interest with the Plenipotentiaries, that they should not consent to his being given up. The Duke, however, with great gravity, told him, "That he was sorry it was not in his power to serve him, as he really had no interest with any of the Ministers at that time;" but added, that he fancied his case not to be quite so desperate as he seemed to imagine; for that indeed, he had taken no care to get himself excepted in the articles of peace; and yet he could not help thinking, that he had done the French almost as much damage as Mr. Dennis himself.—Another effect of this apprehension prevailing with him, is told as follows:—That being invited down to a gentleman's house on the coast of Sussex, where he had been very kindly entertained for some time, as he was one day walking near the beach, he saw a ship sailing, as he imagined, toward him: on which, taking it into his head that he was betrayed, he immediately made the best of his way to London, without even taking leave of his

his host, who had been so civil to him; but, on the contrary, proclaimed him to every body as a traitor, who had decoyed him down to his house only in order to give notice to the French, who had fitted out a vessel on purpose to carry him off, if he had not luckily discovered their design.

EPISTLE

FROM

MATTHEW SHORE TO JANE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BEFORE HE LEFT THE KINGDOM.

TO thee, my fair, whom now the court attends,
 Thy mournful, sad, distracted husband sends;
 Oh! on his tears, that drop at every word,
 Some pity let his gentle Jane afford;
 Before he quite despair, assuage his pain,
 Nor let him sigh, nor let him pray in vain.
Wainstead! dear name, that to my mem'ry brings
 A thousand soft, a thousand tender things;
 Thy virgin smiles, thy dear resistless grace,
 And all the wounding sweetness of thy face;
 Those happy times of kind enjoyment past,
 Which once I vainly thought would ever last:

What

What cruel fiend, to all our peace a foe,
 In death delighting, proud to overthrow,
 Could tempt thee to forget thy rightful lord,
 And fall in vices you so late abhorr'd?
 Alas! 'twas dazzling pomp subdu'd thy fears,
 Thy struggling virtue, and thy conscious tears.
 But when I led thee to the sacred shrine,
 And every holy vow confirm'd thee mine,
 Then all around us could dire omens see,
 But I was blind to every thing but thee:
 Our kindred's vault sent forth a mournful sound!
 Thrice dropt the nuptial ring, and ran along the
 ground!
 Pale priests aghast the sweating rood survey'd!
 And every look unusual fears betray'd;
 A sudden gloom o'er-shadow'd all the place,
 And tears amidst my joy prophan'd my face.
 This saw our friends, who all prefer'd this prayer,
 "Heav'n shield from future woes the tender pair."
 But ah! that pray'r could ne'er the clouds surpass,
 The winds dispers'd it, or the skies were brass;
 For all the storms these portents cou'd foretell,
 Burst o'er my head, and sorrows daily swell:
 Raving I see thee plac'd to shine above,
 With smiles reflecting EDWARD's guilty love;
 Myself, while thee such pageantry surrounds,
 Forgot, tho' bleeding at a thousand wounds;

And

And these reflections make me loath the light
 That cheers the day, the watches of the night.
 In fruitless sighs and silent thought I spend,
 For Somnus never shall my soul befriend;
 But when his downy wings are o'er me spread,
 Vain dreams inhabit my disorder'd head:
 Stretch'd on a bank of flow'rs methinks I lie
 In calm repose, beneath a purple sky;
 No noise is heard, no rude re-murmuring rill,
 The woods' wild race, and all the winds are still;
 'Tis then some flute (far off) awakes my pain,
 While soft and sweet is sung this pleasing strain:
 (My lovely JANE advancing to my side,
 Her charms all swelling to their native pride,
 Her graceful locks and garments all unloos'd,
 Her breasts, and every wond'rous charm, expos'd)
 "Lift up thy streaming eyes, now cease to mourn,
 "Behold thy fondest wish—thy JANE, return;
 "Her the kind Gods on thee again bestows,
 "To crown thy mighty love, and end thy woes."

The golden dream my joyful soul deceives,
 And for one kind embrace a thousand lives I'd give,
 Elate I strive to catch my beauteous fair,
 But ah! I grasp uncorporeal air;
 Then swells my heart, and pain obstructs my breath,
 I wake to weep, and wish in vain for death;

I rise,

I rise, and wandering seek to find relief,
 Mourn to the winds, and tell the stars my grief.
 O! then my Wife, the softest, dearest name
 A feeling heart can give, or love can claim,
 Hear me complain, for once my sorrow know,
 And feel my wrongs, for 'tis a debt you owe;
 For you, my fair, whenever you complain'd,
 These arms enfolded, and this breast sustain'd;
 The rugged road of life for you I smooth'd,
 Drank all your tears, your griefs with kisses sooth'd,
 Your gentle soul to peaceful slumbers sung,
 And o'er your sleep with watchful fondness hung.
 Thy causeless flight hath ruin'd thy good name,
 Broke all thy vows, and fill'd my face with shame,
 My heart with deepest woe, my eyes with tears,
 Thy friends and parents with distracting fears:
 O! would'st thou come, and hear our mournful tale,
 See how we're chang'd! how sorrowful! how pale!
 Thy tender breast would strong relents find,
 For thou wast always pitiful and kind.
 O! leave the court before the storm is nigh,
 Thy stars may frown, or England's king may die;
 Heaven, to avenge my cause, may wrath employ,
 Envy prevail, or jealousy destroy:
 Think—EDWARD has a queen—(alas! for she
 One tear shall fall constrain'd by sympathy)

To her alone are his embraces due,
 That love is sinful he extends on you;
 Ponder what rage in her this must create,
 O! heav'n for ever save thee from her hate,
 And soon restore thee to my longing heart:
 O! come, the thought doth extacies impart,
 No murmur shall be heard, no tear be seen,
 Nor whisper say how cruel thou hast been.
 But this our fates deny, O! cruel fate!
 For thou wilt live ador'd in regal state,
 Know all the pleasures that from pomp can spring,
 The envy'd darling of a mighty king;
 But if, when years are o'er, thy pomp and power
 Remain the same, if then some midnight hour,
 In thought's revolving glass shall calmly show
 Thee fortunes past, and seasons long ago,
 Grievs, joys, compassions, thro' thy mind shall roll,
 And if, in the reflections of thy soul,
 (With pleasure cloy'd, and sinking into rest)
 One tender thought of me shall fill thy breast,
 How once I lov'd and left my native home,
 Prompt by despair thro' the wide world to roam,
 Think then thou seest me on some stormy coast,
 By tempests beaten, and by surges tost;
 Or pale and breathless on some shore unknown,
 And for the faithful love that I have shown;

Tho'

(Tho' folded in a sleeping king's embrace)
A tear shall trickle down thy lovely face.
Too late thou mayst the cruel wrongs deplore
Of thy unhappy husband—MATTHEW SHORE.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS

MADE UPON OUR MINDS

BY

STORIES OF APPARITIONS.

—A House haunted—the inhabitants frightened—and a ghost rattling his chains, *are* circumstances that are constantly reiterated to us in our infancy, and that makes such an impression upon our minds, as is extremely difficult to eradicate. The most rational men of all nations have agreed in disbelieving stories of this sort, which appear only the effects of fancy, and cannot be defended from the principles of religion, reason, or philosophy. They were first invented, perhaps, from a pious intention to keep mankind in awful reverence of heaven, and to affix a thorough belief of a future state.

Among the many extravagant opinions which, in religious matters, have been entertained in the world,

the *mortality of the soul* was a doctrine that was sufficiently prevalent in the days of Tully, to oblige him to a declaration of his own sentiments on that head. He says, "*Neque enim assentior iis, qui hæc nuper asserere cæperunt, cum corporibus simul animas interire, atque omnia. morte deleri.*" 'I cannot agree with those, who have lately begun to assert that our souls perish with our bodies, and that death destroys all our faculties.' Bold and uncommon assertions are too often received with applause; but an assertion of this kind takes away the most comfortable prospect that human nature is capable of enjoying. It encourages the most impious practices that can be devised, and it imprints an idea of the Supreme Being absolutely repugnant to the wisdom, benignity, and goodness, that so visibly display themselves throughout the works of the creation. It is impossible, indeed, to join with Pliny in the credit he gives to fabulous accounts of ghosts and preternatural apparitions: on the other hand, it is equally impossible to conceive that our soul perishes entirely, and after a severe trial of threescore or fourscore years, moulders, like our body, into dust. We perceive in ourselves, and in all our species, a natural desire of complete and perfect happiness. Every action of our lives tends to this ultimate end. Our thoughts and faculties are
constantly

constantly employed to this particular purpose. We exert ambition, we pursue riches and honours, we form friendships and alliances, always with a view of possessing one certain particular situation, which exists only in our own thoughts, and cannot be found on this side of the grave. But since none of the effects of nature are formed in vain, and since all other beings, mankind excepted, enjoy benefits sufficient and satisfactory to their natural appetites, it is far from a presumption to believe that the **ALMIGHTY** cannot have implanted this natural desire so strongly in all the sons of Adams, without having allotted a proper and agreeable satisfaction for it: that satisfaction, we must confess, is not attainable within the limits of this world. Our most reasonable inference then is, to conclude, that it may be appropriated to a future state.

THE DREAM.

I Went to bed one night full of such thoughts and reflections as are naturally suggested to a considerate being, by a retrospect of our past lives; which altogether wrought so upon my mind, that
 blending

blending itself insensibly with sleep, it formed the following vision:—

Methought I was instantly conveyed and set down in a place that my eye saw no end to. I looked on one side of me, and observed a gate of most exquisite workmanship, the parts that composed it were as fine as threads, and a child might have opened it, had it not been guarded by two very powerful, but beautiful figures, whose names I found to be PROVIDENCE and RELIGION. I saw in letters of gold written over it, “THE GATE OF LIFE.” I turned myself from this gate to look forward, and see what was to be done, when all at once I found myself very much dwindled in form and apprehension, suitable to a child of about seven or eight years old. I was quite charmed, however, with the endless variety I saw before me, hills, dales, woods, rivers, plains rising in prospect one above another.

I wandered with this playful fancy into the first path that presented itself, where I met with vast numbers of my own age conducted by governesses of very different dispositions; some of these little companions beat me, because I happened to gather flowers they were not able to find; others, who were dressed very fine, seemed to pity me for wearing plain clothes, and for having what they fancied a poor name and no governess.

As

As I wandered farther into this path, I saw a lovely woman approaching towards me, she was dressed in a long white robe, and a veil which almost entirely hid all her beauty, save what the sporting of a breeze discovered. Every body (for there were multitudes of people in the place) strove to see as much of her as they could; old and young pressed forward to look at her; whilst she, unmindful of them all, regarded nothing but the flowers, me, and my companions; this sweet person's name was **SIMPLICITY**. I must own I felt a pleasure not to be equalled when she took me by the hand, and seeing me without a guide, promised to conduct me for as long a time as I chose, or for ever. I made no scruple to resign myself to her direction: as there is no accounting for the workings of a dream, or any unity of time or place preserved in them, I cannot pretend to say how it was that I felt my stature and reason increasing, as I had before felt them diminish. I was employing myself in such tasks as my governess had allotted me, when a venerable person accosted me, telling me, that she was going to make a trial of that wisdom, that it was whispered about by my companions I was possessed of; that her name was **EXPERIENCE**; that she would be of more use to me in the path I had entered, than any person I could meet with; that if I slighted her I
 should

should bitterly repent it; and that though my governess was very amiable, and well-meaning, yet she was apt to lead people astray. As this address was delivered with some little severity, and at the same time reflected on my fair conductress, I gave no heed to it. A beautiful, blooming, tall figure of a man, who they told me was YOUTH, put a bandage over my eyes, and I saw my sage adviser no more.

The breezes of pleasure whistled in my ears; I went on swiftly, happy enough with SIMPLICITY at my side; she introduced me to AFFECTION, who embraced me with looks of bewitching tenderness; and entertained me with nothing but discourses of love and friendship. But as I advanced, I began to recollect the words of EXPERIENCE, and to wish I had paid a little more attention to her; for I found that both SIMPLICITY and her companion AFFECTION, were confoundedly mistaken in the persons they met with. They presented me in one day CIVILITY for ESTEEM, OBSTINACY for PERSEVERANCE and EXTRAVAGANCE for GENEROSITY. I found out afterwards, that they had industriously kept me in the most retired windings of this vast place, lest I should meet with EXPERIENCE, and so leave them; which whenever I spoke of, AFFECTION, who was infinitely enchanting, clung round me, protesting she would never leave me wherever I went. I found it very difficult

difficult to get from either of these companions, though they were perpetually involving me in some misfortune. I sometimes thought I would endeavour to go back and find **EXPERIENCE**, but in essaying so to do, I found I had not the power to tread one step over again that I had already come.

Whilst I was in this cruel dilemma, I saw a tall figure that almost frightened me, he was called **ADVICE**; he had several heads and as many mouths, that were always talking, and contradicting each other; at times I thought I had heard some things that would prove for my advantage to follow; but before I could put it in practice, another of the heads told me something else; and **PRUDENCE**, who was very partial to this monster, stood by me, and intreated me to listen to all he said. I was not likely to reap much benefit from it, from the reasons I have related. Meantime my favourite guides **SIMPLICITY** and **AFFECTION**, who never left me for a moment, pointed to the Temple of Hymen, where I saw several votaries entering in all the extacy of youthful happiness and joy. I saw them all go in; and though I was sensible they could not return again by the way that they went, yet **AFFECTION** told me, there were large and ample fields for me to range in if I would try them.

A young

A young man whom AFFECTION presented to me, and who swore everlasting love, took me by the hand, and led me, or rather dragged me towards the temple; and though PRUDENCE and ADVICE roared aloud for me to come back, and consider, I hurried on, regardless of all they could say to me. AFFECTION and SIMPLICITY said they were two severe people, who thought of money only, and offered themselves to be my bride-maids. I entered into this place of irrevocable doom, and saw nothing formidable enough to make me repent. I parted with LIBERTY, who had been one of my constant companions, at the door, without a sigh; who let drop a tear as he fled away, saying, which I did not know before, "That I had treated him better than most people he had ever attended." After I had been some time in the groves of MARRIAGE, I met with troops of new acquaintance; CARE and his numerous family were continually visiting me, nor did they keep away at all the more for my seeming not to admire their company. SICKNESS, a fell monster, kept me chained to my bed for a considerable time, and almost baffled the strength of MEDICINE and PATIENCE, two very powerful giants, to overcome him. In short, I saw SIMPLICITY and AFFECTION hang down their heads with sorrow, for the mischiefs they had unwittingly brought upon me.

me. Time stole away imperceptibly, and having overcome some of these difficulties, REFLECTION stood before me, and at her right hand I perceived my old friend EXPERIENCE, that had so friendly offered me her assistance in my earlier days, and whose advice I had so thoughtlessly abandoned, because it did not just then agree with my inclinations, and for which I had bitterly suffered. I burst into tears at the sight of her, and felt violent, but unavailing perturbations of heart. "Why, O EXPERIENCE!" said I, "were you so cruel as to leave me to such weak guides as you know I had with me, who were blind themselves, and could ill teach me to discern plainly? what had I done that you gave me up so soon? I have known some whom you have closely followed, not older than I was, and who have always partaken of your favours." 'The reason of that,' says this accomplished matron, 'is that I was well acquainted with their parents, and used to attend them from infants: and now,' returned she, pointing to a pair of lovely girls, whom MARRIAGE had given me, 'I have taught you a lesson; you know me well now, though somewhat too late for your happiness; I will make amends by my vigilance in favour of your offspring.'

I ran to throw my girls at her feet, with such violence and joy, that I awoke, and found that all this while I had been fast asleep in my own bed-chamber.

WINTER.

WINTER.

A POEM.

STERN Winter shews his hoary form,
 Dark clouds involve the sky;
 The plains beneath the ruthless storm
 In wild confusion lye.

The streams are bound in icy chains,
 The birds forget the lay;
 And while this solemn season reigns,
 The night surpasses day.

The rural walks, and shady bowers,
 Alas! give no delight;
 And tedious lag the lingering hours,
 Retarded in their flight.

The gardens yield a fainting blaze,
 Divest of every flow'r;
 And Phœbus darts oblique his rays,
 With faint and languid pow'r.

Tho' Nature seems to make a pause,
 And propagation stop;
 Unseen to man by secret laws,
 Prepares the future crop,

But

But blest with Phœbe's lovely smile,
 I brumal cares defy;
 While fancy wafts me to that isle,
 Crown'd with an azure sky.
 For she's the fun of all my blifs,
 Her presence gives me joy;
 What pleasure when she grants the kiss,
 Reluctant, seeming coy.
 She often bids her Jemmy think,
 The near approach of May
 Will bring him to the very brink
 Of wedlock's happy day.
 Then summer's beauties will return,
 And bloom afresh in spring;
 What reason then has man to mourn?
 Much rather let him sing.

ANECDOTE
 OF
 SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE following anecdote of Sir Isaac Newton
 shews an amiable simplicity in that great man,
 and proves his inattention to worldly affairs.

One

One of his philosophical friends abroad had sent him a curious *prism*, which was taken to the Custom-house, and was at that time a scarce commodity in this kingdom. Sir Isaac, laying claim to it, was asked by the officers what the value of the glass was, that they might accordingly regulate the duty. The great Newton, whose business was more with the universe, than with duties and draw-backs, and who rated the *prism* according to his own idea of its use and excellence, answered, "That the value was so great, he could not ascertain it." Being again pressed to set some fixed estimate upon it, he persisted in his reply, "that he could not say what was its worth, for that the value was inestimable." The honest Custom-house officers accordingly took him at his word, and made him pay a most exorbitant duty for the *prism*, which he might have taken away, upon only paying a rate according to the weight of the glass.



ANECDOTE OF SHENSTONE.

THE late Mr. Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreats, in company with his Delia : (her real name was Wilmot :) they were going towards the bower which he made sacred to the ashes of Thomson. " Would to heaven," said he pointing to the trees, " that Delia could be happy in the midst of these rustic avenues !" He would have gone on, but was interrupted. A person rushed out of a thicket, and, presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. " Money," says he, " is not worth struggling for: you cannot be poorer than I am. Unhappy man !" says he, throwing him his purse, " take it, and fly as quick as possible." The man did so. He threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the foot-boy, who followed behind them, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In two hours time the boy returned and informed his master, that he followed him to Hales-Owen, where he lived; that he went to the very door of his house, and peeped through the key-hole; that, as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse
on

on the ground, and addressing himself to his wife, ‘ Take,’ says he, ‘ the dear-bought price of my ‘ honesty:’ then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, ‘ I have ruined my soul ‘ to keep you from starving;’ and immediately burst into a flood of tears. This tale of distress greatly affected Shenstone. He inquired after the man’s character, and found that he was a labourer, honest and industrious; but oppressed by want and a numerous family. He went to his house, where the man kneeled down at his feet, and implored mercy. Shenstone carried him home, to assist at the build-ings and other improvements, which made himself so poor; and when Shenstone died, this labourer bedewed his grave with true tears of gratitude.

ANECDOTE

OF

ACHILLES HARLAY,

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS.

HE remained ever faithful to his sovereign. At the celebrated day of the Barricades in 1588, the Duke of Guise wished to attach him to his party.
Harlay

Harley replied, " That the rule of his conduct
" should be the service of the king, and the good
" of the state; and that he would sooner die than
" depart from it."

The party of the league had him arrested and
put into the Bastile. On entering that horrid for-
tress, he said these remarkable words: " It is a
" great pity, when the servant is able to dismiss the
" master. My soul is God's, my heart is my so-
" vereign's, and my body is in the hand of violence,
" to do with it what it pleaseth."

ON

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Love's the most tender passion of the mind,
The softest refuge innocence can find;
The safe director of unguarded youth,
Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth.
Heav'n in our cup this cordial drop has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

HOW few know in what happiness consists, or,
knowing, pursue the means to attain it!
Riches, ambition, and dissipation, delude mankind

in general into a vain research after happiness; while reciprocal Love, the genuine and only source of earthly felicity, is regarded merely as a matter of convenience, and as it may assist in the favourite pursuit of those imaginary enjoyments, wealth, vain aspiring pride, and lasciviousness. What can the miser's wealth,—what the power of the statesman,—what the vices of the dissolute,—bestow of pleasure comparable to that of a heart happy in a mutual passion, conscious of loving, and sure of being beloved?—not half so anxious to procure happiness to itself, as to communicate it to the dear object of its affections.

See how the many, who hunt after riches, lose the end in the means! for they pursue an object which flies before them in proportion as they hasten to overtake it, and to what purpose have they, during that pursuit, fled from real joys,—denied themselves the comforts, and barely existed by the necessaries of life, but to know an anxiety in preserving, equal to the pain of amassing their treasure?

Behold by what painful steps the son of ambition ascends to power! Every virtue must give way, every vice be assumed, as occasions require, and purposes demand. Every connection that blood or friendship has created, every sentiment that honour has nursed, must give place to circumspection, time-service,

service, cringing and lying. Behold him, by these meritorious acts, arrived at the summit, and wantoning in the full possession of power!—Yet, at the end of his hopes, he finds himself farther from the goal of his wishes than ever. For, alas! in the crowd of his attendants, HAPPINESS, which alone he sought after, alone is absent, and coyly disdains to yield up her charms to all the allurements that fortune can lavish; but instead of that lovely cherub, he finds the *fury* CARE approach nearer and nearer every step he mounts,—hover round the gilded roof,—follow in the shining train,—haunt him in the feasts of the sumptuous, in the assembly of the splendid; nor fly before the assiduity of dependants, the fawning of the courtiers, and the smiles of a monarch;—till unable longer to bear the hissing of the snakes, he, with transport, undoes the work of a life,—throws from him the cumbersome state he at such a rate had acquired; and, despairing of happiness, barter his ambition for quiet. Then, in the shade of retirement, mourns that he never had known wherein consisted the blessings of life, till it was too late to enjoy them.

Behold the Libertine, like a steed whom no friendly rein constrains, sets out in his precipitate course, indulging every passion, gratifying every sense;—not once inclining his ear to listen to the calls of reason,

that incessantly warn him of his folly and danger!—His outset too furious to last, see how he stops short in the middle of his career; his fortune dissipated, his morals sapped, and his vigour of youth blasted; then struggling with poverty, he drags along his miserable remains of life, whilst his dreams of happiness are converted into vain researches after momentary relief from pain, and even his wishes for ease disappointed by the upbraidings of conscience.

Should we not then be warned to caution by the danger of others; and while it is in our power, while no false allurements have seduced us, while rosy Hebe attends to bestow her blessing, seek happiness where alone it is to be found? In Love, where happiness is the end, and pleasure the means, much persuasion cannot be necessary. No thorny paths affright the tender traveller, but flowers deck the ground:—fragrance breathes in the air, and music enchants in every tree, that adorns the delightful passage to this habitation of the happy. There youth is wasted in raptures which it only can taste, and love only can bestow. There, when the blaze subsides into the gentle flame,—when age has mellowed passion into friendship,—the eve of life is passed in that sweet satisfaction, which they only enjoy who can reflect with pleasure on the past. But, alas! now-a-days too oft we see parents sacrifice

fice their children to mercenary views, and alienate
 their affections from the only person who, perhaps,
 could make them happy. To this too frequent,
 unparental custom, are we indebted for the many
 unhappy families with which this kingdom abounds.
 It is, doubtless, the immediate duty of every father
 to deliver his sentiments on the choice of his child;
 but it is an authority that neither the laws of God
 or man justify, to restrain their natural affections;
 nor would any parent, upon the candid represen-
 tation of a dutiful child, withhold his consent to an
 honourable alliance, where their love was reciprocal,
 and their education and family not derogatory; for
 he must, if he is possessed of understanding, know
 that from matches made on the pure principles of
 love, results the most permanent felicity; and what
 more can the most indulgent parent wish his most
 darling child? If he dies before his offspring, he
 will, in the latest moments of reflection, enjoy the
 happy satisfaction of having contributed his aid in
 the security of that bliss he leaves his child in pos-
 session of,—the virtuous enjoyment of a tender pair,
 participating each other's happiness, and sympathi-
 zing in each other's woe. If he lives beyond them,
 he sees them blessed in youth, content in age.
 Death, not armed with those terrors which affrighten
 the rest of mortals, how easy the transition, since
 their

their life only proves an anticipation of the scene it opens to them! Their dying eyes close with the prospect of pleasures that flow for ever,—with a prospect of living over again their days of rapture in love and in youth:—in love which shall never more be impaired;—in youth, which shall never again know decay! How preferable the state of this parent to that who, sacrificing his child to prejudiced opinions of his own, without consulting natural affection, sees the irrevocable deed replete with wretchedness to his unhappy offspring, and dies under the agonizing issue, that he has made the first duty of a child, parental obedience, subservient to his own capricious and ill-judged designs, and productive of misery, and the most poignant distress, to a child who never had offended! What can be the death-bed reflections of this man? Too severe for my description!—I'll pause upon the sad reverse.

ON HOPE.

HOPE, thou best gift of heaven! when the gloom of distress gathers around me, let me never know the want of thy cheering ray. But can
I ever

I ever want thy presence? I am ready to hope my sufferings will have their change; when I consider the perpetual change of nature, I see the rudest storm succeeded by the gentlest calm; the dulness of night, by the light of day; and the thick-gathered clouds dispersed by a breath, making the wide expanse fair to view. All the distresses of nature are thus changed to cheerfulness. And so with man, the rude blast of fortune subsides into the calm of patience: our congregated griefs are eased by a shower of tears; and heart-oppressive sorrow is dispersed by the ray of hopeful expectation. Thus our afflictions, like envenomed serpents, bear with them an antidote for their own poison. When I consider the changes of man, HOPE is always my companion: fortune's wheel of life, being in continual rotation, is the cause, as some descend, others ascend; and if I be now on the lowest spoke, unless its motion stop, I may reasonably expect to be higher; and at any rate there is this comfort, I cannot be lower than the lowest. As the sun doth not stop in its meridian glory, but continue to decline till entirely set, so let not the man, who hath reached the pinnacle of his ambition, exult, but rather fear his approaching decline, which soon may end, and not leave a trace of his having so gloriously existed.

I have

I have always thought Hope the gale of life, which fills the sails of our bark, and prevents its laying as a hulk on this sea of troubles. Another reason I am never without the comforts of hope is, when I reflect that every man hath his different course: how then can the gale at one time be propitious to us all? While it is adverse to me, others are sailing to their desired port: she then whispers me, *Despair not, to-morrow the wind may change, so as to waft you to the port of your desire.*

ON AMBITION.

THE objects of ambition, when possessed, lose their charm as the inviting beauty of painting vanishes, when you approach too near, leaving you to wonder where the breathing lips, the soul-speaking eye, and the heaving bosom, could have flown. This delusion of our senses is not more than of our fancy. Glory, in his dawn, arrays himself in the modest blushes of the sun just risen from the bosom of Thetis; but those blushes inkindle into flaming desires, as those of the sun rising to its meridian; and then, like him in his fullest blaze, his effulgence is often obscured by the cloud of envy.

Power

Power also deceives you in her enticements. Doth the eye of majesty catch the rays of the crown's resplendency? No. When on his brow, how can he see its beauty, unless the mirror of his subjects' hearts, unstained by oppression, reflect on him his real beauty. However that be, he is certain to feel its weight and the thorny cares.

Riches in view, picture to your fancy a thousand pleasures you are to enjoy in their company; but such enjoyments lose their relish, either by too often a repetition, or the extravagance of their cost.

The various inticements of love are of all the most alluring. Fancy decks them with her delusive charms. When she has exhausted her whole store, she robs nature, stealing colours from the lily and the rose, rays from the diamond, honey from the bee, and even will take the graces from heaven, and music from the spheres, to render the fair one more attractive and adorable. Thus we see the colours of the rose and lily blooming on her cheeks—the rays of the diamond sparkling in her eyes—the sweets of the bee resting on her lips—the graces attend on her steps—and the enchantments of harmony are heard in her voice. When possessed, fancy flies, and with her takes all the charms of the fair one. The rose and lily-bloom have left her cheeks—her eyes languish for the diamond's ray—the bee has
robbed

robbed her lips,—her steps are unattended by the graces,—and ear-grating discord is heard, instead of heavenly music, with which her voice held before the soul in enchantment. In this manner do all our most flattering pursuits beguile us of that happiness which first excited our ambition.

ANECDOTE

OF

MARSHAL WADE.

THE late Marshal Wade, it is well known, had too great an itch for gaming, and frequented places of all kinds where gaming was going forward, without being very nice as to the company meeting there: at one of which places, one night, in the eagerness of his diversion, he pulled out an exceeding valuable gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds, took a pinch, and passed it round; keeping the dice-box four or five mains before he was out; when recollecting something of the circumstance, and not perceiving the snuff-box, he swore vehemently no man should stir till it was produced, and a general search should ensue. On his right sat a person, dressed

dressed as an officer, though shabby, that now and then begged the honour to be permitted going a shilling with him, and had, by that means, picked up four or five. On him the suspicion fell; and it was proposed to search him first; who, desiring to be heard, declared, "I know the Marshal well; yet he, nor all the powers upon earth, shall subject me to be searched whilst I have life to oppose it. I declare, on the honour of a soldier, I know nothing of the snuff-box, and hope that will satisfy the man doubting; follow me into next room, where I will defend that honour or perish." The eyes of all were turned on the Marshal for an answer, who, clapping his hand eagerly down for his sword, felt the snuff-box (supposed to have passed round, and clapped there from habit) in a secret pocket of his breeches, made for that purpose. It is hardly to be conceived the confusion that covered him on the occasion, that he had so slightly given way to suspicion. Remorse, mixed with compassion and tenderness for the wounded character (because poor) of his fellow soldier, attacked him at once so forcibly, that he could only say to him, on leaving the room immediately, 'Sir, I here, with great reason, ask your pardon; and hope to find it granted, from your breakfasting with me, and hereafter ranking me among your friends.' It
may

may be easily supposed the invitation was accepted; when, after some conversation, the Marshal conjured him to say what could be the true reason that he should refuse being searched. "Why, Marshal," returned the officer, "being upon half-pay, and "friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny: "I had that day very little appetite; and, as I could "not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to lose it, "the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, were "then wrapped up in a piece of paper in my pocket; "the thought of which being found there, appeared "ten times more terrible than fighting the room "round."—"Enough! my dear boy; you have "said enough! Your name? Let us dine at Sweet's "to-morrow: we must prevent your being subjected "again to such a dilemma." They met next day; and the Marshal presented him a captain's commission, with a purse of guineas, to enable him to join the regiment.

AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE.

THE Caliph Mottawakel had a physician belonging to him, who was a Christian, named Homain. One day, after some incidental conversation,

fation, " I would have thee," said the Caliph, " teach me a prescription, by which I may take off " any enemy I please, and yet at the same time shall " never be discovered." Homain declining to give an answer, and pleading ignorance, was imprisoned:

Being brought again, after a year's interval, into the Caliph's presence, and still persisting in his ignorance, though threatened with death, the Caliph smiled upon him, and said, " Be of good cheer, we " were only willing to try thee, that we might have " the greater confidence in thee."

As Homain upon this bowed down and kissed the earth: " What hindered thee," said the Caliph, " from granting our request, when thou saw'st us appear so ready to perform what we had threatened?" " Two things," replied Homain, " my religion, and ' my profession; my religion, which commands me ' to do good to my enemies; my profession, which ' was purely instituted for the good of mankind." " Two noble laws!" said the Caliph, and immediately presented him (according to the Eastern usage) with rich garments, and a sum of money.



ON RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY.

THE mind of man is so constituted, as to be incapable of retaining its force long, without some kind of relaxation: a constant succession of the same ideas, especially if they be of an unpleasant cast, frequently terminates in madness: therefore all wise law-givers have found some kind of public diversion indispensibly necessary:—and I believe, if the misguided followers of the false pretenders to superior sanctity, and extraordinary communications from heaven, had, at proper seasons, partook of the innocent pleasures of life, Bedlam had wanted a very considerable part of its inhabitants. It is indeed melancholy to reflect on the multitudes of poor wretches, whose reason has been sacrificed to the unchristian and merciless treatment of these teachers, whose own gloominess of mind, and want of social affections, have made them represent the benevolent Creator of all things, as a Being not to be thought of without horror; their doctrines are, in all respects, so different from the mild and merciful Spirit of the Gospel, that I think we need look no farther for one great cause of the growth of infidelity: but ascribe it to the terrifying
and

and unamiable pictures these erroneous guides (who have the impiety to pretend to a particular divine inspiration) have drawn of that Benignant Power, whose delight is in mercy: and of that religion to which one may peculiarly apply what is said in the sacred writings of virtue and piety, in general, under the character of wisdom, "*Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.*"

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

THE expressions of those affections under its various forms, are no other than native effusions of the human heart. Ignorance may mislead, and superstition may corrupt them, but their origin is derived from sentiments that are essential to man.

Wherever men have existed, they have been sensible that some acknowledgment was due, on their part, to the Sovereign of the world; which Christian revelation has placed in such a light, as one should think were sufficient to everawe the most thoughtless, and to melt the most obdurate mind.

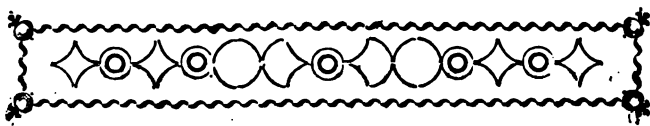
But religious worship, disjoined from justice and virtue, can, on no account whatever, find acceptance with the Supreme Being.—Because it is for the sake
of

of man that worship and prayers are required, that he may be rendered better, and acquire those pious and virtuous dispositions, in which his highest improvement consists.

BON MOT ^{or} PHILIP IV.

PHILIP IV. having lost the kingdom of Portugal, Catalonia, and some other provinces, took it into his head to take the surname of *Great*; on which the Duke of Medina-Celi said, "Our master is like a hole, which grows the greater the more it loses."





A
COLLECTION
OF
INTERESTING
Anecdotes, Essays, &c.

ANECDOTE
OF A LATE CELEBRATED
PHILOSOPHER and HISTORIAN.

THE late David Hume, Esq. (the learned and ingenious subject of the present Anecdote,) lived in the New-Town of Edinburgh; between which and the Old-Town, there is a communication, by means of an elegant bridge over a swamp. Desirous one day to cut his way shorter, Mr. Hume took it into his head to pass over a temporary one, which had been erected for general

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accommodation.

accommodation, till the new one could be completed. Unfortunately, part of the temporary bridge gave way, and our Philosopher found himself stuck in the mud. On hearing him call aloud for assistance, an old woman hastened to the spot from whence the sound seemed to issue; but perceiving who he was, refused giving him any help. "What, (cried she,) are you not Hume the Atheist? Oh! no! no! (returned the Philosopher) I am no Atheist: indeed, you mistake good woman; you do indeed!" "Let me hear then, (returned the other,) if you can say your belief."—Mr. Hume accordingly began the words, *I believe in God, &c.* and finished them with so much propriety, that the old woman, convinced of his Christian education, charitably afforded him that relief which otherwise she would have thought it a duty of religion to deny him.

T H E

HOSPITABLE HIBERNIAN.

"CHARITY, for the love of Heaven! to the widow of a soldier, who has three little innocents to support. Your honour is a soldier yourself, and will pity the necessities of those whom war has reduced to the lowest indigence!"

These

These words, though uttered by a young woman of extraordinary beauty, and who possessed an openness of countenance which spoke the veracity of her assertions, had yet no effect on the heart of a very shewy young officer; who, at the time of her application, was alighting from his horse. Too full of his own importance to attend to the situation of people *so immensely* beneath him, he entered the mansion of his friend, whose estate he expected shortly to marry; for the lady, by means of whom the conveyance was to be made, was by far the least object of his attention.

Fortunately for the pretty mendicant, the captain's servant had a *heart* rather more penetrable than his master's: in short, if his *head* had been half so soft, he would have been the greatest fool in the universe.

Patrick, during the short time requisite to assist his dismounting master, had been wonderfully struck with the group before him. One little boy, abashed at the superb appearance of the officer, had got behind his mother's apron; from whence he shyly peeped at his brother, who imitated the manual exercise with a stick, which was as much his hobby-horse in that position as any other could convert it to. The youngest, a girl, was in the arms of her mother, whose beauty she reflected

a lawyer to explain his meaning, who puzzled poor William ten times more. In short, my uncle had *possession*; and, after my husband had spent all his cash, we were obliged to give up all our hopes; for our lawyer, who told us the more money we spent the better it would be, when he found we had no more, accepted a bribe from my uncle, and left us in the lurch. I wondered at it then, but have since learnt such things are very common. All the law which we had paid for was now of no use. we had two children, and were almost starving, when William unluckily took it in his head to go for a soldier; he said the war might enable him to make his fortune, and future happiness would recompence us for a present parting. I would have had him turn lawyer, since they get money so easily; but was told it required less honesty, and more cunning, than William's, to thrive in that profession. In short William went, notwithstanding all I could say to the contrary, after prevailing on a few friends to put me in a little shop, and bidding me be chearful and industrious till his return. For a while I heard frequently from him, and things went well enough; but a report being now prevalent that he was dead, and I receiving no more letters, those friends of William's who had assisted in settling me at his departure, began to talk of wanting their own, and told

me what a pity it was I had offended my uncle to marry a vagabond.

I had nothing to do but to hear them patiently, and cry when they were gone : but at length, my hopes being quite extinguished, for I had still thoughts my poor William might be alive, I fell sick ; and my creditors employing that very lawyer who had before done us so much harm, he seized on my shop, and as he said it would be cruel to send me to gaol, I was once more turned out of doors, & my little ones—the youngest born since William's departure—with their mother, left to the mercy of the wide world. I had heard Billy's regiment was in Ireland ; and a kind-hearted seafaring gentleman offering me a passage, I thought it better to seek news of him myself than to write ; and, if I failed, it would be no worse starving among strangers than with friends who had twice used me so cruelly. When we landed the master gave me a little money to assist me on the road. My former illness, however, returning on the way, I was obliged to stop till I was better in my health, but so poor in pocket, that yesterday I laid out my last halfpenny in bread for my children ; and, for their sakes, was I obliged to-day to ask that charity you now bestow on me. I am sure you will lose nothing by it ; for the parson
who

who married William and I, and who to my sorrow died soon after, for he taught me a great deal, and was a very good friend, used to say, that whoever is made the instrument by which the Almighty pleases to do us good, will never want that kindness which he is permitted to render to others."

"And I don't know a greater kindness any body could do me," returned Patrick, "than to set me within reach of a friend or two, or an uncle, or a lawyer that you have been just mentioning, may I never see sweet Billy Shannan again, if I would not"—

A loud knock at the cabin door prevented Patrick from giving farther vent to the overflow of honest indignation which rose in his breast. It was night, and a heavy storm of hail rattled against the window; a voice from without demanded shelter.

Patrick half opened the door; and was requested by a genteel young man on horseback to permit himself and servant to alight there, as they had lost their way "To be sure I will!" says Patrick; "step in, your honour, I'll help your man to put the poor beasts in a good stable, and perhaps procure you a better birth than this poor cabin affords."—"I desire no better," replied the gentleman,

man,

man; " but if you can house my horses; do ; for they have been rode hard to-day." Patrick answered with a bow; and set off with the servant and horses to the great house hard by, where he knew he might rely on his master's interest to fulfil his own promise : for though the captain would not relieve a poor woman and three children, the distress of a man of fashion was quite another affair.

Patrick's father, in the mean time, did the honours of his little cabin; the gentleman eat brown bread; drank home-brewed beer; kissed all the children; and, guessing at their mother's situation, forced her acceptance of a guinea. The tears of gratitude were yet in her eye, when Patrick and the servant returned. On the entrance of the latter, who before had staid without. Mary fainted. —It was her William!—he flew to her—the gentleman was astonished, and Patrick whistled an Irish jig. An eclaiircissement speedily took place. William had been taken prisoner, in company with his present master, whose life he had preserved; his master was exchanged, on condition of not bearing arms in the present war: he had therefore procured William's release and discharge; taken him into his service; and the vessel in which they were returning having been driven on the Irish coast they quitted her, took horses, and went to

some nearer conveyance for England, when William, inwardly vexed at the supposed protraction of his absence from Mary, was conducted by providence, unexpectedly, to her arms!

His master, on hearing the story, liberally rewarded the kindness of honest Patrick; and, having conveyed William and Mary to his own estate where he comfortably settled them in a farm, is it hard to say whether he *felt*, or *dispensed*, more pleasure, in at once performing an act of generosity, and discharging a debt of gratitude.

A N E C D O T E.

A YOUNG gentleman and lady in a church in America, happened to be in the same pew; during the sermon the youth read something in the eyes of the fair one, which made a deeper impression on his mind than the pious lecture of the preacher. As love is seldom without an expedient, he presented her with the following verses, from the second epistle of John, "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

After

After perusal, she in answer opened to the 1st chapter of Ruth, verse 16.

“ And Ruth said, entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

REFLECTIONS

ON

SCEPTICISM and INFIDELITY.

TO those who are persuaded of the truth of Christianity, the increase of scepticism and infidelity must ever be a lamentable consideration. When men possessed of talents which, properly directed, might do honour to themselves, and benefit to their country, use all their abilities to destroy the most sacred principles of religion, it may be truly said, that such learning, and gifts so employed, are a curse to the possessor, and a misfortune to mankind. It is, however, a consolation to the religious mind, that when the mist of ignorance is dispelled, truth must appear in its genuine

colour; and cannot fail to convince and engage the heart. Thus the theological writings of a Boyle, a Newton, and a Locke, will be the admiration of good men to the latest ages; while those of a Voltaire, a Hume, and a Gibbon, will sink into merited obloquy, if not oblivion. A contempt and ridicule of things relating to religion is, I am sorry to observe, too prevalent among the youth of this age; much of which arises from a mistaken notion, that religious and civil freedom are incompatible with each other, and that religion has been the cause of oppression in most parts of the world. Under the cloak of religion, that many impositions, and much oppression, have been exercised in all ages, no man can deny; but, to attribute to religion what has been occasioned by the abuse of it in evil men, is certainly unjust, and evinces too much unconcern about things which are of the greatest moment. So far from religion's being necessary to slavery, I will venture to affirm, that slavery cannot exist in a country where the genuine principles of religion are understood and practised by the inhabitants. At a time when most men profess themselves champions for liberty, let it not be imagined that setting aside religion, as a farce and endeavouring to destroy a belief of the soul's immortality, will give freedom and peace to mankind.

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There is no greater evil can befall us than this fruitful source of every calamity. What is man, deprived of the glorious hope of immortality!

What can we expect, from those who wish to annihilate this inestimable part of our faith; and even rejoice in a horrid endeavour to persuade themselves that there is no God! Let the youth of Britain beware how they imbibe such miserable philosophy as this; for the progress of scepticism and infidelity, when once they have gained admission to the heart, is insensibly rapid. Beware, lest under the disguise of enlarged thought, and freedom of mind, this poison should find entrance! Take from man the belief of God and eternity, he is worse than a beast. Immortality is one of the most ennobling considerations to the human mind. When we consider that we have spirits which may be happy in the enjoyment of a blissful eternity, it gives energy to every pious thought and resolution; and when, on the other hand, we reflect that the soul may be justly sentenced to suffer for iniquity, it will enable us, with the assistance of divine grace, to resist temptation. In whatever light we view immortality, it is conducive to our happiness, and the good of society. A man, who can once persuade himself, that there is neither a God, nor hereafter, will

stop at nothing; but, on the smallest disappointment in life, put an end to his existence. It is the consideration of immortality, which enables the christian to bear, with a fortitude philosophy cannot give, the worst calamities of life; being fully assured, that a just God will deal righteously. What can we think of a man, who tells us that he has thrown off the shackles of religion, and means to follow the light of nature, destitute of Revelation! deluded mortal! if he obeys the light of nature, that will point him to nature's God. The Sun, as he runs his daily round; the Moon, as she succeeds the Sun, with every Star that adorns the firmament, are—

“ For ever singing, as they shine—

“ The hand that made us is divine.”

I hope the rising generation will treat with contempt such vain philosophy; ever holding fast the belief of a God, and of his divine Revelation, which is productive of happiness and of rational liberty to man; whereas the disbelief of these sacred truths is attended with the most fatal consequences in time and eternity.

(13)

A N E C D O T E
O F
FRANCIS PASQUAL.

FRANCIS PASQUAL, an Italian Friar knowing from experience, that the dull uniformity of the monastic life required some little amusements to render it supportable, the first thing he set about was, to find a mistress. He made love to a lady of easy virtue, who soon admitted his addresses, but, at the same time, informed him, that he had a very formidable rival, who was as jealous as a tiger, and would not fail to put them both to death, should he discover the intrigue. This was no other than a life-guardian, a fellow of six feet two inches, with a vast moustache, like that of Goliath, and a monstrous pair of curled whiskers, that would have cast a damp on the heart of any man but Francis Pasqual. But the monastic life had not yet enervated him : he was accustomed to danger, and loved a few difficulties. However, as, in his present character, he could not be on a footing with his rival, he thought it best only to make use of prudence and stratagem to supplant him : these are the ecclesiastical arms, and they have generally been found too hard for the military. The lady promised

promised him an interview as soon as the court should go to Portici, where the life-guard-man's duty obliged him to attend the king of Naples. Pasqual waited with impatience for some time. At last the wished-for night arrived: the King set off, after the opera, with all his guards. Pasqual flew like lightning to the arms of his mistress: the preliminaries were soon settled, and the happy lovers had just fallen asleep, when they were suddenly alarmed by a rap, and a well known voice at the door. The lady started up in an agony of despair, assuring Pasqual that they were both undone; that this was her lover, and if some expedient was not fallen upon, in the first transports of his fury he would certainly put them both to death. There was no time for reflection: the life-guard-man demanded entrance in the most peremptory manner, and the lady was obliged to instant compliance. Pasqual had just time to gather his rags together, and cram himself in below the bed. At that instant the door opened, and the giant came in, rattling his arms, and storming at his mistress, for having made him wait so long. However, she soon pacified him. He then ordered her to strike a light, that he might see to undress. This struck Pasqual to the soul and he gave himself up for lost: however, the lady's address saved him, when he least expected it: in
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bringing the tinder, she took care to let fall some water into the box; and all the beating she and her lover could beat, they could not produce one spark. Every stroke of the flint sounded in Pasqual's ear like his death-knell; but, when he heard the life-guard man swearing at the tinder for not kindling, he began to conceive some hopes, and blessed the fertile invention of a woman. The lady told him he might easily get a light at the guard, which was no great distance. Pasqual's heart leaped with joy; but when the soldier answered that he was absent without leave, and durst not be seen, it began again to flag; and, on his ordering her to go, it died within him, and he now found himself in greater danger than ever. The lady herself was confounded; but, quickly recovering she told him, it would be too long before she could get dressed: but advised him to go to the corner of a neighbouring street, where there was a lamp burning before the Virgin Mary, who could have no objection to his lighting a candle at it: Pasqual revived; but the soldier declared he was too much fatigued with his walk, and would rather undress in the dark: he at the same time began to grope below the bed for a bottle of *liqueurs* he knew stood there. Pasqual shook like a Quaker: however, still he escaped. The lady, observing what he was about, made a spring,

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and got him the bottle at the very instant he was within an inch of seizing Pasqual's head. The lady then went to bed, and told her lover, as it was a cold night, she would warm his place for him. Pasqual admired her address, and began to conceive some hopes of escaping. His situation was the most irksome in the world; the bed was so low that he had no room to move; and, when the great heavy life-guard man entered it, he found himself squeezed down to the ground. He lay trembling and stifling his breath for some time, but found it absolutely impossible to support his situation till morning; and, indeed, if he had, his clothes, which were scattered about, must infallibly have discovered him. He therefore began to think of making his escape; but he could not move without alarming his rival, who was now lying above him. At first, he thought of rushing suddenly out, and throwing himself into the street: but this he disdained; and, on second thoughts, determined to seize the life-guard-man's sword, and either to put him to death, or make an honourable capitulation both for himself and the lady.

In the midst of these reflections, his rival began to snore, and Pasqual declared, that no music was ever so grateful to his soul. He tried to stir a little,

title; and, finding that it did not awake the enemy, he, by degrees, worked himself entirely out of his prison. He immediately laid hold of the great *spada*; when all his fears forsook him, and he felt as bold as a lion. He now relinquished the dastardly scheme of escaping, and only thought how he could best retaliate on his rival, for all that he had made him suffer. As Pasqual was stark naked, it was no more trouble to him to put on the soldier's cloathes than his own; and, as both his cloak and his cappouch together were not worth a sixpence, he thought it most eligible to equip himself *à la militaire*, and to leave his sacerdotal robes to the foldier. In a short time he was dressed *cap-à-pié*. His greasy cowl, his cloak, his sandals, his rosary, his rope of discipline, he gathered together, and placed a chair before the bed; and girded himself with a great buff-belt, instead of the *cordon* of St. Francis, and grasping his trusty *toledo* instead of the crucifix, he sallied forth into the street. He pondered for some time what scheme to fall upon; and, at first, thought of returning in the character of another life-guard-man, pretended to have been sent by the officer in quest of his companion, who, not being found in his quarters, was supposed to have deserted; and thus, after have made him pay heartily for all he had suffered below the bed, to

leave him to the enjoyment of his panic, and the elegant suit of clothes he had provided him. However, he was not satisfied with this revenge, and determined on one still more solid. He went to the guard, and, told the officer, that he had met a Capuchin Friar, with all the ensigns of his sanctity about him, sculking through the streets in the dead of the night, when they pretend to be employed in prayers for the sin of mankind; that his curiosity prompted him to follow him; that, as he expected, the holy Friar went strait to the house of a celebrated courtesan; that he saw him admitted, and listened at the window till he heard them go to bed together; that, if he did not find the information to be true, he would resign himself his prisoner, and submit to whatever punishment he thought proper. The officer and his guard, delighted to have such a hold of a Capuchin (who pretend to be the very models of sanctity, and who revile in a particular manner, the licentious life of the military), turned with utmost alacrity, and, under the conduct of Pasqual, soon surrounded the lady's house. Pasqual began thundering at the door, and demanded entrance for the officer and his guard. The unhappy soldier, waking with the noise, and not doubting that it was a detachment sent to seize him, gave himself up to despair, and instantly took shelter in the
 very

very place that Pasqual had so lately occupied; at the same time laying hold of the things he found on the chair, never doubting but that they were his own cloathes.

As the lady was somewhat dilatory in opening the door, Pasqual pretended to put his foot to it, when up it flew; and, entering with the officer and his guard, he demanded the body of a Capuchin friar, who, they were informed, lodged with her that night. As the lady had heard Pasqual go out, and had no suspicion that he would inform against himself, she protested her innocence in the most solemn manner, taking all the Saints to witness that she knew no such person; but Pasqual, suspecting the retreat of the lover, began groping below the bed, and soon pulled out his own greasy cowl and cloak. ‘Here,’ said he to the officers, ‘here are proofs enough, I’ll answer for it, Signor. ‘Padre himself is at no great distance:’ and putting his nose below the bed, ‘Fogh!’ says he, ‘I smell him; he stinks like a fox. The surest way of finding a Capuchin is by the nose; you may wind him a mile off.’ Then lowering their lantern, they beheld the unfortunate lover squeezed in betwixt the bed and the ground, and almost stifled. ‘Ee-co lo!’ said Pasqual; here he is, with all the ensigns of his holiness:’ and, pulling them out

out one after another, the crucifix, the rosary, and the cord of discipline, ‘ You may, see, says he, ‘ that Reverend Father came here to do penance:’ ‘ and taking up the cord, ‘ Suppose now we should ‘ assist him in the meritorious work. ‘ *Andiamo, ‘ Signor Padre, Andiamo.* We will save you the ‘ trouble of inflicting it yourself; and whether you ‘ came here to sin, or to repent, by your own maxims, you know, a little sound discipline is always ‘ healthful to the soul.’ The guard were lying round the bed in convulsions of laughter; and began breaking the most galling, and most insolent jokes upon the supposed *Padre*. The life-guard-man absolutely thought himself enchanted. He at last ventured to speak; and declared they were all in a mistake; that he was no Capuchin. Upon which, the laugh redoubled, and the coarsest jokes were repeated. The lady, in the mean time, with the best dissembled marks of fear and astonishment, ran about the room, exclaimed: “ *Oime Siamo Perduti, Siamo incantati, Siamo insorcelati.*” Pasqual, delighted to see his plan had taken its full effect, thought it now time to make his retreat, before the unfortunate lover could have an opportunity of examining his clothes, and perhaps detecting him: he therefore pretended regimental business, and, regretting that he was obliged to go to Portici, took his leave of
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the officer and his guard; at the same time, recommended, by all means, to treat the Holy Father with all that reverence and respect that was due to so sacred a person.

The life-guard-man when he got out from below the bed, began to look about for his clothes; but observed nothing but the greasy weeds of a Capuchin Friar, he was perfectly convinced that heaven had delivered him over, for his offences to the power of some demon; (for of all mortals the Neapolitan soldiers are the most superstitious.) The lady, too, acted her part so well, that he had no longer doubt of it. "Thus it is," said he in a penitential voice, "to offend heaven! I own my sin. I knew it was Friday, and yet, Oh, flesh, flesh! had it been any other day, I still should have been what I was. Oh, St. Januario! I passed thee too without paying thee due respect: thy all-seeing eye, has found me out. Gentleman, do with me what you please: I am not what I seem to be."—"No, no," said the Officer, "we are sensible of that. But come, Signor Padre, on with your garments, and march: we have no time to trifle. Here, Corporal," giving him the cordon, tie his hands, and let him feel the weight of St. Francis: the Saint owes him that, for having so impudently denied him for his master. The poor soldier was perfectly passive: they arrayed

rayed him in the sandals, the cowl, and the cloak of Francis Pasqual, and put the great rosary about his neck; and a most woeful figure he made. The Officer made him look in the glass, to try if he could recollect himself; and asked, If he was a Capuchin now or not? He was shocked at his own appearance; but bore every thing with meekness and resignation. They then conducted him to the guard, belabouring him all the way with the cord of St. Francis, and asked him every stroke, if he knew his master now? In the mean time, Pasqual was snug in his convent, enjoying the secret of his adventure.

He had a spare cloak and cowl, and was soon equipped again like one of the holy fathers: he then took the clothes and accoutrements of the life-guard-man, and laid them in a heap, near the gate of another convent of Capuchins, but at a great distance from his own, reserving only to himself a trifle of money which he found in the breeches-pocket, just to indemnify himself for the loss of his cloak and cowl; and even this, he said, he should have held sacred, but he knew whoever should find the cloak, would certainly make lawful prize of it. The poor soldier remained next day a spectacle of ridicule to all the world. At last his companions heard of his strange metamorphosis,

phos, and came in troops to see him. Their jokes were still more galling than those of the guard; but, as he thought himself under the finger of God, or at least of St. Januarius, he bore all with meekness and patience; at last his clothes were found; and he was set at liberty; but he believes to this day, that the whole was the work of the Devil, sent to chastise him for his sin; and has never seen his mistress on a Friday, nor passed the statue of St. Januarius without muttering a prayer,

ON THE IMPROVEMENT of TIME.

THE power of looking forward into futurity, though it is the distinguishing mark of reason, yet, if misapplied, or misused, will serve only to flatter the imagination, mislead the mind into a mazy track of errors, and embitter the few comforts of life. It is a misfortune incident to all men, more especially to people of volatile dispositions, that they know not how to enjoy the present hour. The mind of man is perpetually planning out schemes of future happiness, and contemplating distant prospects of pleasure, which

he flatters himself he is one day to possess, instead of endeavouring to enjoy the present with solid satisfaction. This disposition of mind makes us live in a continual state of expectation; for when we have gained any thing which we have long wished for, when the tardy revolution of time has brought to us what we have long impatiently expected, we soon grow cool with possession, and look with indifference upon that which so lately engaged our attention, and was the sole object of our hopes. Like children we long for a bauble: no sooner have got it, but we are tired, and long for another. More pleased with the gratification of our wayward humours than with the possessing of the thing we wanted, new objects new pleasures, then strike our imaginations: these we pursue with the same earnestness; these we long for with the same impatience, and possess them with the same disappointment and dissatisfaction.

One would be inclined to imagine that so many fruitless endeavours, and so many repeated disappointments, would effectually cure us of indulging our minds in the fond expectation of future felicity; that we should at last be prevailed upon to sit down contented in our respective stations, to enjoy the blessings that are set before us, and to make the most of that only portion of time
which

which we can with any certainty call our own : yet such is our nature, that in spite of the most convincing demonstrations of the folly of building upon futurity, though we see people unexpectedly sink into the grave, who were engaged in the same eager pursuits with ourselves, we still continue to persevere in the delusion.

This disposition in the human mind, to leave what it has, or *the things which are behind*, as the Apostle phrases it, to press forward to what is before, has no doubt its use in the constitution of man ; and was, as every thing else, ordained with wisdom by the Great Creator, to lead him on to further and further improvement in the search of greater and greater perfection and happiness. But this, like all our faculties or dispositions, must be regulated and guided by reason, to produce the intended effects. And was this to be the case, he would learn from this disposition in him, to reflect that he is designed for higher and higher improvement and happiness, and beyond what he can attain to in this world, and consequently direct his thoughts to some future state of being. Would every man, instead of indulging vain and uncertain expectations, instead of forming romantic schemes of visionary happiness, employ his thoughts and the faculties of his mind in studying how he

may best improve the present hour, he would find solid advantages resulting from his conduct and be enabled to cast a retrospective eye upon past life with pleasure and self-satisfaction. Happiness, as much as our nature will admit of, is in every man's power to obtain; it does not require a great genius, or eminent abilities to render life agreeable. This must be ascribed as well to their utter negligence of inattention to the duties of religion and christianity, as to the volatility of their dispositions, and uncommon vigour of imagination and fancy, which make them constantly languish after novelties, and as constantly leave their wishes unsatisfied and disappointed.

But it is our interest, as well as our duty, to seize on the present opportunity of improving our time to the best advantage, while it is yet in our power, considering that it flies from us every moment, and is never to return again for a second trial of our obedience. When we stand on the brink of the grave, we see things as they really are, without any mask or false colouring. At that awful period, power will have lost its strength to protect, riches their value to relieve, knowledge its voice to instruct, pleasures their charms to allure; so that the power which was not before exerted to defend the helpless, the wealth which never

fed

fed the poor, the knowledge which never persuaded to virtue, and the time spent in vicious pleasures, were wretchedly employed, and, at the gloomy hour of death, can neither give hope, peace or comfort.—How sweet on the other hand, is the reflection of those whose time has been employed to good purpose, according to their capacities and stations in the world! How happy is the prospect of the great, whose power defended the oppressed; of the rich, whose wealth relieved the indigent, and raised merit from distress; of the learned, whose knowledge diffused a love of virtue and piety; and of every person who did all the good, and prevented all the evil in their power! Their time and talents were wisely employed, and the reflection on it will give them pleasure at this awful period, and their hopes will ascend to an happy immortality beyond the grave.



ROYAL

ROYAL PRUDENCE.

HENRY the Fifth, King of England, while he was Prince of Wales by his loose and dissolute conduct, was daily giving his father great cause of pain and uneasiness. His court was the receptacle of libertines, debauchees, buffoons, parasites, and all the other species of vermin which are at once the disgrace and ruin of young princes. The wild pranks and riotous exploits of the prince and his companions were the common topics of conversation. This degeneracy in the heir of the crown was not more disagreeable to the king himself, who loved him with a most tender affection, than it was alarming to the nation in general, who trembled at the prospect of being one day governed by a prince of his character. But their fears were happily removed; for no sooner had the young king assumed the reins of government, than he shewed himself to be extremely worthy of the high station to which he was advanced. He called together the dissolute companions of his youth; acquainted them with his intended reformation; advised them to imitate his good examples; and after having forbid them to appear in his presence for the future, if they continued in their old courses, he dismissed them
with

with liberal presents. He chose a new council, composed of the wisest and best men in the kingdom: he reformed the benches, by discarding the ignorant and corrupt judges, and supplying their places with persons of courage, knowledge, and integrity. Even the chief justice Gascoigne, who had committed young Henry to prison, and who, on that account, trembled to approach the royal presence, was received with the utmost cordiality and friendship; and, instead of being reproached for his past conduct, was warmly exhorted to persevere in the same strict and impartial execution of the laws. When the archbishop of Canterbury applied to him for permission to impeach a great man, for holding opinions contrary to the established religion, he told him, he was averse to such sanguinary methods of conversion; that reason and argument were the proper weapons for defending and maintaining the truth: and that the soft gentle means ought, in the first place, to be employed, in order to reclaim men from their errors.

In a word, he seemed determined to bury all party distinctions in eternal oblivion, and to approve himself the common father and protector of all his subjects, without exception. Even before his father's death, he seems to have been sensible

sible of the folly and impropriety of his conduct, and determined to reform: for his father being naturally of a jealous and suspicious disposition, listened to the suggestions of some of his courtiers, who insinuated that his son had an evil design upon his crown and authority.

These insinuations filled his breast with the most anxious fears and apprehensions, and perhaps he might have had recourse to very disagreeable expedients, in order to prevent the imaginary danger; had not his suspicions been removed by the prudent conduct of the young prince. He was not sooner informed of his father's jealousy, than he repaired to court, and throwing himself on his knees accosted the king in the following terms:

“ I understand, my Liege, that you suspect me of entertaining designs against your crown and person. I own I have been guilty of many excesses, which have justly exposed me to your displeasure: but I take heaven to witness, that I never harboured a single thought inconsistent with that duty and veneration which I owe to your majesty. Those who charge me with such criminal intentions only want to disturb the tranquillity of your reign, and to alienate your affections from your son and successor. I have therefore taken the liberty to come into your presence, and humbly

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bly beg you will cause my conduct to be examined with as much rigour and severity as that of the meanest of your subjects; and if I be found guilty, I will cheerfully submit to any punishment you shall think proper to inflict. This scrutiny, I demand, not only for the satisfaction of your majesty, but likewise for the vindication of my own character."

The king was so highly satisfied with this prudent and ingenuous address, that he embraced him with great tenderness, acknowledging that his suspicions were entirely removed, and that for the future he would never harbour a thought prejudicial to his loyalty and honour.

PORTRAIT

OF

JOHN, EARL GRANVILLE.

COMMANDING beauty, smooth'd by cheerful grace,

Sat on the open features of his face :

Bold was his language, rapid, glowing, strong.—

And science flow'd spontaneous from his tongue:

A genius, seizing systems, slighting rules;

F

And

And void of gall, with boundless scorn of fools.
 Ambition dealt her flambeau to his hand,
 And Bacchus sprinkled fuel on the brand.
 His wish—to counsel monarchs, or controul;
 His means,—th' impetuous ardour of his soul:
 For, while his views outthipt a mortal's span,
 Nor prudence drew, nor craft pursu'd the plan.
 Swift fell the scaffold of his airy pride,
 But, slightly built, diffus'd no ruin wide,
 Unhurt, undaunted, undisturb'd he fell,
 Cou'd laugh the same, and the same stories tell:
 And more a sage than he, who bad await
 His revels, till his conquests were compleat,
 Our jovial statesmen either sail unfurl'd,
 And drank his bottle, though he miss'd the world!

THE COMPETITORS.

A MORAL TALE.

MR. Barclay, a merchant of considerable eminence in the city of Bristol, becoming unexpectedly entitled to a very large fortune, by the death of a distant relation without issue, resigned his commercial concerns to his eldest son, and retired with the rest of his family from the fatigue of

of business, to enjoy the serene and tranquil harmony of retirement.

The estates to which he had succeeded were situated in that part of the county of Norfolk which borders on the sea. The situation, though somewhat reclusive, contained several families of social disposition and independent fortune, and it had the advantage of being near a market-town. The mansion-house was seated on an elevated spot; the view from which, though not very extensive, was truly picturesque and beautiful. The plantations and pleasure-grounds were laid out with great taste and judgment. The park was well stocked with deer; and the river, which meandered slowly through it, contained fish of various kinds; while the gardens afforded the choicest fruits that art and nature could produce. In such an earthly paradise, could its owner feel any other sensations than those of joy? He was, indeed, truly happy; and it is but a tribute due to his worth, to add, that he deserved the felicity he possessed.

His mind and even temper, his urbanity of manners, and his hospitable disposition, could only be equalled by the greatness of his mind, and that ineffable contempt which he manifested for every thing that bore not a resemblance to justice and

virtue. To the cries of the needy he ever lent a willing ear; and his benevolence administered to the wants and necessities of the industrious poor. "Why has heaven blessed me with wealth," he would ask when some distressing object met his enquiring eye, "but that I may distribute it among those who are the offspring of distress, and who largely quaff off the bitter cup of wretchedness?" It was his constant employment to look out for those who were persecuted by fortune; and to cheer dejected worth, by removing the appearance of want, and inspiring the minds of those whom his bounty blessed, with fortitude to struggle with adversity; and teaching them to look for ease and comfort to Him who hears not with disregard the petitions of the virtuous. Thus did he endear himself, by acts of benevolence and hospitality, to the surrounding peasantry; and he had the peculiar felicity of being beloved by all who knew him.

Mrs. Barclay, whom he had chosen rather for her amiable disposition, than for any lustre which her birth reflected, or recommendation of fortune, was a plain, notable woman; whose greatest pride was, to see her children the finest in the neighbourhood, and render her husband happy. It is true that she had her humours; and where shall we find
a woman

woman without them? The sea is not always calm and unruffled; nor does the wind constantly observe its gentleness. Mrs. Barclay, however, is a good sort of a woman; and, if she had her faults, her virtues were by far the more numerous.

Of their offspring, consisting of six children, four were of very tender years. The eldest son, who has been observed, succeeded to the avocation of his father, and resided at Bristol. The eldest daughter, of those who remained with their parents, was a lovely girl, of great beauty, sweetness of temper, and accomplished manners. The opening rose, recharged with the dew of morning, could not compare in freshness with the bloom which nature had spread on the cheeks of Laura. The lustre of her eyes, in colour more beautiful than æther, excelled in brightness the lucid dew-drop. Her voice was melody itself; and her form displayed such matchless symmetry and grace, as raised in the minds of her beholders the involuntary emotions of wonder and admiration.

Laura had now reached her eighteenth year, when the family were introduced to the acquaintance of Lorenzo; a young nobleman, who had just taken possession of his paternal estate; which was situated in the neighbourhood of Mr. Barclay. This lordship, who affected urbanity of mind, and held

held out the appearance of hospitality, had honoured every family of respectability in the vicinity of his mansion with a personal visit; and, having meditated a fete, issued cards of invitation to all on whom he had called. This invitation was generally accepted; but his lordship felt himself extremely hurt, to find that it had been rejected by a man who appeared to him the most insignificant character in the place; though the terms of that rejection were such as would not have given offence to any other person than Lorenzo, whose vanity led him to believe, that every man was honoured by the notice which he deigned to pay him.

The sentiments which the enlightened mind of the youthful Edwin had imbibed, formed a wide contrast to the principles and maxims which flattery's fawning voice had implanted in that of the imperious Lorenzo. The fortunes of each were equally in the scale of opposition; and hence we may trace the cause of Edwin's declining to accept the invitation of his lordship. The annual income of Edwin, including the produce to the commission which he bore in his majesty's navy, did not exceed three hundred pounds, while that of his lordship amounted to nearly thirty thousand. Yet, with this small income, barely sufficient to
maintain

tain the appearance of a gentleman, and a dependent on him for support, Edwin was, up, the most independent character in the dom, and would never prevail on himself to at a favour, where he was precluded the possibility of a return.

tenzo, from his infancy, had been accustomed urfue his inclinations without restraint; and ill able to combat disappointment, however aterial in its nature, and however harmless endency. If the rude, untutored finger of lent, but approached him, his temper became ntly ruffled; and the object that occasioned neasiness never met forgiveness from his hty and revengeful temper.

uch was the man, and such the character, that ed to the love of the fair Laura! the marked ation, and studied respect which he paid her, : too obvious to be mistaken; and, while they ed the bosom of the child, they diffused into mind of the parent sensations of pleasure and ght.

"I was always of opinion," said the fond mother, while her eyes shone with a conscious pleasure, "that Laura would marry a great man. h, girl, thou art one of Fortune's favourites, ave such a man for a lover!"

"Does

"Does wealth, then, my dear mother," said Laura, in a trembling voice, "ensure felicity in the marriage state? Are the appendages of greatness necessary auxiliaries in the attainment of happiness? I have often heard my father say, that he made choice of you, not for your wealth, not for your beauty, or high descent, but for those most valuable and lasting possessions, an amiable temper, a disposition to please, and an anxious desire to improve his interest, and promote his happiness."

"And he who, in the choice of a wife, is actuated by different motives," said Mr. Barclay, "runs great hazard of being miserable for life; and who can pity such an one, if he flies, while seeking happiness, into the arms of misery?"

All this is very true," said Mrs. Barclay; "it is very good. But tell me, is it not best, when we have determined on marrying, to let our interest and our affection go hand in hand?"

"I agree," replied Mr. Barclay, "that much blame is attached to the conduct of him who marries wholly for love; yet I will contend, that he ought not to be put in competition with the wretch who sacrifices every tender thought, and tramples on every social tie, to acquire wealth, while he hates the object from whom he derives it. I hope,"
continued

Continued he, " my Laura has not so far lost sight of the lesson of prudence and justice which she has been taught, to barter her peace for the toys of greatness, or the baubles of wealth."

" No, Sir," answered Laura; " the precepts which I have imbibed from your paternal care, are indelibly stamped on my memory. No power, but death, can efface them; and as you have assured me that you will not force me to give my hand to any one, however elevated his rank, or however great his fortune, who possesses not an interest in my heart, neither will I become the wife of him who merits not the approbation of my parents. As for Lorenzo," continued she, " his demeanour is such as might lead me to conclude, without exposing myself to the charge of vanity, he honoured me with a nearer esteem than friendship: but, I assure you that, whatever may be his lordship's thought on this subject, he has hitherto preserved a perfect silence; and I am free to confess, that should he at this moment avow himself my lover, and offer me his hand, I should feel no uneasiness from declining the honour of his alliance.

These sentiments of Mr. Barclay and his daughter, which were truly consistent, rational, and praise worthy, would not easily admit of opposi-

tion; at least, it must have been a very skilful and ingenious casuist, that could have furnished arguments in favour of principles and doctrines of a different complexion. This skill, and this ingenuity, Mrs. Barclay was not possessed of; and agreeable to her wonted custom of never disputing the opinions of her family any longer than she could find argument in her own favour, she dropped the subject; if not under the conviction of error, at least under that of being unable to say any thing more.

The liberal indulgence which Mr. Barclay gave to his daughter, and his determination not to violate her inclination in the important article of marriage, removed from her mind each painful thought, each anxious fear, which the attention of Lorenzo had given birth to.

The modest virtues of the graceful Edwin had made an impression on the heart of Laura, which the united efforts of birth and fortune in the person of the noble peer had failed to excite. The sister of Edwin the gentle Emily, not less in beauty rich than Laura, and fraught with equal goodness, was become her constant companion in her rural walks. A kindred virtue glowed in either breast, and united them in the social bonds of amity. Edwin perceived the rising flame, and sought its improvement.

Scarcely

Scarcely a day passed, without these friends seeing each other; and, while Edwin was busily employed in cultivating the harmony that prevailed between them, he insensibly became a slave to that passion which has been known to subdue the most obdurate heart. The beauty of Laura had impressed his bosom with unusual sensations; her vivacity, good sense, and polished conversation, made her society amiable; and the moments which deprived him of that enjoyment were become painful and tormenting.

He who was once so gay and chearful, was now thoughtful and melancholy. The amusements which were wont to engage his attention, no longer possessed the power to please. He was restless impatient, pensive, and sad: his cheeks became pale and languid; his eyes no longer sparkled with joy; and the harmony of his voice was immured in silence, or tuned to strains of woe.

The humble distance which fortune had thrown him from the object of his affections, the dependent situation of a sister whom he tenderly loved, and the natural timidity, suppressed the mention of his love, and doomed him to a painful silence. The anxious solitudes of his dear Emily, and her fond endeavours to remove the cloud that

hang on his dejected brow, and drained from his cheeks the bloom of health, were vain and ineffectual. The tear of anguish rolled from his hollow eye, the sigh of wretchedness forced its painful passage from his breast, and hope fled the tortured mind. In presence of Miss Barclay only his countenance assumed the smile of cheerfulness; but his natural timidity, in these moments, restrained the licence of his tongue, and rendered him more thoughtful than communicative.

In one of Laura's visits to Emily, while engaged with her friend in devising some new arrangement of dress, the love-lorn Edwin gazed in silence on the object of his affections; and, suddenly rising from his seat, striking his hand on his forehead, he exclaimed—"Good God! is it then impossible?" The ladies started at the exclamation; and Emily, hastening to her brother—"What, my dear Edwin, has disturbed you thus! What is it you complain of as impossible?"

He attempted to speak, but his voice faltered; and he rushed precipitately out of the room. Emily burst into tears; and the astonished Laura strove to soothe the distress of her friend.

"What, my dear Emily, has befallen your brother, that makes him so uneasy? He was wont to be

be gay and cheerful; he is now the prey of sullen melancholy. Tell me, to what are we to attribute this sad reverse of temper."

"I know not," sobbed out the weeping Emily; "nor can I learn the cause of his uneasiness. Some latent grief preys on his mind, impairs his health, and renders life burthensome, and seemingly insupportable!"

"Have you never importuned him to impart the cause which produces his uneasiness?"

"Oh, yes! but he is deaf to my entreaties, or seems not to hear my unwearied importunities. Sometimes he sits whole hours immured in gloomy silence, save when the care-expressive sigh escapes his bosom, or the half-formed sentence trembles on his tongue. Sometimes he paces the lawn with quick, uncertain step, rapt in studious contemplation; then sudden stops, bends on the vacant air his disordered eye, and holds discourse with the wind."

"And has he dropped no word, no unguarded expression that may lead you to discover the source from whence this fatal change arises?"

"It is love, my Laura, hopeless love, that thus destroys his peace! It is this that has overwhelmed his

his happiness, and given him up a prey to misery and despair."

" Know you the object of his affections?" enquired Laura, with an eagerness that betrayed her fear, while the blush of soft confusion mantled on her cheek,

" Oh, no! replied Emily," but I fear that her situation is too high for hope to reach.

" Or too remote," said Laura, "for his alliance.

" If the humblest cottage girl," returned Emily, "had engaged his affections, and he found her deserving, his independent spirit would spurn the thought that whispered the meanness of her birth; and, in preference to wealth or rank, he would take her to his arms."

" Why then," asked Laura, "should he, whose liberal mind esteems the virtuous child of poverty, be awed into silence by greatness? Is he not a gentleman? Does he not derive his descent from one of the most ancient and honourable families of the kingdom? methinks," continued she with a smile, and taking Emily by the hand, "the partiality of your brother would reflect honour on any woman, however distinguished by the gifts of fortune!"

Emily

Emily was about to reply to the encomium of her friend, when the return of Edwin interrupted her. He had thrown aside his melancholy; the smile of cheerfulness re-animated his countenance, and restored the lustre of his eyes. He apologized to Miss Barclay for his absence of mind; and intreated her to attribute it to a too thoughtful disposition, which oftentimes, he said, made him forgetful of the rules of politeness, and gave his conduct an air of rudeness, of which, he hoped, she would believe him otherwise incapable.

“ This absence of mind,” said he, “ is owing to the want of employment: the evil, however is in a fair way of being remedied. This letter continued he, drawing one from his pocket, “ which I have this instant received by express, informs me of a rupture that has broken out between the court of Versailles and that of London; and both nations are preparing for a vigorous war. My noble friend and patron, the Earl of Delaware, has obtained for me the command of a frigate; and it is necessary I should hasten to the Admiralty, to receive my appointment.”

During this narration, the fair Laura stood pale and trembling; and Emily, at the conclusion, again burst into tears. Edwin employed his utmost

Most endeavours to tranquillize her mind; and reconcile her to the separation. Laura, in the meantime, endeavoured to compose herself, and to smother the concern which this information had given her. In spite of her efforts, however, a tear stole from her eye; and the sigh of regret, impatient of restraint, burst the barrier of confinement. Her whole appearance betrayed the distress she felt at the event, which was to divide her from the man in whom her hopes, her wishes, and her love were centred.

Edwin's attention to his sister prevented him from perceiving the disorder; and, if he had discerned it, he would not have applied her behaviour to any other cause than that of affection for himself; so little of that personal vanity did he possess, which marks his conduct, and forms the leading features, in the deportment of our modern men of fashion. As soon as Emily had in some measure regained her composure, her friend proposed returning home. Emily found herself too weak for walking; and, as the day was fast closing, she permitted Edwin to attend her.

The road to the house of Mr. Barclay lay through some pleasant corn-fields, and commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. A wide extent of water bounded the prospect to the north;
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the surface of which was covered with a large fleet of colliers; bound to the port of London. A gentle gale filled the sails of the vessels; the sailors were seen from the shore climbing the shrouds, and walking on the deck; the sight was grand and majestic; of which those who never beheld the sea, nor saw the stately vessel scud before the breeze, can form no adequate conception.

To the eyes of Laura this scene was become familiar; but the pleasure which she derived from its contemplation, was not in the least impaired by the frequency of its concurrence. At the present moment, however, she experienced very painful sensations from the thought that Edwin would shortly be exposed to the dangers of the capricious ocean, and involved in all the gloomy perils attendant on savage, ruthless war.

A few short sentences on subjects foreign to that which occupied the minds of the love-stricken pair, served to beguile the tedious moments that conducted them to the mansion of Mr. Barclay. The manner in which that gentleman invariably received the visits of Edwin, was marked by a politeness highly gratifying and pleasing; and, while it evinced the high sense he entertained of his merits, it also discovered an anxious desire of cultivating his acquaintance.

Of that conscious pleasure which beamed in the countenance of Edwin at the moment he received the letter of his noble friend, and which was increased by the flattering, though futile idea it inspired, of losing by absence the hopeless passion which preyed with increasing anguish on his heart, no traces remained; it was transitory, and died with the moment of its birth. Reflection brought to his mind a thousand fearful, melancholy thoughts, all clamorous to be heard, yet unheeded all. His looks again depicted the anguish of his mind; nor could the soothing voice of friendship dissipate the sorrow that deprived his soul of peace.

Mr. Barclay saw too plainly, that the mind of his young friend cherished some uneasy thought, and ventured to enquire the nature of it.

"I have just received a letter," said he, "from a friend; from which I learn that a war between this country and France is inevitable. I have already received instructions to attend the Lords of the Admiralty, to receive the command of a vessel destined to act against the enemy, and shall in a few days set out for that purpose. This, however, so far from giving me uneasiness, affords me much pleasure. My care arises from the situation
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in which I leave my sister. In me she will lose a brother, a guardian, a protector. Where shall I find a friend in whom these characters are united? and, without such a one, how pitiable the state of a female, where youth and beauty are exposed to the restless tongue of slander, the no less insidious attacks of the licentious admirer, and the disgusting familiarity of the trifling and unmeaning coxcomb!"

"And has not Edwin such a friend!" asked Mr. Barclay. "Does he esteem those with whom he associates incapable of the manly sentiments of amity? does he hold them strangers to the social ties of virtue? believes he that the generous sigh of sympathy, which compassionates the sufferings of another, never warmed their bosoms?—Or, does he think them friends only in appearance, disdainful of the relative duties of christianity? What, then, am I?" continued Mr. Barclay. "Either you esteem me one of those unfeeling monsters I have described, or you meditate an insult.—I am offended, young man!"

"Then I am unfortunate, indeed!" said Edwin; "for of all mankind, I would most avoid offence to you: and, if I hesitated in soliciting your protection for my Emily, it was not that I doubted your honour, or that I suspected the sincerity,

of your friendship, but from an unwillingness to increase the obligations I already owe to your goodness.

"I credit the assertion," returned Mr. Barclay, and readily forgive the unintended injury. And now, my Edwin, dismiss all uneasy thoughts for Emily's welfare. While you in the blood-stained paths of war are defending the rights and liberties of your country, be it my task to protect your sister from danger, under whatsoever form it may approach her. She shall be the companion of Laura; and the care with which I guard her peace, shall watch over that of the gentle Emily.

Edwin replied, by taking Mr. Barclay's hand in both his own, and pressing it with silent gratitude. His feelings were too great for utterance. Mr. Barclay caught the soft emotion; and the eyes of Laura, who was elated with the proposition of her father, were suffused with the tears of sympathy and joy.

A solemn pause ensued; but it was a silence that impressed the heart more forcibly than could the most pointed eloquence; and conveyed to the mind sensation of ineffable delight.

Every arrangement having been made for the departure of Edwin, Emily removed, on the morning

morning he had appointed to leave the village, to the house of Mr. Barclay; her brother having disposed of his own, with the furniture, on lease, to a gentleman who had just arrived from the Indies, and who had been looking about for a temporary residence in this neighbourhood.

This interview was solemn and affecting. Emily was sad and dejected; the fair Laura's countenance depicted no inconsiderable share of anxiety; and even the good Mr. Barclay and his amiable spouse were out of spirits. Edwin was probably the most lively of the group; but there was an air of melancholy in his manners and address, that was visible through the cheerfulness which he assumed.

After the usual compliments had passed, little was said by any of the party, who all seemed inclined to indulge a thoughtful silence.

Some few minutes before his departure, while the chaise was waiting at the door, Edwin retired with Mr. Barclay into a private room; and delivered to him his will, which his attorney, under his directions, had prepared, and which he had that morning executed. He had left his sister his little fortune; and appointed Mr. Barclay his executor, and guardian of Emily while she should remain

remain single. He also delivered a power of attorney to Mr. Barclay, enabling him to receive the rents of his estates, till the period of his return; out of which he had set apart an annual sum for her present support. Duplicates of these instruments he had already deposited in the hands of Emily. Thus did the generous Edwin secure an independency to his sister; thus did he discharge the important duties of a father, the brother, and the friend!"

The most painful task yet remained—to bid the sorrowing Emily adieu. She had retired with Laura to indulge her tears. With trembling steps he sought the weeping maid, whom he found seated, with her friend, in an alcove at the extremity of the garden. He caught her in his arms, strained her to his weeping breast, and kissed from her cheek the tears of sadness.

"Chear up my dear Emily!" said he; "forget the present moment; and, with the piercing eye of hope, trace in the womb of futurity approaching scenes of lasting bliss. We soon, my love, shall meet again."

"I hope so, my dear brother!" said Emily leaning on his neck, and kissing his cheek. "But, methinks, Edwin, you look paler than usual!"

Oh!

Oh! it is this secret grief, which preys upon your mind, that pains me worse than parting with you. Would you but disclose this fatal cause that—”

“ No more, my Emily,” interrupted Edwin, “ your tender fears paint to your strong imagination things that have no being, save in the delusive eye of fancy. I have no cause of grief. No undiscovered sorrow lodges in my heart: all there is tranquil—all serene. Come, come, dry up your tears, forget this strange phantasm, and let this kiss say—“ Farewel !”

He then tore himself from her embraces; and was hurrying towards the house; when the voice of Laura arrested his steps. “ And will you not, Edwin, bid me farewell !” asked the lovely girl, her eyes suffused with tears.

“ Excuse Miss Barclay, my forgetfulness,” said Edwin. “ My sister’s uneasiness, to which my presence but gives increase, had driven all other objects from my thoughts.”

Laura rose from her seat as Edwin approached; and, in drawing her handkerchief from her pocket, to wipe away her tears, let fall a locket, Edwin advanced; and, taking it up, presented it to her.

“ It is a trifle, Sir,” said she; “ and, if you think

think it worth accepting; it will certainly serve to remind you of a friend."

Edwin looked at the gift; it was the miniature of Laura, richly set in brilliants. A smile of joy beamed in his expressive countenance: he eagerly snatched the blushing beauty in his arms; and impressed on her lips the chaste language of his honest love.

"I have a present for my Laura, somewhat less rich, it is true, than her's," said he, drawing from his pocket a small box, which contained a portrait of himself; and, presenting it to the entraptured maid—"But it, too, will serve for a remembrance of one who admired, at humble distance, the superior virtues of my Emily's friend."

"I see, then," said Emily, with a smile, "you have a divided affection, Edwin. That portrait, by right, is mine; nor would I concede my interest in it to any other friend than Laura."

"And was it the presentment of any other than my Emily's brother," said Laura, "I would not owe its possession to the violation of a promise."

"Oh! fortune! fortune!" exclaimed Edwin, "never till this moment did I feel thy want!"

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The approach of Mr. Barclay, at this critical moment, prevented the developement of a secret which had been productive of much pain in the bosoms of this amiable pair. Thus interrupted, he hastily snatched a hand of each, carried them to his lips; and, faintly articulated—"Farewell!" hurried towards the house. He bowed to Mrs. Barclay as he passed her; and, having shook hands with his friend, threw himself into a chaise, and in a short time passed the boundaries of the village.

The absence of Edwin left the proud Lorenzo without a rival; and his visits to the house of Mr. Barclay were unattended with those unpleasant sensations, which the presence of one so remote from the elevated rank which his lordship supposed that he held in society frequently excited. His attentions to Miss Barclay were become more particular; and, at length, after long combating the scruples of pride, he made her an offer of his hand.

Unaccustomed to speak a language foreign to her heart, she candidly confessed that her affections were placed on another; on one who was himself a stranger to the partiality which she bore him; and entreated his lordship to renounce his passion. What a shock was this to the credulous hopes of aspiring pride! a nobleman of his exalted

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rank,

rank, of his distinguished birth, of his extensive fortune, to be rejected by the daughter of a —— it was insufferable!

“ And you will not, madam—you will not accept of the offer, I have made you?”

“ Would your lordship receive the hand of one whose heart is possessed by another?”

Lorenzo made no reply; but walked about the room, in much seeming agitation: he bit his lip with vexation; and his eyes, inflamed with passion, darted angry glances at the trembling Laura. After a silence of some minutes, his lordship resumed the topic—“ And pray, madam, who is the favoured object of your love?”

“ Excuse me, my lord; it is a question which prudence forbids me to answer.”

“ It is well, Madam. But know to your confusion, that I am no stranger to him for whom you entertain this *secret* partiality; and, in the low-born peasant, Edwin, behold a hated rival! He is competitor with me for the beautiful Laura. Mark me, Madam! I love you beyond all thought; nor will I cease to tell the world how dear I hold you in my heart; and, if your favoured Edwin dare oppose my suit, the sword shall——”

“ My

"My lord! my lord!" interrupted Laura; "this idle threatening excites in my bosom no cowardly fears for Edwin's safety! His eye can view the glaring instrument of death, with a mind calm and unruffled as that your lordship wears. For shame! my lord, stifle this womanish weakness, and combat with becoming fortitude the powers of disappointment!"

"Fortitude!" exclaimed Lorenzo; his whole frame trembling with passion.

"I know the task is irksome," resumed Laura, "to one who——fatal error!——has been taught from the earliest stage of infancy to spurn restraint; and whose wants, before the tongue could give them utterance, the cringing sycophant's assiduous care supplied. But know, my lord, that birth and fortune, and all the glittering train of greatness, to those who wear an independent mind, are empty baubles; and shed no lustre, when unaccompanied by the nobler virtues of the heart!"

"O very well, Madam! very well! This lesson is indelibly stamped in my memory; and my pride—yes, my pride—will teach me to remember it."

With increasing rage, the imperious lord rushed out of the room, and returned to his splendid

manſion, tortured with every unquiet thought that diſappointed hope and pride could dictate. Nor was the fair Laura leſs perplexed and uneaſy. She feared that Lorenzo would appeal to the deciſion of her parents; and, though ſhe doubted not that they anxiously wiſhed her happineſs, yet the advantages of birth and fortune in the perſon of her haughty lover, ſhe knew, were powerful recommendations, and trembled leſt the conſtancy of her father ſhould forſake him. Mrs. Barclay had already expreſſed her approbation of his lordſhip for a ſon-in-law; ſhe knew, therefore, that in her, Lorenzo would find an advocate.

In this frame of mind ſhe was ſitting, when her father entered the room. He obſerved her not; but threw himſelf on a chair, and exclaimed, with a ſigh—"Poor Edwin!"

"What of Edwin, Sir!" asked the pale ſtruck Laura. "Have you received any intelligence from him?"

"Ah no!" replied Mr. Barclay; "not from him, but——"

"But what, Sir? O! ſpeak, my dear father, and ſave me from the horrors of ſuſpenſe! Why, Sir, do you tremble thus? Why ſtrive to conceal
the

the care that is pictured in your countenance?
Say, what of Edwin?"

"Sooner or later, it must be known."

"Nay, then, I can discern. And is he, is he dead?"

"Here is the record of his fate," said Mr. Barclay, presenting to his daughter a LONDON paper. She received it with a trembling hand, and through the tears of misery too plainly read the confirmation of her fears. In vain, "with courage half divine, he opposed the foe's superior force. Victory, which long stood doubtful, declared against him; and, with his shattered vessel, he became a prize to the proud sons of France. The friendly hand of death—so ran the sad report—soon snatched their prisoner from them, unlocked the chains of bondage, and gave his noble spirit freedom.

But who can paint the agony that filled the bosoms of his friends! and chiefly thine, sweet maid! whose fond imagination had given to the view of playful fancy air drawn visions of delight! DELUSIVE HOPE! faithless guide! how dost thou lead the unsuspecting mind astray with gilded prospects of changeless bliss and never-fading joy! yet that
which

which thou instructed us to pursue, is but a phantom; a shadow that flies our anxious grasp, and eludes our eager embrace!

The gentle Emily, too, with streaming eyes, and tortured soul, bemoans the loss of father, brother, friend; and mocks the force of language to speak her sorrows, or describe her woe.

It is said that—

“—By *fellowship* in woe,
Scarcely *half* our pain we know.”

And, indeed, the power of sympathy greatly alleviates distress, and operates as a pleasing antidote against misfortune. The mutual sorrow of Laura, and her friend, contributed more to allay the poignancy of their grief, than the most studied eloquence could have effected; and the tenderness of the hospitable Mr. Barclay, tended infinitely to the recovery of those amiable friends.

The penetrating eye of Mr. Barclay readily perceived that his daughter's grief for the loss of Edwin arose not solely from the friendship she bore to Emily. Love, he concluded, had by far the greatest share in her distress; and when she had in some measure recovered her former tranquillity, he ventured to express his sentiments freely on the subject.

subject. Laura confirmed his suspicions; and the fond father, mingled his tears with those of his child, lamented the disappointment of her chaste and honest love.

The minds of Laura and her friend, though greatly tranquillized, still retained a portion of uneasiness, that visibly impaired their constitutions. Mr. Barclay proposed an excursion to Bristol; the propriety of which was strongly recommended by the advice of their physician; and the ladies made no opposition to the journey. Every preparation was therefore immediately made; and Laura and her friend, attended by Mr. Barclay—Mrs. Barclay having declined accompanying them, set out for the residence of his son.

The news of Edwin's fate had also reached Lorenzo, through the channel of the public papers; and he congratulated himself on the removal of the only obstacle—in his own mind, at least—that impeded the accomplishment of his wishes. Concluding that the mind of Laura would be much agitated by this melancholy circumstance, he avoided the house of Mr. Barclay; contenting himself with writing to that gentleman a letter of condolence on the loss of his friend; and fanned his new-born hope, that promised the completion of his fond desires.

At

At this moment, the pride that should have held in remembrance the lesson of prudence, which the object of his passion had read to him, forsook his haughty and imperious mind, and love and hope alone reigned in his bosom. That he loved Laura, that his passion was pure and disinterested, is beyond a doubt; but who shall say that it fixed on her an obligation? His fondness was not her crime, but his misfortune.

The struggles of Pride and Love, in the mind of this young nobleman, made him very restless and uneasy. Love frequently urged him to forget the insult he had received from offended beauty, and sometimes led him on the way to the dwelling of Laura; but, before he reached the house, pride would rush into his mind, and rouse indignant passion from disgraceful slumber, check his vagrant steps, and conduct him back a vassal to her superior power. Thus was he tortured from day to day, from hour to hour, and when, at length, his fondness successfully combatted the remonstrances of his pride, and unimpeded he reached the mansion of his love, his high-raised hopes ended in a cruel disappointment.

Opposition generally strengthened the perseverance of Lorenzo; and his temper always spurned at restraint. His resolves now were to pursue
 Laura

Laura—the communicative disposition of Mrs. Barclay having informed him where she was gone—and again intrude on her ear the subject of love. With this resolution, he quitted Mrs. Barclay; and, as soon as his chaise and baggage were got ready, he set off for Bristol. Here he found the indisposition of Miss Barclay but feebly mended. The alteration which grief had made in her features, excited in his breast the most painful sensations; and he could scarcely credit the evidence of his sight, that the form on which he gazed was the once blooming Laura. His introduction to the family evinced much embarrassment, and, when he saluted the fair object of his love, a tear started from his eye.

Laura now plainly saw, that the passion which his lordship entertained for her was too firmly rooted to be easily eradicated; and she foresaw that its prosecution would embitter her future moments. She disclosed the situation of her heart to her friend; but she could only lament the existence of his lordship's attachment, and was totally unable to afford her anxieties any relief. The brother of Laura had already engaged the good opinion of Emily; and, though she struggled much against the rising passion, she found that he every day gained more of her esteem.

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She blushed and trembled when he addressed her ; and her confusion disclosed to him the state of her heart, while her eyes confirmed the conquest he had made. Young Barclay, immersed as he was in an extensive line of business, and affairs of the greatest importance hourly demanded his attention, could not forego the pleasing contemplation of Emily's superior worth ; and, before he had scarcely considered the subject, found himself in love.

And now Lorenzo, mortified at the coldness and indifference with which Miss Barclay treated his passion, disclosed to her father the affection he bore her, and solicited from him the honour of her hand. Mr. Barclay could find in his mind no objection to his lordship's suit: he informed him of the partiality his daughter had borne the gallant Edwin, and of his determination never to violate her inclinations ; and that, if his lordship could win her consent, he would himself do nothing to impede the completion of his wishes.

Lorenzo well knew that the integrity of Mr. Barclay was not to be shaken, and therefore submitted to this decision. He now redoubled his assiduities to Laura, and employed every art to win her favour.—

“ He

" He urg'd his suit with all the fervent zeal
 That honest love and passion could inspire;
 Display'd the glories of imperial greatness,
 To catch the fair, and make her fancy's slave :
 Nor were his wond'rous suff'rings left unnotic'd,
 To raise a spark of pity in her mind,
 And then by art to fan it into love ;
 But all his labour'd eloquence was vain."

Again he left the unrelenting fair, and sought
 for relief in the haunts of dissipation ; while, to
 avoid the sight of one who gave her pain, the still
 melancholy Laura returned to her village, and
 lived secluded in the bosom of solitude. But soli-
 tude could afford her no peace. Memory, with
 increasing fondness, dwelt enraptured on the image
 of Edwin ; and grief and wretchedness drained
 from her the springs of life.

Mr. Edward Barclay, who had accompanied
 his father home, had now more leisure to examine
 the merits of his sister's friend, and to cultivate
 her esteem. Little penetration served to discover
 the one, and he had some time been in the full posses-
 sion of the other. He stated to his father the senti-
 ments he entertained for his fair ward, and re-
 ceived from him an unequivocal assent to pursue
 his inclinations. Without any further hesitation,

therefore, he disclosed to Emily the partiality he bore her, and solicited the honour of her hand. With becoming modesty the blushing maid confessed a mutual fondness, and confirmed her lover's happiness.

Meanwhile, the imperious Lorenzo, urged by repeated disappointments, and the advice of some dissolute companions, to whom he had communicated the particulars of his unsuccessful passion, meditated revenge against the despiser of his love. It was their design to steal on her in one of her lonely walks, and to carry her off by force. For this purpose, his lordship, attended by a brace of disbanded officers, who chiefly lived by the flattery of their tongues, arrived at his country residence. Here they finished their plan of operations, and impatiently awaited the arrival of the moment that was to put them into execution. Nor were they long held in suspense. Laura, one evening, withdrawing from Emily and her lover, directed her steps to the brow of the neighbouring cliff, as was now become her frequent custom, to gaze on the liquid main, and view the approach of distant sails, as if expecting the arrival of her love. To this place Lorenzo and his associates watched the unsuspecting maid, concealing themselves in a small grove of firs at a short distance, waiting

waiting the labourers desertion of the fields, and the coming on of the evening, if she should continue her stay, as she generally did, to that late hour, to favour their designs.

And now a distant vessel caught the watchful eye of Laura. A brisk gale filled the swelling sails, and drove her towards the shore. The weary pilot heaved the lead; the anchor was cast, and all her sails unfurled. In a few minutes after, a boat was thrown out, and manned, which made for the shore. Imagination pictured to the mind of Laura her lover's return; nor did her fond idea fade away, till she beheld the boat on the beach, and saw the tattered garments of the sun-burnt crew. She concluded that the vessel was manned with those sort of people who frequent this part of the coast to dispose of contraband goods; and, thus disappointed, she turned from the scene, and sought with streaming eyes her father's house. Scarcely, however, had she walked a dozen yards, before she heard several voices behind her, which she supposed to be those of the sailors she had seen; and, at the same time, one of Lorenzo's companions rushed from his ambush, and seized the affrighted Laura. A second followed; and a third approached, which she knew to be Lorenzo.

"Now, Madam," said the scornful lord, "resistance

stance will avail you little; you now are in my power. Say, you will be mine—”

“Your’s!” interrupted the indignant maid—
 “No, never! No force on earth shall make me your’s!—Away, Sir! nor interrupt my passage.”

“If I forego the present opportunity which fortune has given me, then may disappointment haunt me still!—Run, Blundell, to the bottom of the hill, and desire the postillion to drive this way.”

At this moment, the sailors, whom she had before heard, passed with a quick and hurrying pace. To these Laura called for assistance. Her voice operated like electricity on the foremost of the sailors, who were three in number: he instantly checked his steps. Laura proceeded—“For Heaven’s sake, good fellows! protect me from the rude insults of these men; who, against my inclination, are forcing me from my parents!”

The sailor, who had stopped so suddenly, now came forward, his eyes darting fury; and, unsheathing a sword which he held in his hand, approaching Lorenzo, whose weapon was also naked. The companions of his lordship made a precipitate flight, while he was engaged in a fruitless attempt to parry the well directed thrusts of his antagonist; but

but he was soon overtaken by one of the sailors, and brought back to the scene of action.

The sight of the swords, threw Laura into a swoon, and she dropped into the arms of the third sailor. Such was her situation, when Mr. Edward Barclay, alarmed at the long stay of his sister, came to seek her. Lorenzo had fallen beneath the sword of the ragged sailor; who, seeing his conquest firmly established, hastened to the fair object for whom he had fought.

The presence of her brother, at the moment she recovered her senses, tranquillized her mind; and enabled her to relate the manner in which she had been attacked by Lorenzo and his companions.

“O my brave fellow!” said Mr. Barclay, “what do we not owe to thy generous protection! What reward is there, however great, that can equal the service thou hast done us!—But let us not pursue our revenge too far. Release that fellow, and let him attend the guilty lord to his habitation.”

The chaise now approached, and the two officers lifted Lorenzo into it—who, through loss of blood, was unable to speak—and drove slowly towards his lordship’s house.

“How

"How sincerely, my dear sister," said Mr. Barclay, "do I congratulate your miraculous escape from the power of the proud Lorenzo!—My love, the gentle Emily, too, and our fond parents, who at this moment suffer a thousand fears, will share my pleasure.—But what reward will you give your brave deliverer? My purse," continued he, drawing it from his pocket, "is at present very low—" "Think me not, Sir," interrupted the sailor, "so selfish. That which I have done, 'o'erpays itself in doing;" and when I reflect that it is my Laura that I have served——"

"Your Laura!" interrupted Mr. Barclay.—"Yes! Yes!—it is, it is, my Edwin!" said Laura, rushing into his extended arms: "my long lost love!"

"Where, now, is fled the recollection of past wretchedness! The bliss my longing soul now tastes, drives away every lingering trace of sorrow from my mind; and all, now, is pleasure, happiness, and love!"

"But where, where hast thou been? How come here?—You were reported dead!"

"The tale is long, my love! nor does it suit the present joyful moment. But, say, how fares my sister, my dear Emily? Is she well?"

"Let

"Let me," said Mr. Barclay, "who hold an interest in her heart, who prize her happiness beyond all other joys the world can boast; let me report the joyful tidings, that she is well! that she is happy! save when the remembrance of her brother's fancied fate recurs to her memory, and interrupts her joy.—But come, sister—brother—for so I now may call you; let us seek our desponding friends, and calm each anxious fear. The presence of my dear Laura, and of him whose memory they fondly cherish, will banish every sorrow and leave their minds susceptible only of joy.

The impatience with which Mr. and Mrs. Barclay waited the return of their children, and the inquietude Emily suffered from the absence of her friend and lover, were amply compensated in the arrival of the gallant Edwin from the gloom of a foreign prison; where, it seems, he had long been confined, and from which he had just been set at liberty. The report of his death was an error, originating from his having been so desperately wounded as to be obliged to leave the deck.

The return of Edwin was immediately followed by his union with Laura, and that of Mr. Edward Barclay with the gentle Emily; while the proud

L

Lorenzo,

Lorenzo, slowly recovering from his wounds, retreated from the village, a melancholy example of the errors of education! and leaving the young couples in the full enjoyment of every felicity which a mutual and honest love is capable of affording.

ON

SUPERSTITION.

SUPERSTITION is the great despot of our miserable globe. This is the most powerful enemy of that pure and spiritual worship which should be paid to the Supreme Being. Let us detest this unnatural monster, that has ever been stabbing the breast of its mother, from whence it derives its nourishment. 'Tis a serpent that involves religion in its folds, and we should endeavour to crush its head without hurting the victim which it infects and devours.

VERSES

(75)

V E R S E S,

Addressed to a YOUNG LADY

ON HER MARRIAGE.

THE world's esteem be you content to gain,
Its admiration leave the gay and vain:
To flatt'ry now no longer lend your ear,
But speak with caution, and with caution hear:
Regard not fops, though they in raptures swear
You're born for conquest, and divinely fair;
O let the coxcombs see you can despise,
And find a fool, though hid in gay disguise;
Each prating puppy then shall hold his tongue,
Nor even scandal do your honour wrong;—
Your husband's love your first attention claims,
If he approves, no matter then who blames:
And take this truth, though in no flow'ry strain,
That love once lost is ne'er renewed again:
An oath, my dear, you to high Heaven have
made,
Each power stood witness while the words were
said;
Though unpolite, I must the truth convey,
Be not surpriz'd, you promis'd to obey:
Obedience pure, and undisguis'd by art;
That takes its rise from virtue in the heart;

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That

That springs from love to sordid minds unknown,
 And reigns in tempers generous as your own ;
 O may the man, who from the altar led
 Thy blooming beauties to the bridal bed ;
 Who took thee blushing in thy virgin charms,
 And found a Heaven of love within thine arms !
 Sooth'd by thy friendship, ne'er repent the hour,
 He gave his soul a victim to love's power ;
 O be it thine, by each endearing art,
 To gain the soft dominion o'er his heart ;
 Then when the beauties of thy form shall fade,
 By sickness wasted, or by age decay'd ;
 Thy mind shall then the transient charms supply,
 And give those beauties that can never die.

 AN

ANECDOTE.

A PARISH in Lincolnshire was some years ago, the residence of a Sir John Trollop, in which he displayed many acts of liberality ; among others he beautified the church and erected a lofty spire. The inhabitants to testify their gratitude, and to perpetuate the memory of their generous benefactor, caused a statue to be erected in the church, with one hand pointing up to the steeple,

steeple, and the other downward to the spot where his remains were to be interred, and under this figure were engraved the following curious lines;

This is the effigy of Sir John Trollop,
Who caus'd those stones, that spire to roll up;
And when that God does take his soul up;
His body is to fill that hole up.

BODY and SOUL.

TWO inferences. are to be drawn from this consideration. First, that we should stock the soul with such ideas, sentiments, and affections, as have a benign and salutary influence upon the body. Secondly, that we should keep the body, by temperance, exercise, &c. in that state which has a like benign and salutary influence on the soul. The common practice is exactly the reverse. Men indulge passions in the soul, which destroy the health of the body, and introduce distempers into it, which impair the powers of the soul. Man being a compound creature, his happiness is not complete till both parts of the composition partake of it.

SUICIDE.

S U I C I D E.

RICHARD SMITH, a bookbinder, and a prisoner for debt in the King's bench, having murdered his little infant, persuaded his wife to accompany him in making away with himself. This miserable pair was soon found hanging in their bed-chamber, at about a yard distance from each other; and the child found dead in the cradle in a separate apartment. They left a letter, surprising for the propriety and calm resolution in which it was written. They declared the most unremitting industry could not obtain a livelihood; that this step withdrew them from rags and misery, which they found inevitable; that it was more cruel to leave their child behind them, friendless and exposed to wretchedness, than to take it with them; they trusted in Almighty God, and with humble resignation committed themselves to him, who could not delight in the miseries of his creatures.

PATRIOTISM,

PATRIOTISM.

GENUINE patriotism, like genuine religion, is so seldom possessed by those who wish to be thought it's friends, that it behoves us with the strictest scrutiny to inspect the characters of such as call themselves the advocates of freedom. Many assume the mask of liberty, that under the disguise of patriots they may, with more facility, execute those projects of ambition and self-interest which are the main spring of all their actions. History affords abundant examples of this nature; while we see but here and there a true patriot, a friend of mankind. It is not he who mouths it for the public weal, and makes the greatest cry for liberty, that is always its friend. The patriot says little, thinks much. He views with contempt the petty opposition of factious men, whose only aim is self—nor speaks, till he hears his country's call; then, no one can be more ready to assist in its service. Forgetting every little consideration of ease and health, he feels an irresistible *amor patriæ* invigorate his soul, and nerve him against the arm of oppression. His wife and children though dearer than life, are nothing when his country demands the sacrifice. His existence he holds for its service and yields it in her defence. Nor is the patriot's love confined to his own country; he even desires

desires the freedom and happiness of universal man. His heart pants to see the glorious time, when nations shall forget those animosities which have deluged the world with blood, and stained the annals of humanity; when, convinced that virtue is not bounded by soil, or friendship by colour, but that great and virtuous characters exist in every climate, men shall live, not as savages, to prey on each other, but as children of the same All-beneficent Being, who created them to live in harmony and love. How different from this, is the man who, with liberty on his tongue, uses it only to allure the multitude; while his aim is place and pension. To such are we indebted for all our national misfortunes. When they have obtained their end, we often find those who made the most noise for liberty, pursue measures inimical to the public good. We should praise rather than blame the people for suspecting those who would be thought champions for their rights and liberties; since experience evinces, that the character of a true patriot is not always found in the man who professes to be one. A true patriot must be a virtuous man.

DISTRESS

DISTRESS ENCOURAGED BY HOPE;

THE HISTORY OF MELISSA.

I RECEIVED, a few weeks ago, an account of the death of a lady whose name is known to many, but the "eventful history" of whose life has been communicated to few: to me it has been often related during a long and intimate acquaintance; and as there is not a single person living, upon whom the making it public can reflect unmerited dishonour, or whose delicacy or virtue can suffer by the relation, I think I owe to mankind a series of events from which the wretched may derive comfort, and the most forlorn may be encouraged to hope; as misery is alleviated by the contemplation of yet deeper distress, and the mind fortified against despair by instances of unexpected relief.

The father of Melissa was the younger son of a country gentleman who possessed an estate of about five hundred a year; but as this was to be the inheritance of the elder brother, and as there were three sisters to be provided for, he was at about sixteen taken from Eton school, and apprenticed to a considerable merchant at Bristol. The young gentleman, whose imagination had been fired by the exploits of heroes, the victories gained by

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magnanimous

magnanimous presumption, and the wonders discovered by daring curiosity, was not disposed to consider the acquisition of wealth as the limit of his ambition, or the repute of honest industry as the total of his fame. He regarded his situation as servile and ignominious, as the degradation of his genius and the preclusion of his hopes; and longing to go in search of adventures, he neglected his business as unworthy of his attention, heard the remonstrances of his master with a kind of sullen disdain, and after two years legal slavery, made his escape, and at the next town enlisted himself a soldier; not doubting but that, by his military merit, and the fortune of war, he should return a general officer, to the confusion of those who would have buried him in the obscurity of a counting-house. He found means effectually to elude the inquiries of his friends, as it was of the utmost importance to prevent their officious endeavours to ruin his project, and obstruct his advancement.

He was sent with other recruits to London, and soon afterwards quartered with the rest of his company in a part of the country, which was so remote from all with whom he had any connection, that he no longer dreaded a discovery.

It happened that he went one day to the house of a neighbouring gentleman with his comrade, who was become acquainted with the chambermaid, and by her interest admitted into the kitchen. This gentleman, whose age was something more than sixty, had been about two years married to a second wife, a young woman who had been well educated and lived in the polite world, but had no fortune. By his first wife, who had been dead about ten years, he had several children; the youngest was a daughter who had just entered her seventeenth year; she was very tall for her age, had a fine complexion, good features, and was well shaped; but her father, whose affection for her was mere instinct, as much as that of a brute for its young, utterly neglected her education. It was impossible for him he said, to live without her; and as he could not afford to have her attended by a governess and proper masters in a place so remote from London, she was suffered to continue illiterate and unpolished; she knew no entertainment higher than a game of romps with the servants; she became their confident, and trusted them in return, nor did she think herself happy any where but in the kitchen.

As the capricious fondness of her father had never conciliated her affection, she perceived it

abate upon his marriage without regret. She suffered no new restraint from her new mother, who observed it with a secret satisfaction that Miss had been used to hide herself from visitors, as neither knowing how to behave or being fit to be seen, and chose rather to conceal her defects, by excluding her from company, than to supply them by putting her to a boarding-school.

Miss, who had been told by Betty that she expected her sweet heart, and that they were to be merry, stole down stairs, and, without scruple, made one in a party at blind man's buff. The soldier of fortune was struck with her person, and discovered, or thought he discovered in the simplicity of nature, some graces which are polished by the labour of art. However, nothing that had the appearance of an adventure could be indifferent to him; and his vanity was flattered by the hope of carrying off a young lady under the disguise of a common soldier, without revealing his birth, or boasting of his expectations.

In this attempt he became very assiduous, and succeeded. The company being ordered to another place, Betty and her young mistress departed early in the morning with their gallants; and there being a privileged chapel in the next town they were married.

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The old gentleman as soon as he was informed that his daughter was missing, made so diligent and scrupulous an enquiry after her, that he learned with whom and which way she was gone; he mounted his horse, and pursued her, not without curses and imprecations; discovering rather the transports of rage, than the emotions of tenderness, and resenting the offence rather as the rebellion of a slave, than the disobedience of a child. He did not, however, overtake them till the marriage had been consummated, of which when he was informed by the husband, he turned from him with expressions of brutality and indignation; swearing never to forgive a fault which he had taken no care to prevent.

The young couple, notwithstanding their union frequently doubled their distress, still continued fond of each other. The spirit of enterprize and the hope of presumption were not yet quelled in the young soldier; and he received orders to attend King William, when he went to the siege of Namur, with exultation and transport, believing his elevation to independance and distinction as certain as if he had been going to take possession of a title and estate. His wife who had been some months pregnant, as she had no means of subsistence in his absence, procured a passage with him.

When

When she came on shore and mingled with the crowd that followed the camp, wretches who without compunction wade in human blood to strip the dying and the dead, to whom horror becomes familiar and compassion impossible, she was terrified: the discourse of the women, rude and unpolished as she was, covered her with confusion, and the brutal familiarity of the men filled her with indignation and disgust: her maid Betty, who had also attended her husband, was the only person with whom she could converse, and from whom she could hope the assistance of which she was so soon to stand in need.

In the mean time she found it difficult to subsist; but accidentally hearing the name of an officer, whom she remembered to have visited her mother soon after her marriage, she applied to him, told him her name, and requested that he would afford her his protection, and permit her to take care of his linen. With this request the captain complied; her circumstances became less distressed, and her mind more easy; but new calamity suddenly overtook her; she saw her husband march to an engagement in the morning, and saw him brought back desperately wounded at night. The next day he was removed in a waggon with many others who were in the same condition, to a
place

place of great safety, at the distance of about three leagues, where proper care might be taken of their wounds. She intreated the captain to let her go in the waggon with him; but to this he could not consent, because the waggon would be filled with those who neither were able to walk, nor could be left behind. He promised, however, that if she would stay till the next day, he would endeavour to procure her a passage; but she chose rather to follow the waggon on foot, than to be absent from her husband. She could not, however, keep pace with it, and she reached the hospital but just time to kneel down by him upon some clean straw, to see him sink under the last agony, and hear the groan that is repeated no more. The fatigue of the journey, and the perturbation of her mind, immediately threw her into labour, and she lived but to be delivered of Melissa, who was thus in the most helpless state left without father, mother or friend, in a foreign country, in circumstances which could afford no hope of reward to the tenderness that should attempt the preservation of her life, and among persons who were become obdurate and insensible, by having been long used to see every species of distress.

It happened that, among those whom accident or distress had brought together at the birth of
Melissa,

Melissa, there was a young woman whose husband had fallen in the late engagement, and who a few days before had lost a little boy that she suckled. This person, rather perhaps to relieve herself from an inconveniency, than in compassion to the orphan, put it to her breast; but whatever was her motive, she believed that the affording sustenance to the living, conferred a right to the apparel of the dead, of which she therefore took possession; but in searching her pocket she found only a thimble, the remains of a pocket looking glass, about the value of a penny Dutch money, and the certificate of her marriage. The paper, which she could not read, she gave afterwards to the captain, who was touched with pity at the relation which an inquiry after his laundress produced. He commanded the woman who had preserved the infant, to be call'ed and put her into the place of it's mother. This encouraged her to continue her care of it till the captain returned to England, with whom she also returned, and became his servant.

This gentleman, as soon, as he had settled his immediate concerns, sent Melissa under the care of her nurse to her grandfather; and inclosed the certificate of her mother's marriage in a letter containing an account of her death, and the means by which the infant had been preserved. He knew
that

that those who had been once dear to us, by whatever offence they may have alienated our affections, when living, are generally remembered with tenderness when dead; and that after the grave has sheltered them from our resentment, and rendered reconciliation impossible, we often regret as severe that conduct which before we approved as just; he, therefore, hoped that the parental fondness which an old man had once felt for his daughter, would revive at the sight of her offspring; that the memory of her fault would be lost in the sense of her misfortunes; and that he would endeavour to atone for that inexorable resentment which produced them, by cherishing a life to which she had, as it were, transferred her own. But in these expectations, however reasonable, he was mistaken. The old man, when he was informed by the messenger that the child was his grand-daughter, whom she was come to put under his protection, refused to examine the contents of the letter, and dismissed her with menaces and insults. The knowledge of every uncommon event soon becomes general in a country town. An uncle of Melissa's, who had been rejected by his father for having married his maid, heard this fresh instance of his brutality with grief and indignation; he sent immediately for the child and the letter, and assured the servant that his niece should want nothing which he could

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bestow;

bestow: to bestow much, indeed was not in his power, for his father having obstinately 'persisted in his resentment, his whole support was a little farm which he rented of the 'squire; but as he was a good œconomist and had no children of his own, he lived decently; nor did he throw away content, because his father had denied him affluence.

Melissa, who was compassionate for her mother's misfortune, of which her uncle had been particularly informed by her maid Betty, who had returned a widow to her friends in the country, was not less beloved for her own good qualities; she was taught to read and write, and work at her needle, as soon as she was able to learn; and she was taken notice of by all the gentry as the prettiest girl in the place; but her aunt died when she was about eleven years old, and before she was thirteen she lost her uncle.

She was now again thrown back upon the world, still helpless, though her wants were increased; wretched in proportion as she had known happiness, she looked back with anguish, and forward with distraction; a fit of crying had just afforded her momentary relief, when the 'squire, who had been informed of the death of his tenant, sent for her to his house. This gentleman had heard the
story

story from her uncle, and was unwilling that a life which had been preserved almost by miracle, should at last be abandoned to misery; he therefore determined to receive her into his family, not as a servant, but as a companion to his daughter, a young lady finely accomplished, and now about fifteen. The old gentleman was touched with her distress, and Miss received her with great tenderness and complacency; she wiped away her tears, and of the intolerable anguish of her mind, nothing remained but a tender remembrance of her uncle, whom she loved and revered as a parent. She had now courage to examine the contents of a little box which he had put into her hand just before he expired; she found in it only the certificate of her mother's marriage, enclosed in the captain's letter, and an account of the events that have been before related, which her uncle had put down as they came to his knowledge: the train of mournful ideas that now rushed upon her mind, raised emotions which, if they could not be suppressed by reason, were soon destroyed by their own violence. In this family, which in a few weeks after returned to London, Melissa soon became a favourite: the good 'squire seemed to consider her as his child, and Miss as her sister; she was taught dancing and music, introduced to the best company, elegantly dressed, and allowed such

sums as were necessary for trivial expences. Youth seldom suffers the dread of to-morrow to intrude upon the enjoyments of to-day, but rather regards present felicity as the pledge of future: Melissa was probably as happy as if she had been in the actual possession of a fortune, that, to the ease and splendor which she enjoyed already, which would have added stability and independence.

She was now in her eighteenth year, and the only son of her benefactor was just come from the university to spend the winter with his father in town. He was charmed with her person, behaviour, and discourse; and what he could not but admire, he took every opportunity to commend. She soon perceived that he shewed particular respect to her, when he thought they would not be perceived by others; and that he endeavoured to recommend himself by an officious assiduity, and a diligent attention to the most minute circumstances that might contribute to her pleasure. But this behaviour of the young gentleman, however it might gratify her vanity, could not fail to alarm her fear; she foresaw, that if what she had remarked in his conduct should be perceived by his father and sister, the peace of the family would be destroyed: and that she must either be shipwrecked in the storm, or thrown over to appease it.

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She therefore affected not to perceive, that more than a general complaisance was intended by her lover, and hoped that he would thus be discouraged from making an explicit declaration: but though he was mortified at her disregard of that which he knew she could not but see, yet he determined to address her in such terms as should not leave this provoking neutrality in her power: though he revered her virtue, yet he feared too much the anger of his father to think of making her his wife: and he was too deeply enamoured of her beauty, to relinquish his hopes of possessing her as a mistress. An opportunity for the executing of his purpose was not long wanting: she received his general professions of love with levity and merriment; but when she perceived that his view was to seduce her to prostitution, she burst into tears, and fell back in an agony unable to speak. He was immediately touched with grief and remorse; his tenderness was alarmed at her distress, and his esteem increased by her virtue; he caught her in his arms, and as an atonement for the insult she had received, he offered her marriage: but as her chastity would not suffer her to become his mistress, neither would her gratitude permit her to become his wife; and as soon as she was sufficiently recollected, she intreated him never more to urge her to violate the obligation she

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was under either to herself or to her benefactor: "Would not," said she, "the presence of a wretch whom you had seduced from innocence and peace to remorse and guilt, perpetually upbraid you; and would you not fear to be betrayed by a wife, whose fidelity no kindness can secure; who had broken all the bands that restrain the generous and the good; and who by an act of the most flagitious ingratitude had at once reached the pinnacle of guilt, to which others ascend by imperceptible gradations."—These objections, though they could neither be obviated nor evaded, had yet no tendency to subdue desire; he loved with greater delicacy, but with more ardour; and as he could not always forbear expostulations, neither could she always silence them in such a manner as might more effectually prevent their being repeated. Such was one morning the situation of the two lovers; he had taken her hand into his, and was speaking with great eagerness; while she regarded him with a kind of timorous complacency, and listened to him with attention which her heart condemned; his father in this tender moment, in which their powers of perception were mutually engrossed by each other, came near enough to hear that his heir had made proposals of marriage, and retired without their knowledge.

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As he did not dream that such a proposal could possibly be rejected by a girl in Melissa's situation, imagining that every woman believed her virtue to be inviolate, if her person was not prostituted, he took his measures accordingly. It was near the time in which his family had been used to remove into the country : he therefore, gave orders, that every thing should be immediately prepared for the journey, and that the coach should be ready at six the next morning, a man and horse being dispatched in the mean time to give notice of their arrival. The young folks were a little surprized at this sudden removal ; but though the 'squire was a good-natured man, yet as he governed his family with high authority, and as they perceived something had offended him, they did not enquire the reason, nor did they suspect it.

Melissa packed up her things as usual : and in the morning the young gentleman and his sister having by their father's orders got into the coach, he called Melissa into the parlour ; where in a few words, with great acrimony, he reproached her with having formed a design to marry his son without his consent, an act of ingratitude, which he said justified him in upbraiding her with the favours which he had already conferred upon her, and in a resolution he had taken that a bank bill
of

of fifty pounds, which he then put into her hand, should be the last, adding, that he expected she should within one week leave the house. To this heavy charge she was not in a condition to reply, nor did he stay to see whether she would attempt it, but hastily got into the coach, which immediately drove from the door.

Thus was Melissa a third time, by a sudden and unexpected desertion, exposed to penury and distress, with this aggravation, that ease and influence were become habitual; and that though she was not so helpless as at the death of her uncle, she was exposed to yet greater danger; for few that have been used to slumber up and down, and wake to festivity, can resist the allurements of vice, who still offers ease and plenty, when the alternative are a flock bed, and a garret, short meals, coarse apparel, and perpetual labour. Melissa, as soon as she had recovered from the stupor which had seized her upon so astonishing and dreadful a change of fortune, determined not to accept the bounty of a person who imagined her to be unworthy of it; nor to attempt her justification, while it would render her veracity suspected, and appear to proceed only from the hope of being restored to a state of splendid dependance, from which jealousy or caprice might again at any time

time remove her, without notice: she had not; indeed, any hope of being everable to defend herself against her accuser upon equal terms; nor did she know how to subsist a single day, when she had returned his bill and quitted his house; yet such was the dignity of her spirit, that she immediately inclosed it in a blank cover, directed to him at his country house, and calling up the maid who had been left to take care of the house, sent her immediately with it to the Post-Office. The tears then burst out, which the agitation of her mind had before restrained; and when the servant returned, she told her all that had happened, and asked her advice, what she should do. The girl, after the first emotions of wonder and pity had subsided, told her that she had a sister who lodged in a reputable house, and took in plain work, to whom she would be welcome, as she could assist in her business, of which she had often more than she could do; and with whom she might continue till some more eligible situation could be obtained. Melissa listened to this proposal as to the voice of Heaven; her mind was suddenly, released from the most tormenting perplexity, from the dread of wandering about without money or employment, exposed to the menaces of a beadle, or the insults of the rabble; she was in haste to secure her good fortune, and felt some

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degree of pain left she should lose it by the earlier application of another; she therefore went immediately with the maid to her sister, with whom it was soon agreed that Meliffa should work for her board and lodging; for she would not accept as a gift, that which she could by any means deserve as a payment.

While Meliffa was a journeywoman to a person, who but a few weeks before would have regarded her with envy, and approached her with confusion; it happened that a suit of linen was brought from the milliners, wrapped up in a newspaper; the linen was put into the work-basket, and the paper being thrown carelessly about, Meliffa at last caught it up, and was about to read it; but perceiving it had been published a fortnight, was just a going to put it in the fire, when by an accidental glance she saw her father's name: this immediately engaged her attention, and with great perturbation of mind she read an advertisement, in which her father, said to have left his friends about eighteen years before, and to have entered either into the army or navy, was directed to apply to a person in Staples Inn, who could inform him of something greatly to his advantage. To this person Meliffa applied with all the ardour of curiosity, and all the tumult of expectation; she

was

was informed that the elder brother of the person mentioned in the advertisement was lately dead, unmarried; that he was possessed of fifteen hundred a year, five hundred of which had descended to him from his father, and one thousand had been left him by an uncle, which upon his death, there being no male heir, had been claimed by his sisters; but that a mistress who had lived with him many years, and who had been treated by the supposed heiresses with too much severity and contempt, had in the bitterness of her resentment published the advertisement, having heard in the family that there was a younger brother abroad.

The conflict of different passions excited with uncommon violence in the breast of Melissa, deprived her for a time of the power of reflection, and when she became more calm, she knew not by what method to attempt the recovery of her right; her mind was bewildered amidst a thousand possibilities, and distressed by the apprehension that all might prove ineffectual.

After much thought and many projects, she recollected that the captain, whose servant brought her to England, could probably afford her more assistance than any other person; as he had often been pointed out to her in public places by the

'quire, to whom her story was well known, she was acquainted with his person, and knew that within a few months he was alive: she soon obtained directions to his house, and being readily admitted to a conference, she told him with as much presence of mind as she could, that she was the person whom his compassion had contributed to preserve when an infant; in confirmation of which she produced his letter, and the certificate inclosed in it; that by the death of a father's elder brother, whose family she had never known, she was become entitled to a very considerable estate; but that she knew not what evidence would be necessary to support her claim, how such evidence was to be produced, nor with whom to entrust the management of an affair in which wealth and influence would be employed against her. The old captain received her with that easy politeness which is almost peculiar to his profession, and with a warmth of benevolence that is seldom found in any; he congratulated her upon so happy and unexpected event; and without the parade of ostentatious liberality, without extorting an explicit confession of her indigence, he gave her a letter to his lawyer, in whom he said she might with the utmost security confide, and with whom she would have nothing more to do than to tell her story: "And do not," said he, "doubt of success,

cess, for I will be ready to testify what I know of the affair, whenever I shall be called on; and the woman who was present at your birth, and brought you over, still lives with me, and on occasion may do you signal service."

Melissa departed, melted with gratitude and elated with hope. The gentleman, to whom the captain's letter was a recommendation, prosecuted her claim with so much skill and assiduity, that within a few months she was put in possession of her estate. Her first care was to wait upon the captain, to whom she now owed not only life but a fortune: he received her acknowledgments with a pleasure, which only those who merit it can enjoy; and insisted that she should draw upon him for such sums as she should want before her rents became due. She then took very handsome ready furnished lodgings, and determined immediately to justify her conduct to the 'squire, whose kindness she still remembered, and whose resentment she had forgiven. With this view she set out in a chariot and six, attended by two servants in livery on horseback, and proceeded to his country-seat, from whence the family was not returned: she had lain at an inn within six miles of the place, and when the chariot drove up to the door, as it was early in the morning, she could
perceive

perceive the servants run to and fro in a hurry, and the young lady & her brother gazing through the window to see if they knew the livery : she remarked every circumstance which denoted her own importance with exultation ; and enjoyed the solicitude which her presence produced among those, from whose society she had so lately been driven with disdain and indignation.

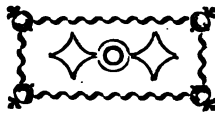
She now encreased their wonder, by sending in a servant to acquaint the old gentleman, that a lady desired to speak with him about urgent business, which would not however long detain him : he courteously invited the lady to honour him with her commands, hastened into his best parlour, adjusted his wig, and put himself in the best order to receive her : she alighted, and displayed a very rich undress, which corresponded with the elegance of her chariot, and the modish appearance of her servants. She contrived to hide her face as she went up the walk, that she might not be known too soon ; and was immediately introduced to her old friend, to whom she soon discovered herself to his great astonishment, and before he had recovered his presence of mind, she addressed him to this effect, “ You see, sir, an orphan who is under the greatest obligations to your bounty, but who has been equally injured by your suspicions.

cions. When I was a dependant upon your liberality, I would not assert my innocence, because I could not bear to be suspected of falshood: but I assert it now, being the possessor of a paternal estate, because I cannot bear to be suspected of ingratitude: that your son pressed me to marry him, is true; but it is also true that I refused him, because I would not disappoint your hopes and impoverish your posterity." The old gentleman's confusion was encreased by the wonders that crowded upon him: he first made some attempts to apologize for his suspicions with awkwardness and hesitation; then doubting the truth of appearance, he broke off abruptly and remained silent; then approaching, he began to congratulate her upon her good fortune, and again desisted before he had finished the compliment.

Melissa perceived his perplexity, and guessed the cause; she was, therefore, about to account more particularly for the sudden change of her circumstances, but Miss, whose maid had brought her intelligence from the servants, that the lady's name who was with her papa was Melissa, and that she was lately come to a great estate by the death of an uncle, could no longer restrain the impatience of her affection and joy; she rushed into the room and fell upon her neck, with a transport that

can only be felt by friendship, and expressed by tears. When this tender silence was over, the scruples of doubt were soon obviated; the reconciliation was reciprocal and sincere; the father led out his guest, and presented her to his son with an apology for his conduct to them both.

Melissa had bespoke a dinner and beds at the inn, but she was not suffered to return. Within a few weeks she became the daughter of her friend, who gave her hand to his son, with whom she shared many years that happiness which is the reward of virtue. They had several children, but none survived them; and Melissa, upon the death of her husband, which happened about seven years ago, retired wholly from town to her estate in the country, where she lived beloved, and died in peace.



MEMENTO

MEMENTO TO TRAVELLERS.

IT was an observation of Bishop Corbet, that
All Travellers this heavy Judgment hear !
An handsome hostess makes a Reckoning dear ;
Each Word, each Look, your Purses must re-
quite 'em,
And every Welcome adds another ITEM.

In confirmation of this remark of the good bishop's, I send you an account of what happened to me on one of the excursions into the country, which I generally take at this season of the year.

Having taken a pretty extensive turn in the morning, and my horse and myself being both of a mind with respect to baiting, I suffered him to turn in with me to the first Inn I came to, which happened to be the Castle, where I was met at the door by a young lady, whom, by her dress, I should have conceived to be some guest of fashion, if she had not, upon my alighting, most politely made me an apology, that all her rooms were taken up, and desired me to walk into the little parlour behind the bar. This civility of her's, together with a look that would have unloosed the purse-strings of any old city churl, at once removed all my prudent economical resolutions of

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eating

eating just a snap of cold meat, and away : of my own accord, I most generously ordered a chicken to be put down ; but my landlady dropping an hint that she herself had not dined, I could not resist the temptation of desiring the pleasure of her company to eat with me, which she readily accepted ; and, on her observing that the chickens were very small and nice, and to be sure I must be hungry after my ride, I consented to have a couple of them done.

She then asked me in a most bewitching manner, if I chose to drink any thing ; but, though I declared that I never touched a drop of any liquor before meals, yet she enticed me to toss up a glass of cherry to get me an appetite, which, before she had concluded I could not want, and she had even the complaisance to pledge me.

When dinner was served up, I was surprised to see a dish of eels brought in ; and, on my saying, that I fancied the cook had made a mistake, she most civilly begged ten thousand pardons, and said she thought I had ordered them ; but added, that indeed she did not doubt but I should like them, and for her own part, she was excessively fond of them.

As that was the case, I could by no means consent

sent to their being taken away ; and, after we had done with the fish and chicken, a dish of tarts, spontaneously made its appearance, without waiting for the word of command.

My kind landlady made me taste this, and insisted upon helping me to another, which she assured me was most excellent, till she had either forced upon me, or taken to herself a bit out of each sort.

I should have told you, that, during dinner, besides the usual concomitants of a tankard of each, I was prevailed on to hob and nob with her in a variety of old beer, cyder, rhenish, mountain, Lisbon, &c. and, to crown all, my landlady would even rise from table herself to make me a cup, at which she declared she had a most excellent hand.

When the cloth was removed, I could not but ask her, what she chose to drink ; to which she modestly answered, whatever I liked, at the same time hinting to me, that nobody had better French wines than she had.

However, I thought proper to disregard all her hints of that kind, and ordered a simple bottle of port.

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When this was brought, I asked if I should help her; she told me she never touched that sort of wine; so that I could not but call for a pint of Lisbon which she liked better.

She would fain, indeed, have prevailed on me afterwards to suffer her to produce a bottle of claret, of which, she said, she could drink a glass or two herself; but, finding me inflexible on that head, she compounded the matter with me, on bringing me over to consent to our having a flask of Florence, the best that ever was tasted. I need not tell you, gentlemen, the agreeable chat, or the pleasing familiarities, that passed between us, till it was time for me to mount my horse; but I could not even then get away, without doing her the pleasure first to drink a dish of tea with her, to which a pot of coffee was also added, though I did not touch a drop. In short gentlemen, her behaviour was so engaging, her looks so inviting and her artifices so inveighing, that I quite forgot how dear I was to pay for my entertainment, till the dreadful reckoning was called for, which convinced me of the justness of Bishop Corbet's remarks before quoted. Indeed as I had ordered a superfluity of victuals that I could not eat, and of liquors that I could not drink, and all for the sake of my hostess's sweet company, I think

think that the bill, instead of the usual articles of bread and beer,—chickens—and wine, &c. might have been made out thus :

	£.	s.	d.
For a low courtesy,	0	1	0
Item, a smile,	0	1	6
Item, an ogle,	0	2	6
Item, a squeeze by the hand,	0	4	0
Item, a tap of the cheek,	0	5	6
Item, a kiss,	0	10	6
Kindly welcome, Sir, to Betty or the waiter,	0	1	9
Horfe,	0	1	0
Sum total,	£.	1	7 0

Just a moidore ! a tolerable sum for an occasional baiting on the road !

For my part, I am determined, for the future, never to set my foot in an Inn, where the landlady is not as old and as ugly as mother Shipton.

ON

ON MUSIC.

HAIL power divine! whose persuasive charms
 Awake the soul to harmony and love;
 Whilst on the wings of agile thought it soars
 To its Almighty Source, who sits enthron'd
 Immensely distant from this mortal bourn,
 Tho' felt by all, acknowledg'd, and ador'd,
 Whence pleasure, free from base infection, flows,
 To feed with hope the immortal part of man,
 And ease the obtruding woes of ling'ring age!
 Music has charms to sooth the brow of care,
 Absorb the cause, and dissipate the gloom:
 Festive mirth resumes her wonted seat,
 Revels at large and smiles without controul;
 It turns the savage breast from direful deeds
 To those more pure, as swell the mystick notes,
 And lull to sleep those impious passions
 Which so demoniac prove against mankind!
 If thus the jarring sounds below can do,
 What then must heavenly cadence prove?
 Where Seraphims, in shining order rang'd,
 Ten thousand trumpets, high exalted, blow,
 Joined by the musick of the cherub band,
 Who mingle voice with their melodious harps,
 Making the grand empyreal dome resound
 With peerless symphony of harmonious sound,
While

While Angels low in adoration bend,
 To offer up their pure and hallow'd song
 Before the throne of their tremendous God!
 Origin of bliss, and power infinite!
 Oh! plenitude divine; exub'rant state!
 May we prepare, with one accordant voice,
 The solemn pomp and faintly host to meet,
 To live in boundless and immortal joy,
 When worlds dissolve, and time shall be no more!

T H E

FOLLOWING REMARKABLE ANECDOTE,

Of the Celebrated Voltaire,

As Related by One who was intimately acquainted
 with Him.

EVERY one who visited Fernéy during the life-time of that great genius, knows that he had a curious hanging writing-desk within the curtains of his bed, with two candles constantly burning, and all the apparatus for writing, and containing such papers as he had occasion to refer to. This desk was constructed in such a manner, that he could let it up and down as he pleased, so that when he did not want to use it, by drawing it up, no light appeared upon his pillow to interrupt his repose.

repose. One night, by some accident, as it is supposed, one of the candles fell out of its socket, and set fire to the papers upon the desk; the curtains were presently in a blaze, and Voltaire narrowly escaped with his life. He was, as naturally may be supposed greatly terrified; but the shock of this conflagration was nothing, compared to the anxiety he felt, when he found some of his most valuable manuscripts were destroyed. It is said that amongst others there was an Epic poem, which he had been polishing for some years, and which he had nearly finished.

Whether his death might not be hastened by this accident I will not pretend to determine: but he took this loss so greatly to heart, that it was the last thing he mentioned to me upon taking leave—
 “ Ah! Mon chér Monsieur, (said he with a deep sigh, and tears standing in his eyes) quelle perte! quelle perte!—jamais a retablir!”



ANECDOTE

OF

COLLEY CIBBER.

CIBBER being at court (when poet Laureat) a few days before the birth day, Colonel B— (who had a pension upon the Irish establishment) sarcastically asked Colley what his ode would turn upon, as the year had been very barren of subjects for poetical flights? “Why, Colonel,” replied Cibber, “I have a number of court locusts in my eye, who are always very plentiful, and I hope in such a dearth of other objects, to give them a flight even beyond Parnassus.”

SINCERITY.

IN spite of all the eulogiums on sincerity, it is very certain that a strict adherence to it upon all occasions would be attended with consequences extremely disagreeable.

What feuds and animosities would be kindled in private families if the individuals of which they are composed were to speak, without the least re-

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straint,

straint, what they think of each other; were they, in one word, to be sincere. By sincerity the people of all public societies would be considerably disturbed, and even the harmony of the drawing-room itself converted into discord. Let the moralists and divines rail at dissimulation as long as they please, we should be brutes without it, and run the risk of having our bones broken whenever we opened our lips. Can sincerity contribute to the happiness of human life? by no means. The weakness of human nature give daily and forcible proofs of its inefficacy; in compliance with those weaknesses men, if they would live with tolerable comfort in the world, must keep their real characters concealed behind the curtain of dissimulation. There are, it must be confessed, particular conjunctures, in which we may presume to disclose our thoughts without throwing the person we speak to into a passion, but it surely requires the greatest delicacy and address to articulate a home truth without giving offence or receiving an affront.

Remarkable Anecdote

CONCERNING LORD WILLIAM HOWARD,

Commonly known by the name of Bald Willy,
In the Reign of Queen Elizabeth,

IT is said that Lord William was very studious, and wrote much; that once, when he was thus employed, a servant came to tell him a prisoner was just brought in, and desired to know what should be done with him. Lord William, vexed at being disturbed, answered peevishly, "Hang him." When he had finished his study he called & ordered the man to be brought before him for examination, but found that his commands had been too literally obeyed.—He was a very severe but useful man at this time. His dungeon (at Naworth castle, Cumberland) instills horror: it consists of four dark apartments, three below, and one above, up along stair-case, all well secured: in the uppermost is one ring, to which criminals were chained; and the marks of several others appear, which were, doubtless, employed in the same manner.

*An Honest Man's the noblest Work
of God.*

LET it be your fervent prayer, that the Gods may grant you an *honest mind*, and a *sound body*, was the sanguine admonition of a celebrated Pagan Philosopher, to an illustrious pupil in the days of old. And what better word of advice could flow from the mouth of an orthodox christian, though a dignified clergyman, or, indeed, one of our most learned and Right Reverend Fathers in God. It was the distinguished character of Job in the old testament, that *he was an upright man, and eschewed evil*. And in the new testament, the great Author of our religion himself has honoured Nathaniel with the glorious character of *one in whose mouth there is no guile, and whose conscience was void of offence towards God and towards man*. And to these give me leave to add Mr. Pope's laconic character of a virtuous person in the following distich, which deserves to be engraved in characters of gold, v. z.

*A Wit's a feather, and a Chief's a rod:
An Honest Man's the noblest work of God.*

Man is composed of mind as well as body; and, doubtless, the former deserves at least as much regard

gard and cultivation as the latter. Did a man but believe, or imagine (what however is indisputably true) that his inclinations and understanding are as visible to all who are acquainted with him as his person is, he would take as much care to adorn his mind as he would his body. A gentleman would then be as much ashamed to give opprobrious language, as to appear in dirty linen; he would be as nice and accurate in the adjustment of his words, as of his wig; he would take the same pains at least, if not greater, to corrupt or conceal a weakness in his soul, as to amend or hide a deformity in his body; but so far are the generality of mankind from thinking after this manner, that it is reputed a more essential part of good breeding to know how to enter a room with an air, and to go out of it with a grace, than to be qualified to speak pertinently, and bear a rational share in the conversation of those whom he makes choice of for his familiar companions.

How is it possible to bear the insolence of Sir John Spruce, who, because he has money in his pocket and a fine laced coat upon his back, idly imagines himself, for those paltry motives, the universal object of esteem and admiration, says and does things every quarter of an hour, for which all the company (himself only excepted) are put to the
blush,

blush, and perfectly ashamed. Can a man with patience see the airs he gives himself in speaking French, when every one knows he cannot utter ten words of common sense in his mother-tongue? Would not an Englishman be justly provoked to hear the same person cry up the softness, the elegance, the copiousness of that tittle-tattle language, and find fault with the roughness and barrenness of his own; when at the same time, he cannot without the aid and assistance of a spelling book write one true line in either? I wish likewise for my quiet I did not, so often as I do, meet with men who can talk for hours together on the good qualities of a favourite monkey, a hound, or a gelding; and yet ask them the most obvious question relative to their own actions, or the actions of any of their species, and they can make you no reply.

How much more satisfactory must it be to a man of a sound mind, and a healthy constitution who knows the value of time, and how to improve it, to live retired from the world, and perfectly free from all such noise and nonsense! A wise man (if we may credit Seneca) is never less alone than when alone; and the peasant, if a man of sense, and knows the value and charms of a solitary life, is a happier man than the richest monarch ever set upon a throne: health and peace of mind make
his

his little rural cot, tho' contemptible in the eye of the generality of mankind, not only a comfortable situation but in reality a perfect paradise.

NEGLECT OF RELIGION.

WHERE religion is neglected there can be no regular or steady practice of the duties of morality. The character will be often inconsistent; and virtue, placed on a basis too narrow to support it, will be always loose and tottering. For such is the propensity of our nature to vice, so numerous are the temptations to a relaxed and immoral conduct, that stronger restraints than those of mere reason, are necessary to be imposed on man.

The sense of right and wrong, the principle of honour, or the instinct of benevolence, are barriers too feeble to withstand the strength of passion. For the heart wounded by sore distress, or agitated by violent emotions, soon discovers, that virtue without religion is inadequate to the government of life. It is destitute of its proper guard—of its firmest support—of its chief encouragements. It will sink under the weight of misfortune, or will yield to the solicitations of guilt.

Humanity

Humanity seconded by piety, renders the spring from whence it flows of course more regular and constant. In short, withdraw religion, and you shake all the pillars of morality. In every heart you weaken the influence of virtue : and among the multitude, the bulk of mankind, you overthrow its power.

SOLITUDE.

O ! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
 Lost to the noble sallies of the soul !
 Who think it solitude to be alone.

From the general conduct mankind pursue, we should hardly believe that solitude is to a good and well-cultivated mind one of it's chief delights. Each member of the busy crowd seems eager to exclude thought, and dreads nothing more than retirement. If, after the business of the day, some leisure time is left for the noble contemplations of the mind, how is it often employed ? With grief have I beheld persons of improved understandings, instead of devoting such time to purposes worthy of immortal beings, sit down for hours at an insipid card-table !

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The man of pleasure—falsely so called—is equally concerned to guard against the intrusion of that unwelcome guest, reflection. The word solitude, conveys to his imagination the most dreadful ideas. He is firmly persuaded, that it must deprive him of all the enjoyments of life, and will transform him to a mere misanthrope. Fatal delusion! solitude will teach him that true felicity he is vainly endeavouring to obtain. When once sensible of those pleasures which are derived from Solitude, he will despise that vortex of dissipation wherein he wasted the prime of life, and wonder how a reasonable being could so long be blind to his true happiness.

I pity the man, who is a stranger to solitude and selfcontemplation; who cannot find within his own mind the most substantial pleasures! It is in vain that he endeavours to exclude thought by a continued series of diversions and folly.

There is a something in the mind of man, which sickens at the repetition of idle amusements; it is that spark of immortality, implanted in his nature by the Divine Author of our existence, which continually reminds us that the short-lived pleasures of this world are not the fit occupations of a soul that must exist when time shall cease.

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It is this which directs the attention of man to pursuits consistent with his dignity.

In solitude, the mind insensibly soars beyond the narrow bounds of time and place; views the Deity in his proper character; forms the most exalted ideas of his attributes and perfection; and pays the grateful tribute of silent adoration. In solitude, the mind revolves the history of the world; considers the changes and revolutions of empires; sees, in imagination, those great men, whose names adorn the pages of history as the enlighteners of mankind; and, in contemplating their illustrious actions, feels a glorious emulation to tread in their steps. Solitude calms those passions that disturb the human breast, and gives us that peace which is so congenial to a virtuous mind. Nor is solitude attended with a melancholy gloom: though an enemy to excessive mirth, it stamps serenity and dignity on the countenance, and bestows inward peace to the mind.

It is evident, that solitude is fitted to our nature; there are examples of monarchs, and great men, who have quitted, with pleasure, crowns, exalted stations, for a convent or a cottage. In the ordinary course of life, we see those who have spent most of their time among the bustle of mankind, anxious to secure a quiet retreat. Thus,
what

what the statesman, the man of business, and the man of pleasure avoided in the prime of life, as an evil ; in the decline, they seek after as the only solid happiness on earth.

The man unacquainted with solitude, is in an unhappy situation : he cannot always be engaged in the business or pleasures of the world ; times will occur, when he must necessarily be alone ; sickness may overtake him, and he is then miserable indeed ! His vacant mind can yield him no pleasure ; and every reflection is a sting which gives the most acute pain ; he sees the folly of his past conduct ; and perhaps, for the first time, envies the man who is possessed of a well-formed mind.

Let us make an early acquaintance with solitude ; it will enable us to pass through the changing scenes of life with peace and pleasure ; thus, when sickness and age seize us, we may meet solitude, not as an enemy, but as a friend.



ANECDOTE

OF

FOOTE.

SOMETIME after Mr. Foote was married, Lady N. P. made some overtures to him, not knowing that he was then married. Sam, was an intimate and familiar companion of the late Sir F. B. D. Foote informed his friend of her Ladyship's disposition towards matrimony, and that he had hit upon a scheme whereby the Knight might make sure of her Ladyship and her fortune, which was said to be about ninety thousand pounds, in the funds, besides other possessions.

The project was concerted. Mr. Foote informed Lady N. P. that there was a very extraordinary man, a conjurer, in the Old Bailey, who foretold such events as were almost incredible, and could only be believed by their taking place; and that, if it was agreeable, he would wait upon her to him; for that, though he had no great faith in fortune-tellers, he had heard from several of his friends such very extraordinary occurrences predicted, and which had happened precisely as had been mentioned by the conjurer, that his incredulity

dulity was not a little staggered. Her Ladyship snapped at the bait; and the late facetious Jemmy Wordsdale was appointed to personate the conjurer, in a lodging within a few doors to the real magician. Jemmy, being acquainted with her ladyship's affairs, told her the most remarkable transactions, to her great astonishment. He then acquainted her ladyship, that there was an occurrence upon the point of taking place, which would be the most important of her whole life. Her ladyship being very inquisitive to know the particulars, he informed her, "That she was on the point of being married." "Indeed!" said she: "pray, Mr. Conjurer, to whom?" "I am not," he replied, "at liberty to acquaint you, at present, who is the person; but I can acquaint you when and where you will see him, and point out to you his dress." "Bless me! tell me, I beg of you." "On Thursday next you will be walking in the Park: you will there observe a tall, fair gentleman, remarkably handsome, dressed in blue and silver: he will bow to a person in your company, the first time he meets you: upon his return, he will join your party. It is irrevocably fixed by fate that man is to be your husband." Her ladyship asked no more questions, but resolved not to fail being in the Park the day the conjurer had mentioned.

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D——, appeared dressed precisely as described; bowed, joined, and, in three days, was married to her ladyship.

T H E NEGRO GIRL.

IN a fertile and lonely vale, situated on the coast of Devonshire, a humble cottage appeared in the midst of a grove of trees that surrounded it. This peaceful and romantic retirement was calculated to inspire that pleasing calm and soft tranquillity which those who mix in the gay and tumultuous scenes of the busy world never experience. The cottage was now in the possession of Mrs. Mansel, a lady whom, in the period of her past life, misfortune had marked for her own. She had been brought up under the roof of her parents, but the severe and tyrannical disposition of her father, rendered the existence of those who lived with him very unhappy: he had lost his only son while in his infancy, and this contributed in a great measure to sour a temper not naturally good. Her mother was a woman possessed of uncommon sense and understanding, and likewise of extraordinary piety: she was careful that her daughter should

should want none of the advantages a liberal education could bestow; and was at particular pains to instill into her mind those principles of religion which can alone afford true consolation under the heavy weight of misfortune: which can alone enable the mind to bear with fortitude the calamities incidental to all the human race; and which teach the woe-worn soul to submit with pious resignation to the will of Divine Providence. This excellent mother Mrs. Mansel lost when she was only sixteen, her father had never behaved tenderly to her, and she had now to sustain alone the whole of his unkind treatment.—She lived in this state for about two years; the greatest part of that period she spent in solitude. At the end of it she became acquainted with Captain Mansel; his disposition and character very much resembled her own, and his mild and amiable manners, before she was aware of it, made a deep impression on her gentle heart. He was an officer in the army; his good qualities had endeared him to all who were acquainted with him; and had raised him to the rank he then held, though only in his twenty-second year. His fortune was not splendid, but it was fully adequate to all his desires, and he was ever ready to relieve the wants of those who stood in need of his assistance. The charms of the lovely Mary had insensibly won his affections, and he formed an attachment

ment to her which death alone could dissolve. With her consent, he made proposals to her father; he very readily agreed to their marriage; for as he had never taken any pleasure in the company of his daughter, to deprive himself of it entirely cost him no sacrifice. As her mother had left her a moderate fortune, which she was to receive on her marriage, she was put in immediate possession of it; but from her father she received nothing but his good wishes for her welfare and happiness. Captain Mansel and his amiable partner lived for three years in as perfect a state of felicity, as this transitory life will admit of; during this period Mrs. Mansel had borne one daughter which was the only child they ever had. In her the mild virtues of both her parents shone conspicuously: with rapture they saw her infant graces daily expanding, and delighted themselves with the prospect of seeing this promising dawn of every virtue break forth into an unclouded day: but, alas! this bright vision of ideal bliss was about to be obscured for ever in darkness; and the fair fabric of years of happiness which they had been raising, was on the point of being for ever levelled with the dust.

Captain Mansel received orders to join his regiment which was stationed abroad, he had only

two

two days warning, and departed—never more to return. In three months after his departure, his wife received the melancholy news of his death;—he had fallen in the defence of his country. This was a most dreadful stroke to her, and it was on this trying occasion that she was under the necessity of exerting all her fortitude: the pangs of affliction may shake, but can never totally overpower the fortitude of a mind deeply impressed with the sublime truths of religion. Mrs. Mansel, though dreadfully distressed at this afflictive stroke of Providence, yet reflected that her infant daughter had now no other earthly protector than herself, as her father had died some time before, leaving her what fortune he possessed. She devoted her time to the education and instruction of her child; and no one was better qualified for such an undertaking; this lovely girl grew up the admiration and delight of all who knew her; but another misfortune was preparing for her mother, if possible, more bitter than that she had experienced in the death of her husband. This amiable and accomplished daughter, at the age of eighteen, fell into a consumption, and at the end of three months died. Thus deprived of her dearest blessings, Mrs. Mansel had no felicity to expect in this world except that which flows from benevolence and charity:—objects on whom to

exercise these virtues are every where to be met with, and happy are those who have the means and the inclination of exercising them.

At this period it was that Mrs. Mansel purchased the cottage mentioned in the beginning of this story, where her time was chiefly spent alone, but when she went about doing good, and the blessings of him that was ready to perish came upon her, when she caused the widows and the orphans hearts to sing with joy, and found the greatest solace to her own misfortunes in soothing and alleviating the miseries of others. Thus she spent her days in the practice of every virtue, and though she sometimes looked back with an eye of fond regret to the memory of joys that were past, yet she often ventured in humble and pious hope, to look forward with the eye of unshaken faith to a better world, beyond the grave, where friends shall part to meet no more. This bright prospect was her chief support, and with such a prospect the soul can never entirely sink under the heavy pressure of affliction. She every day walked out to seek for objects of compassion and benevolence, and seldom returned without having relieved some miserable being. As she was one morning taking her usual walk, she heard the moans of some person in distress: she had only

to hear the voice of distress, immediately to seek and find if possible the means of relieving it; she went accordingly towards the place from whence she fancied these mournful sounds proceeded, and saw indeed an object, who seemed, if ever one did, to stand in need of relief and assistance.

That object was a negro girl, who was sitting by the road side in the greatest misery. Her tattered garments but ill concealed her wasted form, and her whole appearance bespoke "variety of wretchedness." This was a sight which must have moved the heart of the most obdurate; but what was it then to the feeling one of Mrs. Mansel, ever alive to the distresses of her fellow creatures? She hastened towards the poor girl—as she approached her she raised her eyes, but immediately, on perceiving Mrs. Mansel, cast them down again with a look of terror and aversion.

She advanced nearer, however, and took hold of her hand. "Unhappy creature," said she to her in a tone of kindness, "tell me, I entreat you, why I see you in this miserable condition, and why you are so terrified at me?" The girl shrunk from her touch, and replied, "How can I look on a white christian but with fear? Torn by wicked white people from my father, my mother, and my own country, and put into a great ship from

christian country, with chains about me, that they might bring me to this bad place, to make me a wretched slave. Cruel white man, when poor negro have work for him all day in hot sun, till he almost die, at night beat and whip him : oh christian whites not good people." Mrs. Mansel said to her, " I am sorry that so many of my people, who say they are christians, should be cruel and unfeeling; but white people are not all bad, there are some of them, many of them, who will give bread to poor negroes when they are hungry, who will give them clothes when they are naked, who will instruct them when they are ignorant, who will do all these for every body that is poor; these only are *christians* among white people, and though such as do none of these things may call themselves christians, yet it is only in name they are so; if you will go with me, I will take you to my house, where, indeed, I do not possess a great deal, but where I will, with all my heart, give you a share of the little I have, and my blessing along with it, come then with me and while I have wherewithal to assist you, you shall never want. The poor girl once more turned her eyes on Mrs. Mansel, no longer expressing alarm and aversion, but beaming with gratitude and delight. She clasped her hand in transport, " ah, why did I say all white people bad? No, no, white christian is good, and
you

you must be christian, for you are good to a poor wretched negro, like me. I go with you, and though I must like go back to my own country, and see my father and my mother, yet if you wish it, I stay with you, I work for you, live for you, and, do you good, die for you." She now, with the help of Mrs. Mansel, arose, and they proceeded together towards her house. She seemed about eighteen years old, and her face, though black, was one of the most interesting ever beheld. Who would, who could have said, at sight of it, "that creature was not formed of the same blood as I am; her soul was not made of the same materials as mine?" Ah! proud mortal, who vainly boastest of the whiteness of thy skin, who vainly exultest in the *name* of christian, without possessing any of the spirit of christianity; at a future period, that soul, though concealed under a dark outside, was destined to understand and believe the sacred truths of the gospel; and though now clouded with the veil of ignorance and prejudice, to look forward in sublime hope to a blessed and glorious immortality.

With some difficulty Mrs. Mansel and her charge reached the cottage. The poor girl was nearly exhausted with weakness and fatigue, but with the help of some cordials from the kind hand
of

of her benefactress, she gradually revived, and was able to give some account of the condition in which she had been found.

The ship she came over in had been wrecked near the coast, and she did not know whether a single being but herself had been saved. As it struck on a rock, she had, with great difficulty, clung to a part of it, from whence she was taken some hours afterwards, by those wretches who are ever upon the watch for such accidents. It was with the utmost difficulty that she prevailed on them to have compassion on her, and relieve her from her perilous situation; and, as soon as they reached the shore, they abandoned her. In that forlorn and helpless condition, she wandered about for three days, seeking a scanty pittance of clothes or food from door to door; these were scarce ever given, and when by her miserable appearance, she had obtained either of them, they were accompanied with an insult on the colour of her skin. Is it a matter of astonishment then, that this poor creature should look with terror and dread on white people, from whom she had received such repeated cruelties! but her sufferings were now at an end, as her kind and benevolent friend left her nothing to wish for, but she would sometimes cast a "lingering look behind" to her parents and her native country.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mansel found the most complete satisfaction she had ever experienced since the misfortune of her past life, in instructing and informing the mind of this young creature, who received with eager transports the lessons of her teacher, and she had the glorious hope of restoring, at the last day, into the hands of its creator, that most inestimable of all jewels, a human soul, as guiltless and innocent as when it was committed to her trust; but which, by her, under the blessing of heaven, had been purified from the dross which then concealed its value, and made to glow in all the unclouded lustre of the christian religion.

The gratitude of Mary (Mrs. Mansel had given her her own name) was unbounded, and her love for her friend daily lessened her wish to return home again. Mrs. Mansel often told her if she desired to return, that she would send her back free of every expence, but Mary could not prevail on herself to part from her kind protectress. She was improving every day, and her progress was astonishing; she read the bible, and believed all the sacred truths contained in it: she believed that there was a Saviour and trusted to him for salvation. Mrs. Mansel employed her on her errands of charity, which were very numerous, and the heart of Mary was never so transported as it was

was when she was sent to soothe the cares and relieve the distresses of the dependents on Mrs. Mansel's bounty. Three years passed in this manner, during which Mary improved in every virtue, and was quite happy in her condition, but Mrs. Mansel was once more destined to be left a solitary being in her little cottage. Those eyes, which had so often expressed the effusions of a grateful heart, were about to be closed in death; that tongue which she had taught to speak the praises of its maker, was soon to be silent in the tomb, and the hands which had learnt from her to raise themselves in humble supplication at the throne of grace, were, ere long, to become "clods of the valley."

Poor Mary was seized with the small pox; they were of the worst kind, and spite of all the tender care and attention of her friend, and the best assistance that could be procured, she was, in a few days, pronounced past recovery. When she found her end approaching, she took hold of the hand of Mrs. Mansel, who never left her bedside, and thus addressed her:

"My much loved, my adored benefactress, had it pleased heaven to have granted me a long life, I could not have had sufficient time, in the whole of it, to express the gratitude which I owe to thee
for

for the inestimable blessings which I have received through your means. From thee I learnt that I possessed an immortal soul, a soul capable of being exalted to eternal bliss, or sunk to everlasting misery: it was thou who didst point out to me the road to that bliss, and the means of attaining to it. It was thy kind care which first caused the dawn of a christian day to arise on my gloomy and benighted soul. It grieves my heart to leave thee, my beloved friend; but we do not, I trust, part never to meet again. There is a day, when, as I have been taught, every human being shall arise out of their graves: then those who have fed the hungry, who have clothed the naked, who have visited the sick, who have instructed the ignorant, shall be made partakers of eternal felicity. Thou, my adored benefactress, hast done all these, done them to me, whom thou didst find, a poor, starving, naked, dying, ignorant wretch, and, Oh! may everlasting blessings be thy reward."

Saying these words, Mary closed her eyes, and, in a few minutes, her soul departed from its earthly mansion. "Farewel, thou pure and innocent spirit," said Mrs. Mansel, laying down the hand which till the last moment had clasped her's: thou will now, I trust, enjoy the reward of thy virtuous and spotless life." Thus ended the days of Mary.

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Ah!

Ah! mortals, if ye could conceive for a moment the raptures which would glow in your bosoms at beholding a soul, which by your kind care and benevolence, had been instructed in the christian religion, take its departure for a better world: if you could form an idea of the praises which you would receive beyond the grave, how would you exult in being the instrument of a work so divine! Such was the exalted felicity of Mrs. Mansel. She regretted, it is true, the loss of her amiable companion, but her consolation was not derived from this world. She spent the remainder of her days as she had spent her whole life, in performing every christian duty; and when she died, the tears of love, regret, and gratitude bedewed her grave.

ANECDOTE.

DURING the late siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night, a centry, whose post was near the Devil's Tower, and facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walk, whistling, looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but fire and sword, miners, breaching, storming and bloodshed! By the side of his
box

box stood a deep narrow-necked earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled peas : a large monkey (of which there are plenty at the top of the rock) encouraged by the man's silence, and allured by the smell of the peas, ventured to the jug, and endeavouring to get at its contents, thrust his head so far into the neck as to be unable to withdraw it : at this instant the soldier turned round, and came whistling towards his box, the monkey, unable to get clear of it, started up to run off with the jug, sticking on his head ; this terrible apparition no sooner saluted the eyes of the centry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine, blood-thirsty, Spanish granadiér, with a most tremendous high cap on his head, full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guard took the alarm, the drums were beat, signal guns fired, and in less than ten minutes the governor and his whole garrison were under arms. The supposed granadiér, being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the peas, was soon overtaken and seized, and by his capture, the tranquillity of the garrison was restored, without that slaughter and bloodshed, which every man had prognosticated in the beginning of the direful alarm.

WAYS to raise a FORTUNE;

OR THE

Art of growing Rich.

LET a man be ever so skilful in merchandize, or anxious in trade, he must never expect to acquire riches, if he be not *thrifty, diligent, and methodical*. And *thrift, diligence, and method in business*, seldom fail to raise a man's fortune in every condition of life.

Should I take upon me to record those individuals that have grown rich by thriftiness only, within the memory of a man, and the compass of our acquaintance, it would be more than my professed brevity could allow. Every reader, no doubt, can furnish himself with an example of a carpenter, a shoemaker, a taylor, and other inferior tradesmen, who by *thrift* have gained the reputation of rich men. And I am persuaded, that there are very few, who, if they please to recollect their past lives, will not find, that had they laid up all those little sums they have spent in coach hire, plays, ridottoes, and at the tavern, or other places of chargeable resort, they would have found themselves

selves at present, masters of a competent fortune, rather than in need of an act of insolvency.

Diligence is always a necessary and natural companion of *thrift*, and therefore the Italians, who are very happy in their *proverbial* conciseness, recommends them *both* to common use, in the following lines.

Never do that by proxy, which you can do yourself,

Never defer that 'till to-morrow, which you can do to-day.

Never neglect small matters and expences.

And that *method of business* is another great means of obtaining riches, even by men of the meanest capacities, there can be no doubt, when we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers, amassing great treasures by a regular and orderly disposition of their business, and men of the greatest parts and most lively imaginations puzzling their affairs and declining in their substance for want of method.

—I must therefore be of that great statesman's (De Wit) opinion, who attributed the whole art of dispatching a multitude of affairs well, to the doing *one thing at once*. If, says he, I have any
necessary

necessary dispatches to make, I think of nothing else till those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself wholly up to them, till they are set in order.

Has not providence therefore, so ordered it, that every man of good common sense, may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich? And the reason why men of the greatest learning and accomplishments are not so, is not to be ascribed to an over-ruling fate; but either to their preferring something else to wealth; or to their not being content to get an estate, unless they can do it in their own way, and at the same time consume it upon their vices, and unnecessary gratifications of unbounded appetites.

However these are only the ordinary forms of growing rich, which may be practised by all persons with success. But there are other methods found out by hungry and ingenious men. It is an old and true proverb, that *necessity is the mother of invention*. Thus we read of a famous *Italian* comedian *Scaramouche*, who, being reduced to want at *Paris*, got a very considerable subsistence by selling snuff, which he acquired by fashionably begging a pinch out of every one's snuff box. And we are all witnesses, that several fortunate
men,

men, who could not live on their large paternal estates, draw a great deal of money from the public by their inventions, and will remain everlasting monuments, that there is room for genius as well in getting riches, as in all other circumstances of life. But even in this light there must be *thrift* and *diligence* to acquire and preserve what every one seeks and *obtains*.

But to pass over the men that live by their wits, we ought to prefer trade as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, for we all know that there are more and greater estates got on the *Exchange*, than at court. And I believe the number would still much increase, were it not for the misconduct of those traders, who by their vicious lives, neglect of business, prodigality, or incapacity for trade, frustrate the happy means, which a kind providence has put into their power to make them rich.

Therefore to make use of the words of an eminent citizen, published lately in one of our newspapers.

When I see a young fellow just set up in trade, with his footman, his brace of geldings, his country house and his mistress, or taking a tour round the town, in order to come more secretly into the neighbourhood

neighbourhood of *Covent-Garden*, a constant attendant on play-houses, and a critic on plays and players, a beau in his dress, and a blockhead in his intellects, loitering away the day in coffee-houses, and the evening in *St. James's-Street* or in taverns; I may be allowed to conclude that his mind is run away from his business, and, in return, that his trade is playing truant with him. Those who so conduct themselves are surely much to blame; but perhaps not more than the incautious merchant who trusts them. Next to this, tho' not equally criminal, is the vanity of trading deep, before their heads are well settled for trading at all. A man in this case may attend to his business with all imaginable care and anxiety; yet ruin himself, and injure all concerned with him. This wrong turn of mind springs from an idle desire of growing rich in a hurry (for I will not presume a worse motive for its source) imagining, I suppose, that all happiness centers in wealth; and such men will hardly believe, that it is better to be rich at fifty years of age than at thirty. The notion of growing rich in haste, has thrown trade under most of the inconveniences wherewith it now labours, by creating a kind of random credit, under-selling, ill finished commodities, &c. But this is one of the phantoms that flies the over-arduous pursuer, and makes him embrace a cloud
for

for *Junio*. Our most experienced traders rarely grow rich on a sudden. They generally find much wealth, fairly acquired, and old age come together; which they who have more spirit, and less judgment, commonly attain to in rags and beggary.

ANECDOTES

OF THE

BULLEN FAMILY.

SIR William Bullen of Norfolk, son and heir of Sir Geoffrey Bullen, lord mayor of London, and Ann, eldest daughter and coheirefs to Thomas, lord Hoo and Hastings, marrying Margaret, eldest daughter and coheirefs of the Ormond family, New-hall, in Essex, came to him in right of this amiable lady, the lively picture of her mother. His son and heir, Thomas Bullen, succeeded to this lordship; he married lady Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk. His daughter Ann was bred and born at New-hall; with an early desire of knowledge—a mind susceptible of all improvements in polite literature, and an exquisite taste for the fine arts

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—she

—she had a most elegant figure, the most endearing and graceful manners, and a charming vivacity. She received an education adapted to her genius and disposition, and before she attained the fourteenth year of her age, she spoke fluently French, Latin and Italian, and understood Greek—was well versed in history—became a great proficient in music and painting, and danced to admiration. The court of Francis I. who had transplanted the arts from Italy, was then in the dawn of splendor, politeness and gallantry. Ann Bullen had accompanied her father there in the retinue of the princess Mary of England. After the death of that monarch, Ann Bullen was prevailed on, by the dukes of Alencon, the king's sister, to remain in France on the footing of her *Dametatour* and companion. She imbibed from that princess the new opinions of Luther, and having declined at the French court several honourable matches, she returned to England, at her father's earnest desire, in the year 1527. She spent all the summer at New-Hall, and the next winter she made her appearance at court, envied, censured, and imitated by all the young ladies of taste and fashion. As she was the daughter of a gentleman of distinction, though not of the nobility, she was appointed maid of honour to the queen; her beauty surpassed what had hitherto appeared at this voluptuous

tuous court ; her features were regular, mild, and attractive ; her stature elegant, though below the middle size, while her wit and vivacity even exceeded the allurements of her person. The king, who never restrained one passion which he desired to gratify, saw and loved her ; but after several efforts to induce her to comply with his criminal passion he found that without marriage he could have no hope of succeeding. The king was faithless, and the queen disagreeable, and this was the real motive of his divorce.—The queen made Havering, in Essex, her summer residence, in the year 1620. There she gave a royal banquet to Messieurs de Montmorency, de Monpelac, de Moy, and de Morat, the four French hostages for the restitution of Tournay, in case the conditions stipulated should not be performed. The King treated both them and the Queen, with his Sister Mary, Queen Dowager of France, then comfort to the Duke of Suffolk, at his manor of Newhall, which he had lately got by exchange from Sir Thomas Bullen: after a sumptuous repast, he entertained them with a grotesque masquerade, exhibited by the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Dorset, the Earl of Essex, the Lord Abergavenny, Sir Richard Weston, & Sir William Kingston, the youngest of whom was at least fifty years of age, that the ladies might see what power beauty had

to make old men young again. He kept the feast of St. George there with great solemnity, in 1524.

In the year 1529, Henry went privately to New-hall in autumn, and sent for Sir Thomas Bullen, to whom he declared his passion for his daughter, and his fixed resolution to marry her; pretending that his conscience rebuked him, for having so long lived in incest with his present queen, formerly his brother's wife. Sir Thomas replied to the King, " I wish this match may prove as happy as it will be honourable to my family."

Ann Bullen came afterwards to New-hall to meet her father; Henry no longer appeared in the character of the intended seducer of her innocence, but as the admirer and protector of her virtue. She was conspicuous for her elegance and precision in the epistolary stile. In a letter dated at New-hall the 26th of December, of the same year after her father had been created earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, and appointed lord privy seal, she wrote the following lines:

" If your grace exults in the conquest of modesty and virtue, it is not the monarch, but the man I love and honour. Though born in a private station, and raised far beyond my aspiring thoughts and my desert, within the dazzling prospect

pefit of a crown, I should be wretched in the summit of honours, was your affection for me ever to change or diminish. I hope you will find always the woman you chuse for your confort act and think like a queen. New-hall has lost all its charms since you left it.

Yours for ever,
Ann Bullen."

She was created marchioness of Pembroke, and accompanied the king in his interview with Francis-I. at Boulogne. Henry was privately married to her: after his return, two months before his marriage with Catherine was dissolved, and though her prudence and her virtue demanded esteem in the former parts of her conduct, yet she forgot at New-hall the ties of each; and gave a loose to her triumph. She enjoyed little more than three years her glory and prosperity, during which she frequently visited New-hall, most commonly with the king.

The queen gave there a magnificent feast and a splendid ball, after the birth of her daughter Elizabeth; and her deportment on this occasion was too frank and too unguarded to screen her from the imputation of levity and indiscretion. Henry began to be cloyed with possession, after she was delivered of a dead male child, to the unspeakable disappointment

disappointment of the king ; indeed, the only desire he ever had for her, was that brutal appetite which enjoyment soon destroys.

He was about this time captivated by the beauty of Jane Seymour, a maid of honour to the queen. When the queen's enemies perceived the king's disgust, they soon gave him an opportunity to gratify his inclinations, by accusing her of sundry intrigues with her domestics, and incest with lord Rochfort, her own brother. She, who had been once the envied object of royal favour, was now going to give a new instance of the capriciousness of fortune! She had distributed in the last year of her life not less than fifteen thousand pounds among the poor, and was at once their protector and darling. She was beheaded on the 19th of May, behaving with the utmost decency and resolution, and seemed to be guilty of no other crime but that of having survived the king's affections, and by chearful disposition disgusting the gloomy tyrant.—The very day after her execution, he married Jane Seymour.

A

Mistress and a Wife compared.

AS I have a just honour for the truly rational and virtuous state of matrimony, which to consider it merely as a political institution, I look upon as the best scheme for morals, posterity, and mutual happiness, that could be possibly contrived; I shall in this paper, by way of comparison between a married and a libertine life, shew the advantages that a mistress has over a wife: not, however, with the least design of giving the preference to the former, but by way of assisting the latter to frame certain rules for her own safe conduct, through this state of trial and probation.

Men have been often said to be more fond, and more under the influence of mistresses, than of wives; in general, I believe this observation is true, and for the following reasons.

Men are apt to flatter themselves that women seldom sacrifice their chastity, except to love alone, and so become the fond dupes of their too credulous vanity.

The lover's stay is short, he leaves his mistress with a regret which urges a quick return. Their whole time is passed in meeting and parting intervals,

vals, the tenderest moments of a lover's life. She fond, and he grateful, mutually conferring and returning obligations, the strongest cements of endearing affections. No joint property, or common interest between them, from whence domestic strife too often arises. The part a mistress has to act, is short; so that less merit and address may enable her to perform with applause.

The mistress exhibits herself only to the stage, the wife is seen in the green room. She adjusts her dress, looks, and behaviour, for the appointed hour. A watch may go very well for an evening, that might lose time in the whole day. A mistress lessens her power, as she approaches to a wife. A person once told me that he had quitted one, whom he was then fond of, because she had become so interfering and domineering, that he began to find no difference between her and a wife, *except the sin of fornication.*

In short, the œconomy of matrimony, on the wife's part, should be to imitate the manners of a mistress, in order to preserve her empire. A friend of mine, speaking to me one day about his wife, assured me that she was so much unlike one, in every particular, save modesty and frugality, that if a law should happen to be framed to abolish marriage, he would court her again as a mistress.

On

On the other hand, husbands should be also careful to keep up a spirit of gallantry towards their wives, in order to preserve, on both sides, those elegant bands of union, politeness, and fond sensations. They should avoid that careless and slovenly air, into which men are apt to degenerate after marriage. They should even dress for them with as much attention, as when they were lovers; for chastity is no preservative against disgust; and though virtue alone may insure the fidelity of a wife, the husband's merits alone can retain her affections. How dull, how indelicate an obligation is mere duty?—But when duty and affection are united, the marriage-knot, like the double ties in music, gives a brisker spirit to the concert.

The ancient Romans had such refined sentiments with regard to this point, that they prohibited the donations of estates between man and wife, in order to prevent their being influenced by less free or generous principles than mutual tenderness and the sympathy of hearts.

Surely a wife is an object worthy of *les petits soins*, the most trifling attentions, as well as of the greater conjugal duties, and it is by these lesser assiduities, and constant attentions, and small offices, tho' unimportant in themselves, that a sincere passion discovers itself, more than by the
X highest

highest acts of liberality and kindness: for love, distinct from every other passion, shews itself more in trifles, than in things of consequence.

When ever a married pair begin to betray an indifference towards these smaller cares, we may venture to pronounce that their attachment will not be of a long duration: this delicate sentiment, like chastity, is totally forfeited by the first slip: injured in the most distant part, like Achilles, wounded in the heel, it languishes—it expires.

The social commerce of friendship far excels all other sublunary connections, the conjugal one only excepted: which like the union of soul and body, is a mutual solace, an interchangeable support in this life; and like that mystic context, also, a just deportment therein affords, moreover the surest earnest, and most enlivening hope of happiness hereafter.

ANECDOTE

O F

Tom King the Comedian.

SOME time since, Tom King (the comedian), one of Thalia's greatest favourites, but whose cause the blind Goddess had never till now espoused

espoused, meeting with a certain sporting gentleman under the piazza in Covent-garden, they retired to an adjacent tavern, to take a main at hazard for five guineas. Tom soon lost his first stake, and with much resignation, eat his supper and drank his bottle. His adversary, however, after supper, proposed to him a second main, which Tom at first refused engaging in, saying, He had not, he believed, money enough about him to answer the bet; but this was over-ruled, by his adversary. His word was sufficient for a hundred times the sum. They renewed the party, and, in a few hours, Tom won two thousand four hundred guineas. Tom's wife, who, by the bye, was a very good one, had sat up all night, as usual, after having sent every where in search of him, without being able to gain any tidings. When he returned from his lucky vigil, her enquiries were naturally very pressing to know where he had been, and what had kept him out so long; to all which he made no answer, but by very peremptorily saying, 'Bring me a bible!'—“A bible!” she re-echoed with some ejaculation; “I hope you have not poisoned yourself?” ‘Bring me a bible,’ continued Tom, “I suppose you've lost some great sum; but never mind, we can work for more.”—‘Bring me a bible, I say,’ still uttered the impatient Tom. “Good

Lord ! what can be the matter ?" says Mrs. King ; " I don't believe there's such a thing in the house, without it be in the maid's room." Thither she went, and found part of one without a cover, when, having brought it to Tom, he fell upon his knees, and made a most fervent oath never to touch a die or card again ; and she all the while endeavoured to alleviate his grief, of which she considered this as the effusion, owing to some considerable loss. When he had finished and rose up, he flung fourteen hundred pounds in bank notes upon the table, saying, ' There, my dear, there's fourteen hundred pounds I've won to night, and I shall receive a thousand more by to-morrow noon ; and I'll be d——d if I ever risk a guinea of it again.'

THE VIRTUOSO,

OR,

FILIAL TENDERNESS.

DR. Coral was educated in the study of physic, and took his degree in that science ; but having a greater passion for what is curious, than for what is useful, he degenerated from a physician into a virtuoso. The country, in which he settled, soon

soon observed that the Doctor was more disposed to examine the veins of the earth, than to feel the pulse of a patient: His practice of course declined; but he was happily enabled to live without the aid of his profession, by the affluent fortune of his wife. She was a lady of a mild and engaging character, but of a delicate constitution, and, dying in child bed, left him an only daughter, whom he called Theodora. The Doctor was by no means a man of warm passions, and never entertained an idea of marrying again; though a female socialist once endeavoured to work upon his foible, and to entice him into second nuptials, by an artful hint, that an union of their two cabinets would enhance the value of both. Indeed, he had little or no occasion for conjugal assistance; for, being himself a most active spirit he not only discharged those common offices of life, which belong to the master of a family but, was able and willing to direct or execute all the minuter domestic business, which is generally considered within the female department. His activity, though, from the want of an enlarged understanding, it wasted itself on trifles, supported the cheerfulness of his temper. He was, indeed, frequently officious, but always benevolent. Though he had ceased to practise physic at the summons of the wealthy, he was eager, at all times, to afford every kind of relief to the

the sufferings of the poor. He was gentle and indulgent to his servants, and as fond of his little daughter as a virtuoso can be of any living and ordinary production of nature. Theodora discovered, in her childhood, a very intelligent spirit, with peculiar sweetness of temper. As she grew up, she displayed a striking talent for the pencil, and particularly endeared herself to her father, by surprising him with a very accurate and spirited delineation of three of the most precious articles in his cabinet; a compliment which so warmed the heart of the delighted old naturalist, that he declared he would give her five thousand pounds on the day of her marriage. No one doubted his ability to fulfil such a promise; for though he had squandered considerable sums on many useless baubles, he was, in all common articles of expence, so excellent a manager, that, instead of injuring, he had increased his fortune; and from this circumstance he was generally believed to be much richer than he really was. Theodora had now reached the age of nineteen, and, though not a beauty, she had an elegant person, and a countenance peculiarly expressive of sensible good-nature. Her heart was so very affectionate, that it not only led her to love her father most tenderly, but even to look upon his whimsical hobby-horse with a partial veneration. This singularity of sentiment

timent contributed very much to their mutual happiness and rendered our gentle and ingenious damsel not so eager to escape from the custody of a fanciful old father, as young ladies of fashion very frequently appear: Yet, happy as she was, Theodora admitted the visits of a lover, who had the address to ingratiate himself with Dr. Coral. This lover was a Mr. Blandford, a young man of acute understanding and polished manners, settled in London as a banker, and supposed to be wealthy. He had been introduced to Miss Coral at an assembly, and soon afterwards solicited the honour of her hand for life.

The doctor, who was remarkably frank in all pecuniary affairs, very candidly told the young gentleman, what he intended for his daughter, declaring, at the same time, that he left her entirely at her own disposal; but, either from the favourable opinion he entertained himself of Mr. Blandford, or perhaps from some expressions of approbation which had fallen from his daughter, the doctor was very firm in his belief, that the match would take place; and, being alert in all his transactions, he actually prepared his five thousand pounds for the bridegroom, before there was any immediate prospect of a wedding. Theodora was certainly prejudiced in favour of Mr. Blandford

Blandford; yet, whether she really felt a reluctance to forsake her indulgent father, or whether she considered it as dangerous to accept a husband on so short an acquaintance, she had hitherto given no other answer to his addresses, but that she thought herself too young to marry.

Blandford considered this reply as nothing more than a modest preliminary to a full surrender of her person, and continued his siege with increasing assiduity. In this very critical state of affairs, Dr. Coral was summoned to a distance by a letter from a friend, who announced to him the death of a brother virtuoso, with a hint that the Doctor might enrich himself by the purchase of a very choice collection of the most valuable rarities, which, if he was quick enough in his application, he might possibly obtain by a private contract. For this purpose, his correspondent had inclosed to him a letter of recommendation to the executors of the deceased collector.

This was a temptation that Dr. Coral could not resist. Without waiting for the return of his daughter, who was abroad on an evening visit, he threw himself into a post chaise, and travelled all night, to reach the mansion of his departed brother in the course of the following day. He was received very cordially by a relation of the deceased,

ceased, and surveyed with avidity and admiration innumerable curiosities, of which he panted to become the possessor. But as the collection was very various and extensive, the Doctor began to tremble at the idea of the sum, which the proprietors would unquestionably demand for so peerless a treasure. The delight, with which his whole frame was animated in surveying it, sufficiently proved that he had a high sense of its value, and precluded him from the use of that profound and ingenious art, so honourably practised by the most intelligent persons in every rank of life, I mean the art of vilifying the object which they design to purchase. Dr. Coral, after commending most of the prime articles with a generous admiration, demanded, with that degree of hesitation which anxiety produces, if any price had been settled for the whole collection. The gentleman, who attended him, enlarged on the great trouble and expence with which his departed relation had amassed this invaluable treasure, and concluded a very elaborate harangue in its praise, by informing the Doctor, that he might become the happy master of the whole on the immediate payment of three thousand five hundred pounds. The Doctor was more encouraged than dismayed by the mention of this sum; for, in the first place, the price was really moderate; and, secondly, he

had the comfortable knowledge, that he had the power of instantly securing to himself these manifold sources of delight. But the comfort arising from this assurance was immediately destroyed by the reflection, that all his ready money was devoted to the approaching marriage of his daughter; and his parental affection combating, with some little success, against his passion for curiosities, the good Doctor had almost resolved to relinquish all ideas of the purchase. Unluckily, he took a second survey of the choicest rarities, and met with an article which had been accidentally mislaid, and overlooked in his first view of the collection—perhaps its present effect upon him was the greater from this casual delay; certain it is, that this additional rarity fell with an amazing force on the wavering balance of his mind; it entirely overset his prudential affectionate resolution, and, hastily seizing a pen, which lay ready in a massive ink-stand of a curious and antique form, he instantly wrote a draught upon his banker for the three thousand five hundred pounds.

At this passage of my little work, I foresee that many an honest spinster, who may be reading it to her companions, will pause for a moment, and express an eager desire to know what this wonderful rarity could be. When I inform her it was a
 very

very little box, containing the uneatable product of a tree, she may, perhaps, imagine it a pip of the very apple which tempted our inconsiderate grandmother:—Eve, indeed, may be said to have instituted the order of virtuoso, being the first of the many persons on record, who have ruined themselves and their families by a passion for rarities.

But to return to her legitimate descendant, the curious Dr. Coral. This gentleman considered, that if he neglected the present opportunity, he might never again be able to acquire the very scarce and marvellous production of nature, which he had long thirsted to possess, and which now stood before him.

Not to tease my fair readers with any longer suspense, I will directly tell them, the above-mentioned little box contained a vegetable poison, collected, with extremest hazard of life, from the celebrated upas-tree, in the island of Java. A Dutch surgeon had received this inestimable treasure from the sultan of Java himself, as a part of his reward for having preserved the life of a favourite beauty in the royal seraglio; and the surgeon, on his return to Europe, had gratefully presented it to the deceased virtuoso, who had been the generous patron of his youth.

Dr. Coral was inflamed with the keenest desire of beginning various experiments with this rarest of poisons, without suspecting that it might deprive his daughter of a husband; taking, therefore, this inestimable little box, with a few more of the most precious and portable articles in his new acquisition, and giving the necessary directions concerning some weighty cabinets of medals, and other rarer bulky rarities, he re-entered his post chaise with that triumphant festivity of mind, which can be conceived only by a successful collector.

As the Doctor delighted almost as much in the idea of buying a bargain, as in the possession of a rarity, he amused himself in his journey home, with various projects for the disposal of his ample treasure.

It was his plan, to select the articles which he particularly prized, and, by a judicious sale of the remainder, to regain almost the whole sum that he had so rapidly expended. Possessing a high opinion of his own judgment in affairs of this nature, he pleased himself with the apparent facility of his design, and, under the lively influence of these agreeable thoughts, he arrived at his own door. The affectionate Theodora flew with peculiar eagerness to receive him, having suffered no little anxiety

ety from his extraordinary absence. The sprightliness of his appearance soon relieved her from all her solicitude, and they entered the parlour very gaily together, where Theodora had just been making tea for a female relation, and the assiduous Mr. Blandford. The Doctor, like most people of a busy turn, had a particular pleasure in talking of whatever he did, as he never meant to do any thing that a man ought to blush for; and he now began to entertain his company with an account of his adventures: he enlarged with rapture on his purchase, intimating that it had cost a very large sum, and not mentioning his undigested scheme of re-paying himself.

Observing, however, that his narration produced a very striking and gloomy change in the countenance of Mr. Blandford, he withdrew with that gentleman into his study, and very candidly told him, that this recent and expensive transaction should make no material difference in the fortune of his daughter: He explained his intention of regaining the money by a partial sale of the collection, and added, that as this mode of replacing the sum expended might not be very expeditious, he should more than compensate for the deficiency by a bond for four thousand pounds, with full interest, and strict punctuality of payment.

Mr.

Mr. Blandford happened to be one of those adventurous gentlemen, who, as they tremble on the verge of bankruptcy, ingeniously disguise the shudderings of real fear under artful palpitations of pretended love, and endeavour to save themselves from falling down a tremendous precipice, by hastily catching at the hand of the first wealthy and benevolent virgin or widow, whom they suppose within their reach : He was a great projector in the management of ready money, and had raised many splendid visions on the expected fortune of Miss Coral; but the little box of poison, which the Doctor had brought home, converted his daughter, in the eyes of Mr. Blandford, into a second Pandora; and as that gentleman had all the Prometheus, he resolved, like the cautious son of Japetus, to have no connection with the lady offered to him as a bride, because he foresaw the evils included in her dower.

Mr. Blandford, on this occasion, thought proper to imitate the policy of those, who try to conceal a base purpose of their own, by accusing another person of baseness : He upbraided Dr. Coral for having shamefully disappointed his very just expectations, and, taking the subject in that key, he pursued it through all the note of high and artificial passion; which produced a superior burst of louder and more natural anger from the honest insulted virtuoso.

Poor

Poor Theodora, in passing the door of the study, heard the voice of her father so unusually violent that, from a sudden impulse of affectionate apprehension, she entered the room, where the two gentlemen were engaged in the most angry altercation. Mr. Blandford seized the opportunity of bidding his mistress an eternal adieu. While she stood motionless with surprise, he made his final bow with a sarcastic politeness, rushed eagerly out of the house, and decamped the very next day from the town, which contained the lovely object of his transient adoration.

The approach or miscarriage of an expected wedding is a favorite subject of general conversation in every country town, and the disunion of Mr. Blandford and Miss Coral was very amply discussed. The separated young pair were universally pitied, and the whole weight of popular reproach fell immediately on the head of the unfortunate naturalist. As he was a man, who, from the peculiarity of his pursuits, withdrew himself from cards and common company, the little parties of the town most eagerly seized an opportunity of attacking his character: As a humorist, he was ridiculed, perhaps, with some justice; as a man of unrivalled benevolence and active charity, he was the object of much secret envy and malice, and of course

course was very unjustly vilified. The good people, who arraigned him on the present occasion, did not scruple to represent him, even to his daughter, as an unnatural monster, who had sacrificed for a cockleshell the happiness of his child. Nor was the little box of gum from the upas-tree omitted in these charitable remarks. One lady of peculiar spirit asserted, that if their father had robbed her of so handsome a husband, for the sake of purchasing such a rarity, she might have been tempted to anticipate the old gentleman in his experiments on the poison, by secretly preparing the first dose of it for himself. Happily for Theodora, she had such a gentleness and purity of heart, that every attempt to inflame her against her father served only to increase her filial affection. She reproved, with a becoming spirit, all those who insulted her by malignant observations on his conduct; and perceiving that he was deeply vexed by the late occurrences, and the comments of the neighbourhood upon them, she exerted all her powers, in the most endearing manner, to dissipate his vexation. "It is true," she said, as they were talking over the recent transaction; "it is true, that I began to feel a partial regard for Mr. Blandford; but his illiberal behaviour has so totally altered my idea of his character, that I consider the circumstances which divided us as the most fortunate"

nate event of my life. I have escaped from impending misery, instead of losing a happy establishment; and I have only to be thankful for this protection of Providence, if it pleases Heaven to continue to me the power which I have hitherto possessed, of promoting the happiness of my father."

As she uttered this judicious and tender sentiment, a few starting tears appeared in evidence of its truth; they melted the good Doctor, and converted all his chagrin into affectionate pride and delight. The justice of Theodora's observation was soon afterwards confirmed in a very striking manner, by the fate of Mr. Blandford, who plunging into all the hazardous iniquity of Change-alley, became at last a bankrupt, and, with such fraudulent appearances against him, that the compassion, which his misfortune might have inspired, was lost in the abhorrence of his treachery. Dr. Coral, who, by studying the inanimate wonders of the creation, had increased the natural piety of his mind, was now most devoutly thankful to Heaven for the escape of his child. The tender Theodora was still more confirmed in her partial attachment to the house of her father; she took a kind and sympathetic pleasure in assisting his fanciful pursuits; she persuaded him to retain every article in

his new purchase, which she observed him to contemplate with particular delight; she gave an air of uncommon elegance to the arrangement of all the curiosities which he determined to keep; and, by an incessant attention to the peace and pleasure of her father's life, most effectually established the felicity of her own. Their comfort and their amusements being founded on the purest and most permanent of human affections, have continued, without diminution, through several succeeding years. I should fill many pages in recording the several ingenious works and devices, by which Theodora has contrived to amuse herself, and to delight her father; let it suffice to say, that, being always engaged in occupations of benevolent ingenuity, she is never uneasy; and she has grown imperceptibly into an old maid, without entertaining a wish for the more honourable title of a wife. Her mild and gentle parent has secured himself from all the irksome infirmities of age, by long habits of temperance, exercise, and, what is perhaps still more salutary, universal benevolence: He is still in possession of all his faculties, at the age of eighty-seven; and, if he has not the satisfaction of seeing a numerous group of descendants, he beholds, however, with infinite delight, one virtuous and happy daughter, most tenderly
attached

attached to him, and wishing for no higher enjoyment than what arises from their reciprocal affection.

ANECDOTE

O F

Mrs. BELLAMY.

A NOBLEMAN who had a horse to run for the plate at York races, was at her house for some days. As his lordship was entitled by his rank to the seat of honour, he of course, during dinner time, sat at her right hand: But she could not help observing, that his eye was constantly and steadily fixed upon her. She took little notice of it at first, thinking it was occasioned by the attractive power of her charms, and that good manners would in time induce his lordship to behave with more decorum. Seeing, however, that her face was still the chief object to which his eye was directed, she grew much disconcerted and abashed. But having, at length recovered from the little prudery she had contracted in Ireland, she complained to Mr. Metham of the rudeness of his friend. He could not avoid smiling while she

made her complaint; and as a perfect acquittal of his lordship from any design to offend her, he informed her, that the eye which had been always so steadily fixed upon her, and excited her alarms, was only an innocent *glass eye*, and therefore could not convey any improper information, as it was immoveable all day, and rested at night very quietly upon the table. Her vanity received a check by the incident, and she joined in the laugh which it had occasioned.

FILIAL AFFECTION rewarded,

A MORAL TALE.

SOME of the closest enquirers into the behaviour between parents and children, have asserted, that the love of the first for the last is stronger than the affection of the latter for the former. They seem willing enough, indeed, to own that a more striking appearance of regard will now and then appear on the part of the child; but a thousand instances of this kind, they say, are not sufficient to destroy the justness of their general position. How pleasing, how delightful is it to behold a family-piece, in which it is hardly possible to say on which side the scale of affection preponderates!

In

In the happy house of Mons. de Mornay, a respectable and opulent merchant, in one of the richest provinces of France, it was no easy matter to tell whether *he* loved his children, or his children *him* best, such an equality of affection appeared in their deportment to each other. The harmony which subsisted among them all, distinguished them in such a manner, that they were rarely mentioned without being envied, as well as admired for their domestic happiness.

Upon the loss of a very amiable wife by the rapid progress of a putrid fever, which soon after carried off one of his daughters, also Mons. de Mornay, whose sensibility, on many occasions, was too acute for his peace would have, perhaps, sunk under the weight of his paternal and conjugal affection, had not the tender assiduities, and unwearied efforts of his remaining child, his excellent Adelaide, to administer consolation to him, prevented it from plunging him into an immovable melancholy. Fortunately her assiduities were rewarded, her efforts were successful; and she had the satisfaction to see her father in a condition to attend to his commercial affairs, properly resigned to the dispensations of providence, and receiving new pleasure from every attempt she made to render the remainder of his life comfortable. However,

ever, though he so far got the better of his dejection, as to be able to attend to the business of his counting-house, he began, in a short time, to be so much fatigued with his increasing commissions, that he determined to look out for a partner, that he might, by making temporary retreats to more rural scenes, return to his native city with recruited spirits.

Very soon after he had formed this resolution, he met with a young man brought up to his branch of commerce, but unable to set up for himself for want of a suitable capital, and of so promising a disposition, with an unblemished character, that he entered into a partnership with him, and took him into his house.

Riveau was, indeed, a youth of a very promising turn, he was active and diligent, a master of his business, and strictly attentive to it, averse to those pleasures commonly pursued by the young with more eagerness than discretion, and addicted to no vice—every body, therefore, applauded Mons. de Mornay for his choice, thinking that he could not have pitched upon a more proper man to enable him to enjoy his declining years, by a vigorous discharge of those duties from a strict attention to which he had derived so many substantial advantages.

Riveau

Riveau being a young fellow with an insinuating address, soon made himself so agreeable as well as useful to his worthy associate, that he could not help feeling something like a parental regard for him. By the softness of his manners, and the most artful exertion of his companionable talent, he strove to make an impression upon Adelaide's tender heart in his favour; he could not however, gain his point. She was thoroughly sensible of his merit, she had no dislike to his person, and she was greatly pleased with his conversation, but the man for her had not yet fallen in her way: she, therefore, could only behave to him (in return for the particular pains which he took to recommend himself to her) with a respectful politeness. This kind of behaviour gave him no room to find fault with it, but it was exceedingly mortifying to him, as he had, with too much presumption, supposed that his powers of captivation were sufficient to ensure him success whenever he thought fit to make a full display of them. His vanity was affronted, his pride was piqued, and his resentment, at last, grew to such a height, that he was barely civil to her. Yet though he was disappointed by her forbidding carriage to him, and though he resented it, he was not deterred by it from soliciting her father's consent to his marrying her: adding, with all the energy of a youthful

ful lover, "I cannot live a moment without her."

Mons. de Mornay, really imagining from the uniform propriety of Riveau's behaviour, that he would prove an exemplary husband to his Adelaide, very readily complied with his request, but at the same time added, that he should never think of disposing of his daughter in marriage without her consent. "I will acquaint her," continued he, with your wishes on her account, and if she approves of you for a husband, I shall have no objection."

No father in the world could have behaved with more consideration upon such an occasion ; but Riveau was not quite satisfied with his concluding expressions. Having still, however, some hopes that the coolness which he had observed in Adelaide's behaviour to him, might have arisen from a delicate reserve, and not from any aversion to him, he thanked Mons. de Mornay in grateful terms for his approbation, and retired not absolutely in despair, though in a state of the most disagreeable suspense.

The considerate father went immediately to his amiable daughter, and informed her of what had passed, relating to her, between him and Riveau.

Adelaide,

Adelaide, who had always been accustomed to converse with her father as with her sincerest friend, as a man to whom she might disclose each secret of her heart with the utmost security, felt not the least inclination to make any concealments from him upon this very interesting occasion: she, therefore, with all her usual frankness, told him, after having repeatedly thanked him for his goodness in consulting her inclination, before he disposed of her hand, that she wished not to change her situation, that she was uncommonly happy in being under the protection of so indulgent a parent, and that she did not believe she could be happier in any other state.

Clasping her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom, Mons. de Mornay assured his dutiful and affectionate daughter, that he should be ever ready to promote her happiness in any shape; and that if she had the smallest objection to an alliance with Riveau, he would not open his lips about it to her again.

Adelaide declared she had no particular aversion to him—touched with her father's kindness, she could not proceed—she paused.

Perhaps, replied Mons. de Mornay looking tenderly at her, another man has gained your
A a
affections:

affections: be frank, and tell me; and if no reasonable exception can be made to him, I will do all in my power to facilitate an union between you.

This speech produced fresh acknowledgments; after the delivery of which, Adelaide re-assured her father, that she wished to remain in the situation she was; adding, that she had not yet met with any man sufficiently attractive to make her desirous of being united to him; and that she had not the least inclination to risque the loss of the felicity which she enjoyed as a daughter, by appearing in the character of a wife.

When she had thus spoken, she left the room to superintend the domestic affairs in her apartment; and left her father more fondly attached to her, if possible, than ever.—How much are characters like these to be admired! what patterns are they for imitation!

Riveau though he had not been romantically in love with Adelaide, and though he was not rejected upon any other man's account, was considerably chagrined by the decisive answer which her father brought from her relating to him. Like a man who had a very high opinion of his own personal attractions, he was extremely vexed at her refusing

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refusing to marry him: but like a man of spirit, he took an infinite deal of pains to conceal the vexations he felt. Actuated chiefly by interested motives, to fix himself in the de Mornay family by a marriage into it, the same motives urged him to look out for an alliance which might be equally advantageous, considered in a lucrative light.

Riveau was a very sensible young fellow, and his knowledge, practical as well as theoretical, concerning commerce, was extensive; but he was little acquainted with the traders (not always fair ones) in the female world. With too little knowledge of that world, and too much presumption with regard to his captivating powers, he became the dupe of one of the most artful women that ever lived.

The arrival of a lady at the city in which he resided who made a brilliant appearance, though she was not a phænomena, as there were several women of fortune in it, occasioned a no small commotion among those men who had any thoughts of improving their circumstances in the matrimonial way.

Mademoiselle Nivonne had past the prime of life, and was far from being handsome, but she had, notwithstanding an alluring countenance and

the graces which played about her mouth, whenever she opened her lips, were uncommonly seductive. Seducing, however, as she was with her dimples and her smiles, and winning as she was in her manners, her followers were chiefly those whose eyes were dazzled with the lustre of her fortune. To that their adoration was really paid, though they pretended to idolize her person, understanding, &c. and had recourse to the most refined flattery in order to recommend themselves to her favour. Had she been a weak woman, and actually possessed of a large fortune, she might, indeed, have given her professing admirers credit for every compliment she received from them, though ever so extravagant; but as she was a very knowing woman, with strong intellects, and had no foundation for the support of the figure she made, she thoroughly understood the precise value of every encomium addressed to her face or to her mind, and played her cards like a mistress of the game she had in view. She was, in two words, a Female Adventurer.

With this lady Riveau had, to his great satisfaction an interview much sooner than he expected, by the address of one of his servants, in conjunction with one of her domestics, and found her, to his increased satisfaction, after every conversation, still more favourable to his warmest wishes.

When

When he had enjoyed several encouraging conversations with his rich incognita (as he really thought her) he ventured (availing himself of what seemed to him a broad hint) to declare his passion for her in the tenderest terms.

Scarce, however, had he made his declaration, when he repented of his precipitance; for the lady, immediately drawing up, not a little disconcerted him, by asking him, sternly, what pretensions he had to a woman of her fortune, naming the sum.

Surprized at the sum she mentioned, far superior to his expectations, he was abashed; casting his eyes down upon the carpet, he humbled himself before her, and made the best apology he could think of, for having dared to aspire to an alliance with her.

To his still greater, but more agreeable surprise, she then, softening her features and her face, told him that she was perfectly satisfied with his apologies; adding, that she was prejudiced enough in his favour, to put herself, and all she had in the world, into his possession, whenever he was ready to accept of her person and fortune.

Delighted now, as much as he had been before
disconcerted,

disconcerted, the sudden elevation of his spirits threw him into so rapturous a state, that the lady could not help gently correcting him for the intemperance of his transports; her corrections served only to make him still more enamoured with her, and to encrease the intoxication of his mind. To call such a woman, with a fortune of which a Fermier-general need not be ashamed, his own, was in his opinion, to be supremely blest.

When the day for his marriage with Mademoiselle Nivonne arrived, Riveau rose from the bed of celibacy with uncommon alacrity, and dressed himself to the greatest advantage. The bride, on her side having been very studious to appear in the most agreeable light, attracted all eyes in her approaches to the altar of Hymen. Every thing she wore was put on in so becoming a manner, and so much elegance, so much taste was conspicuous in every part of her drapery, that her whole figure gave pleasure to the mere gazers at a nuptial procession, and to the most celebrated connoisseurs: even they owned that they had never seen a woman more becomingly, more characteristically dressed. Riveau, highly flattered by the encomiums which flew about in whispers, concerning his bride, walked by her side to the priest in waiting, with additional spirit.

His

His feelings were too exquisite for description.

How short is the continuance of all earthly happiness! This is an exclamation frequently forced from our lips in our passage through this chequered world, and whenever it is forced from us, we should endeavour to arm ourselves against all subsidiary disappointments: disappointments from which no human creature is free, and to which the greatest personages, as well as the lowest persons, are by the irreverfible decrees of providence expofed. In a month, in a little month after his marriage, Riveau found, that inftead of having united himfelf to a woman with a fplendid fortune, he had taken a woman to be his wife, who was not only deeply in debt, but of fo extravagant a difpofition, that it was impoffible for him to maintain her agreeable to her expenfive tafte: he had recourfe, therefore, to expedients for the fupport of her grandeur, by which he plunged his partner into a very diftreffful fituation.

From the fury of his creditors he faved himfelf by flight, leaving Mons. de Mornay to ftand the fhock of their demands, who, being unable to fatisfy them, was thrown into prifon.

At the time that Mons. de Mornay was hurried from his own houfe, to very ineligible apartments
Adelaide

Adelaide was upon a visit with a near relation of her mother's a few miles farther in the country. The moment she heard of her father's confinement, she determined to take every step in her power to release him; but fearful of having her design communicated to his creditors, she with more filial affection than worldly prudence, resolved to undertake the release of him herself, attended only by a faithful servant of her own sex, whose fidelity she had often tried, and by whom she had never been deceived.

Having prepared her father, by the most affectionate letter she had ever written to him, for his intended enlargement, Adelaide proceeded, at a very early hour, one morning (it was a summer one) to that part of the building in which he was lodged, and which she had sufficiently reconnoitred, with her trusty attendant, furnished with a ladder, and ropes to favour his escape.

While she was thus employed, the keeper of the prison, happening to have staid out longer than usual with his social friends, at a celebrated hotel, was, upon his return home, struck at the sight of two females so unexpectedly employed ——— he started.

Adelaide, at the sight of him not only started
but

but fainted. He ran, he flew to prevent her falling, but he was too late. Having soon, however, recovered her, after she had fallen to the ground, with the assistance of her servant, he soon also became acquainted with the cause of her appearance in that place, and at that hour. Charmed with her beauty, doubly charmed with her filial affection, he assured her that he would immediately give her father his liberty, telling her at the same time who he was. On casting his eye up to the window, at which Mons. de Mornay appeared, in order to acquaint him with his intentions, he heard a groan, which made him turn his head towards the place from whence (according to his ears) it issued.—Perceiving the prisoner at the grated window of his cell, who lamented his hard fate in the most doleful tones, he changed his purpose.

Not chusing, as master of the gaol, to be seen by any person in his custody, more than conniving at the escape of another in the same situation, nay actually giving him his freedom, he in another address to the heroic daughter, informed her of his reasons for delaying her father's releasement; but solemnly promised to procure it if possible in four and twenty hours.

Adelaide being extremely well satisfied with Mons. de Marigny's assurances, made him the most

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grateful

grateful acknowledgments, and upon his intreating her to let him see her safe to her own apartments, felt her prejudices in his favour as a man, too strong to permit her to refuse his polite offer.

Mons. de Marigny was as good as his word: he procured the enlargement of Mons. de Mornay (whose creditors behaved in the most generous manner on being acquainted with the uncommon attempt to rescue him) before the next night, and with his cordial consent made Adelaide his wife: an happy wife; for she ever found in him the most indulgent of husbands.

The marriage of Adelaide with Mons. de Marigny, was attended with a train of pleasing consequences, and her felicity was completed by the bequest of the lady at whose house she heard of her father's distressed condition, which enabled him to act agreeably to his principles, that is, to pay all his debts: it enabled him also, when his creditors were thoroughly satisfied, to spend the remainder of his days, as he wished to spend them, in a peaceful retreat. In that retreat, however, though he was blest with a genteel competency, his happiest hours were those which he enjoyed in the society of his exemplary daughter.

MEMOIRS,

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MEMOIRS OF
LEANDER and ASPASIA,
OR THE
RASH LOVER.

LEANDER, was heir to a considerable fortune in Northamptonshire, and his father had a seat in the senate, where he made a conspicuous figure in defence of the constitution of his country in general, and the rights of his constituents in particular. Biased by no party attachments, uninfluenced by any mercenary views, he acted solely as his conscience dictated, tutored by an upright heart and sound judgment. He did not oppose administration to clog the wheels of government, and oppose ministers merely because they were ministers: when he did not acquiesce in their measures, it was from a conviction that they were erroneous; but he always cheerfully promoted the interest of the common-wealth, and was ever happy to find that the premier (be he whom he might) had pursued such steps as led to the paths of honour and success; and he was constantly the foremost to give his plaudit upon these agreeable occasions.

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Such

Such was the out-line of good Benvolio's public character, his private one was the counterpart of it, as his tenants (whom he never rack rented) and his friends (whom he always sedulously endeavoured to serve) can testify.

Leander, his son, though he had not yet displayed in public his being a close imitator of Benvolio's bright example, seized every opportunity of testifying, in a more confined circle, the noble sentiments with which his bosom was actuated. Even from his infancy, his friendship was courted by all his school-fellows, and he never gave any one reason to repent the favourable sentiments they had entertained for him.

As he advanced towards maturity, these laudable notions expanded in a breast that was animated to glory. He requested of his father to obtain for him a pair of colours, which intreaty was complied with, though Benvolio could have wished he had confined his pursuits to civil life. However, having yielded to his natural impulse, and his regiment being ordered to America, he went over to that continent and distinguished himself, in the early part of the war, upon many occasions.

The death of his father, and his private affairs calling him home, he obtained leave of absence, and, after a speedy voyage, reached England.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, to avoid an apparent anachronism, we should have mentioned, that Benvolio had, some time before his departure for America, pitched upon a mate for life for his son ; but his heart being already pre-engaged in favour of the lovely Aspasia, he considered his going abroad in the service of his country peculiarly fortunate, as at the same time that it gave him an opportunity of playing his valour and gaining laurels in his profession of arms, it furnished him with the means of avoiding giving a positive refusal to his father, and accepting the lady of his parent's choice.

The news of his arrival in England no sooner reached Northamptonshire, than Amelia, who waited for nothing with so much impatience as his return, and who flattered herself there would not be the smallest obstacle to their happy union, prepared to meet him on the road, and greet him on his safe arrival.

This intelligence soon got wind, and the charming Aspasia was amongst the foremost of those who heard this mortifying tale ; for she sincerely loved Alexander, though she had hitherto concealed her passion, that she might not afford additional triumph to her rival, whom she had too much reason to think would prove successful.

Amelia

Amelia met Leander about half way from the capital, and with raptures went to the apartment of the inn where she learnt he was getting some refreshment; his surprise was very great, at seeing a person who had given him so much uneasiness, and prevented his offering his hand in an honourable way, to Aspasia. Nor could her astonishment be scarcely equalled at the coolness with which he received her, nor her mortification be paralleled, when after the first, common salutations prescribed by civility, he made very earnest and importunate inquiries concerning Aspasia's health, her situation, and particularly if she had disposed of her hand.

Nevertheless, as Amelia had discharged her carriage, and her business was now at an end, it was expedient for her, at all events, to return to Northampton; and she submitted to accept a slight invitation of part of Leander's post chaise. The remainder of the journey was very disagreeable to both parties; as the one was chagrined to the highest degree at the disappointment she had met with, and as his thoughts were solely occupied in contemplating in imagination the charms of the divine Aspasia.

One of his servants being dispatched before to make preparations for his reception at his house,
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the bells were set a ringing, and every one was presently acquainted with the cause. The arrival of Leander and Amelia (though in doleful triumph) did not prevent its being immediately circulated; that they had either been married on the road, or would be so the next day. Aspasia heard the unwelcome tidings and became almost a victim to despair; when lo! the much loved Leander, appeared, and throwing himself at her feet, almost levetoured her hand with kisses, at the same time expressing his surprise at seeing her bathed in tears.

She had not power to speak for some time, but at length her pride got the better of her passion, and she upbraided him in the most reproachful terms, with coming to insult her, when he was already married, or betrothed to another.

The bitter accents that fell from her tongue petrified him, and he could scarce collect words to assure her of her mistake. Finding her inexorable, he was driven to rage and despair, and in a fit of frenzy flew to the adjacent river, and there plunged himself in what he designed a watery grave.

The melancholy tale instantly reached Aspasia, and she flew on the wings of love, to prevent the fatal effects of that madness which she had created. Aspasia arrived at the banks of the flood whilst he
still

still breathed ; the scene shocked her to that degree, as to deprive her of all reason, and she was on the point of devoting her life as an atonement for the error she had committed. However, her attendant prevented her perpetrating the rash deed; and some fishermen coming by, dragged Leander on shore, whilst he had still marks of life remaining.

Every possible means were used to restore him to health, and finding Aspasia had sincerely repented what she had done, and was now convinced of his sincerity, these circumstances tended greatly to promote his recovery.

As soon as this was completed, Aspasia was easily prevailed upon to yield him her hand, and they have now for some time been happily united in wedlock to their mutual satisfaction, as their days roll on in uninterrupted felicity, which will most probably be terminated only with their lives.



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T H E

WHITE LIE.

A MORAL TALE.

THERE are some moral philosophers so extremely rigid in their notions, with regard to right and wrong, that they will not allow the slightest deviations from truth, upon any account, to be defensible. To utter palpable falsehoods indeed at the instigation of malevolence, is to act in a manner by no means to be defended; but surely there are some occasions when the suppression of truth may be a venial crime; when a white lie (to adopt a fashionable mode of speaking) may be forgiven. However, as the most innocent lies are sometimes productive of consequences little expected by those who deliver them, and bring them into embarrassing, if not dangerous situations, the white liar should not wantonly sport with the characters or situations of his friends and acquaintance; for he may play off a lie with the best design imaginable, and find that design most unhappily defeated.

Dick Grisdale, a young fellow, with an infinite deal of good nature, and with parts rather brilliant than solid, told as many white lies, perhaps, as any

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man in England: he was certainly never guilty of black ones, because he did not deliberately intend by any of his lies to destroy the peace, or wound the reputation of a single creature breathing. His intentions were always laudable; but his proceedings, in consequence of them, were not always successful. To bring people whom he knew, and for whom he had a regard, at variance, amicably together, was the principal delight of his life: and in order to bring about a reconciliation, he did not scruple to tell each of them what the other never said. Having frequently succeeded by this species of pardonable falsehood, having never failed indeed of gaining his point, he persevered in his white lying with an increased self-approbation (arising from the consciousness of good intentions) and did not imagine that his manner of lying for the service of friends was in the least censurable, till he found himself involved in a very disagreeable affair by his benevolent officiousness.

Calling one day upon an intimate friend at his chambers for whom he had so great an esteem, that he would have served him at the risk of his life (there are some men still of this heroic disposition) he found him in a way in which he did not at all expect to see him: he found him discontented, and in a very ill humour.

Charles

Charles immediately enquired into the cause of his friend's uneasiness

"Take up that note," replied he, peevishly, and pointing at a table at a little distance from them, "It will fully account for the alteration you see in me."

Charles obeyed, read the note, and expressed his surprise as well as concern at the contents of it. "Some malicious devil," said he, throwing down the paper in a passion, "has been at work here. Your Amelia never would, I am persuaded, have written such a note, had she not been strongly induced, by the misrepresentations of malevolence, to see you in a new light,—in an unfavourable light. Whoever has attempted to lessen you in her eyes, by uttering a single syllable to your disadvantage, merits a severe correction."

Charles spoke these few last words, with such a warmth in his delivery, that his friend felt himself not a little pleased with it, though it was not sufficient to alleviate the pain which Amelia's cutting expressions had inflicted.

This friend of Charles's was a Mr. Morrison, a young student in one of the inns of court, and by his diligence co-operating with a very good capa-

city, promised to make a considerable figure in his profession. He was of a genteel family; but he had more flattering hopes of raising a fortune from his connections than from his relations.

Morrison read the books proper for his perusal; the books relating to jurisprudence with a laudable attention, but he did not pursue his studies with that unremitted perseverance, by which many slaves to Salkeld and Ventriss injure their own constitutions, without being in the least serviceable to their country. He judiciously relieved his mind by temporary relaxations, and as those relaxations were not of an enfeebling nature, he returned to his learned volumes with no abatement of his assiduity.

As Morrison was not addicted to any vicious pursuits, he never spent the time which he allotted for amusement with the libertines of his own sex, or with the votaries of licentiousness among the other. Not having a violent passion for any public places, he generally passed his evenings in private families of his acquaintance.

Of all the families he visited upon an intimate footing, the Rowlands were particularly agreeable to him, because they were musical. Mr. Rowland played a good fiddle himself; several of his friends performed

performed very decently on various instruments, and his daughters, with melodious voices, sung with much taste.

It was not probable that Morrison could be intimate in such a family, without feeling a predilection for one of the syrens belonging to it: Amelia, the second daughter, was his favourite, and seemed very well pleased with his preferring her to her sisters, one of whom was soon thrown into a most disquieting situation by the progress which she made in her lover's heart.

Amelia's passion for Morrison was not less ardent for him than his was for her; but she with the greatest discretion prevented its appearing in an improper manner.

As Mr. Rowland had the highest regard for his Amelia's lover, because he was thoroughly acquainted with his intrinsic merit, and as he had sufficient reason to believe that he would, by his parts and patronage, rise to some post of eminence in the law, he rather forwarded than retarded the union of which he was so desirous. When his young friend therefore solicited his consent in form, he returned no discouraging answer: he only desired to withhold his absolute compliance, till he received his father's approbation.

Morrison,

Morrison, fully satisfied with that reply, having no doubt of his father's consent, wrote a dutiful letter without delay, on the subject which engrossed his attention, and waited with impatience for the return of the post.

It was during the conveyance of this letter to Mr. Morrison in the most northern part of England, that his son received the above mentioned note, occasioned by the basemanœuvres of Miss Rowland, who being passionately in love with the man by whom her sister had been distinguished, was furiously jealous, and resolved to do all in her power to supplant her.

Charles, who also visited the Rowland's, eager to serve his injured friend, hurried away, without mentioning his design to Amelia, and as soon as he saw her, told her that she had by her cruel note killed the most deserving man in the world.

Amelia, who by this time had sincerely repented of her rash note (in consequence of a discovery by which her lover was entirely cleared of the charge against him) and having naturally very weak nerves, fell into an hysteric fit.

Charles, the moment he had procured proper assistance for her, returned with precipitation to his
his

his friend, and acquainted him with the situation in which he had left the mistress of his heart; encouraged him also to believe, while he alarmed him with this intelligence, that her love for him was excessive, and that his appearance before her would immediately, on her being sensible of it, extinguish all her resentment.

Morrison was very ready to fly to the woman he loved with the warmest affection, and whose unjust, injurious accusation, he sincerely pardoned. He flew to her; but there is no saying how he looked, there is no describing what he felt when he found her in the agonies of death.

OF THE SOUL.

IN REPLY TO MATERIALISTS.

IF mere matter has the power to think and to will, it follows that all portions of matter are absolutely thinking, or else, that it is matter which gives the thought. This is absurd.

The objection of the matter's thinking, with the necessary consequence of introducing the cogitating power into all portions of matter whatsoever, is so strong, that the philosophers, who, without

out being atheists, suppose matter capable of sentiment, have been obliged to elude this difficulty by forming the most ridiculous systems. Some have derived our perceptions from elementary causes, and have considered spirit as essential to matter.

Others have substituted for this spirit, a sensibility much more feeble, than what nature has given to animals the most stupid, and, indeed, the most approximate to dead matter. They call it a kind of dull, blunt feeling, which urged by a restless automaton, seeks out a convenient situation, in the same manner as an animal is disordered in its sleep, while the use of all its faculties are suspended, and tosses about till it finds a posture the most adapted to its repose. But if this is not nonsense, I do not know what is.

When one contemplates the diamond, the rock, a block of marble, and all the properties of matter, dead and inert, one sees plainly how chimerical is this dull and stupid feeling so much insisted on; nor had these systems ever been brought forth, had not their authors found it totally impossible to discover in matter the principles of sensation.

If thought appertains to matter, it must be, either because it is an assemblage and collection, or
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that it is a property formed out of each substance. The body, as an assemblage and collection, cannot be the subject of thought. Shall we divide thought, between all the substances of which the body is composed? in which case, it cannot possibly be, that there is one indivisible perception. In the second place, we must reject this supposition, when thought is said to be formed out of a certain number of perceptions.

There are many observations to be made against the materialist, upon the subject of dreams.

When we have slept profoundly, we imagine we have ceased to think, because we cannot recollect to have had any dream during the repose. But this observation is very far from being demonstrative. It is sufficient that the dreams have been feeble and unimpressive. My conjecture is founded upon the following experience.—

Every body is convinced that from our waking in the morning, to our going to bed, we do not cease to think, at least during the time we remain awake. Nevertheless, I defy any man to recollect all the *suite* of ideas which have traversed his brain, during fifteen or sixteen hours of his being awake; at least, not every day.

He will remember only the most interesting ob-

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jects

jects which have most powerfully engaged his attention. The same thing happens in sleeping, and the impressions being then more feeble, are no more recollected.

The pretended power of matter to fold again and to modify itself, is an hundred times more incomprehensible and more contrary to its essence, than if we admitted a possibility of annihilating the laws of motion, whose immutability is so well known to the advocates for materialism. As soon as we are able to prove that there is in nature a single action, or a single motion spontaneous, materialism must be destroyed. We perceive and feel that several sensations exist at the same time: we compare and form a judgment of them.

The principle of these actions is singular and indivisible, consequently it is not material; for a division or a dissection of thought implies a contradiction. From the several sensations which the soul compares at once, the result is, that the soul is the only being endued with sensations and ideas; for if, one part had one sensation, and another part another sensation, which of the two parts shall compare? How is a motive able to determine and act upon a machine? All the effects of matter are divisible as itself. On the contrary, the operations

tions of the soul, the thought, the sentiment, and the will, are indivisible.

They all emanate from a substance, simple, indivisible, immaterial: not subject like the body, either to dissolution or decay. It does not follow from hence that man is double; the two substances of which he is compounded, are strictly united.

The laws of motion, whose certitude is by no one controverted, are the consequences of that inertia primitively and fundamentally attached to matter: but man is by no means obedient to the same laws. Every thing about him indicate an obedience to laws diametrically opposite. Inertia supposes in the body a resistance to changing the state: but the faculty of thinking, supposes in man an effort even to change.

Contrary laws are essential to these contrary effects: for although we are not acquainted with all the qualities of matter, reason forbids us to attribute to it any palpable contradictions.

The being who actuates, and who exists by himself, finds it equally easy to move the whole world as to move an atom; but every being who derives his activity from another, can only possess activity in the measure and degree it is given: and if he is

situated by the means of certain organs, he can be influenced no otherwise than those organs permit.

The variety of our thoughts, the rapidity of our desires, the extension of our projects, and the immensity of our hopes, attest at once the dignity of our origin, and the grandeur of our destiny. The dominion we have over mere matter, makes us feel how much we are superior to it! The whole of the argument leads to the following fact: man is here placed in a sort of intellectual twilight, he discovers few objects tolerably, and none perfectly: yet even the intellectual twilight, this darkness visible of reason, makes us discover the dawn, which at once proves and leads to the existence of day the most brilliant.

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American Anecdote,

*Relating to a young English Officer among the
Abenakee Savages.*

DURING the last war in America, a band of savages having surprised and defeated a party of the English, such of those as were not actually killed on the spot, had very little chance
of

of getting away from enemies who were much more swift footed than they ; and who, pursuing them with unrelenting fury, used those whom they overtook with a barbarity almost without example, even in their own uncivilized nations.

A young English officer, pressed by two savages who were aiming at him with their uplifted hatchets, had not the least hope of escaping death, and thought of nothing but to sell his life as dearly as he could. At that moment an old savage armed with a bow drew near him, in order to pierce him with an arrow ; but after having pointed it at him, he dropped it on a sudden, and ran to throw himself between the young Englishman and the two barbarians, who were going to murder him.

The blood-thirsty pair shrunk back out of respect to the motions of the old warrior, who with signs of peace took the officer by the hand, and after having moved his apprehensions by friendly gestures, carried him to his hut. There he treated him with great humanity and mildness, more like a companion indeed than a captive. He taught him the Abenakee language, and the coarse arts in use among his countrymen. They lived very well satisfied with each other : there was but one part of the old man's behaviour which gave the young officer any uneasiness ; he now and then surprised the

the savage fixing his eyes upon him, and sometimes saw them after a long and steady fixtue, bathed in tears.

However, on the return of the spring, the Abenakees took the field again and proceeded in quest of the English.

The old man, who had still remaining vigour enough to bear the fatigues of war, went along with his countrymen, not forgetting to take his prisoner with him.

They made a march of above two hundred leagues, through the trackless wilds and forests of that country, till they came at length within view of a plain, in which they discovered an English camp. This the old savage shewed to his young companion, looking very earnestly at him, and marking his countenance with particular attention.

There (said he) are thy brothers waiting to give us battle; what say'st thou? I preserved thee from death; I have taught thee to build canoes; to make bows and arrows, to catch the deer of the forest; to wield the hatchet, with all our arts of war.

What wast thou when I took thee to my dwelling? Thy hands were as the hands of a mere child

child: they could serve thee but little for thy defence; and less yet for providing the means of sustenance. Thy soul was in the dark: thou wert a stranger to all necessary knowledge. To me thou owest life, the means of life, every thing. Couldst thou then be ungrateful enough to go over to join thy countrymen, and to lift up the hatchet against us?"

The young Englishman made answer, that he should, it was true, feel a just repugnance to the carrying arms against those of his own nation, but that he would never turn them against the Abenakees, whom, so long as he should live, he would consider as his brethren.

At this the savage held his head down, and raising his hands, he covered his face with them, as if he was in a profound meditation. After having remained some time in this attitude of recollection, he looked earnestly at the English officer, and said to him, in a tone of grief, mixed with tenderness, "Hast thou a father?" He was alive," replied the young man, when I left my country:"——
 "Oh! how unhappy must he be!" said the savage——adding, after a moment's pause——
 "Dost thou not know that I too was once a father!——Alas! I am no longer one. No: I am no longer a father——I saw my son fall in battle——

He

He fought by the side of me. I saw him die like a man, die, covered with wounds, as he fell——
But I revenged his death."

While he pronounced these words in the most pathetic and emphatical manner, he shuddered; he seemed to breathe with pain; choaked with inward groans, which he was endeavouring to suppress. By degrees, the violence of his passion subsided, he grew calm, and turning towards the east, pointed to the rising sun. "Seest thou yon beauteous luminary?" said he to the Englishman: "The sun in all its splendor? Does the sight of it afford thee any pleasure?"——"Undoubtedly," answered the officer, "who can behold so fine a day without delight.' And yet to me it no longer gives any, "replied the savage——After having uttered these words, he turned, and casting his eye on a bush in full flower——"See, said he, young man, does not that gay appearance of flowers give thee a sort of joy to look at it?"——"It does, indeed replied the officer: "And yet said the old man, "it delights not me," adding with some impetuosity, "haste, depart——fly to yon camp of thy friends.——Get home that thy father may still see, with pleasure, the rising of the sun, and the flowers of the spring.

THE

(209)

T H E

SLAVE to LIBERTY.

A MORAL TALE.

WARM in the cause of freedom, and as great a foe to slavery as Wilkes himself can possibly be, I cannot, however, help thinking that too many of my countrymen have, concerning liberty, the most absurd and indefensible ideas. With regard to the press, liberty there is particularly absurd. To retain it, *hoc opus, hic labor est*. Heavily as we complain of its abuses, no Englishman will, I imagine, wish to find an enquiry into ways and means for the restriction of it, attended with any inquisitorial proceedings.

The abuses of liberty are various : they are by no means confined to the walls of a printing-house. Every man who supposes himself licensed to speak his mind upon all occasions without limitation, and to act agreeable to his own standard of right and wrong, totally inattentive to the suggestions of prudence or propriety, is better acquainted with the letter than the spirit of freedom ; and his disappointments, or his distresses resulting from his misconception of that flattering word, so often articulated with exultation, so little, so very little understood, are hardly entitled to compassion.

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No

No man was ever less acquainted with the precise meaning of the word liberty than the only son of a worthy citizen (a Mr. Harris) whose heart he broke by his free-speaking, and free-living: and whom he saw carried to his grave with the sensations a gamester deeply interested in a rubber would experience on the decision of it in his favour.

Ned Harris, though his father was very indulgent to him, and paid off his debts several times, did not feel himself so much at liberty as he wished to be: he was cramped in his circumstances: his annual allowance was scarce sufficient for the exigencies of a month: he wanted to take possession of all the money which his frugal parent had been heaping up for him, and was frequently so free of speech as to tell him (in the language of the intriguing chamber maid) that he was villainously old.

Mr. Harris, though his ears were shocked whenever such undutiful expressions were addressed to him, doated on the ungrateful boy too fondly to bequeath his fortune to a more deserving relation, or to a charitable institution. Accordingly, at the decease of his father, Liberty Ned, (as his companions commonly called him, because he was always bragging of his liberty) found himself in very affluent circumstances. "Now I am quite
a free

a free man," said he, when he signed the transfer books at the bank: "I can live entirely as I like, and care not a farthing for the greatest man in the kingdom."

There was freedom enough in this speech: but there was no prudence. He had spoken his mind, however, and was as well satisfied with what he had said, as every person, within his hearing, was displeased with it. The words themselves were sufficiently unguarded: the tones in which they were delivered were insufferably disgusting.

Ned, after having engaged in a number of quarrels, by speaking his mind, and by his too passionate attachment to liberty, which made him too proud to be governed by any prudential considerations, met with a paragraph one morning at the coffee-house, in the Gazetteer, that occasioned violent emotions in him, and provoked him to undertake a very Quixotic expedition.

The paragraph by which Ned felt himself so violently agitated, was concerning a married lady in Yorkshire, whose husband, in a fit of jealousy, had not only confined her, according to his intelligence, to her apartment, but treated her with an unpardonable severity.

To the imprisoned lady, Ned was indeed personally not a stranger; but as the merits of the cause were totally unknown to him, and as the authenticity of the information was disputable, he would not perhaps have posted to Yorkshire, in the character of a distressed lady's champion, had he not been a slave to liberty.

Many of his friends to whom he communicated his design, blamed him for his knight-errantry; and many treated his eagerness to interest himself in a quarrel between a man and his wife with the utmost contempt: they all dissuaded him, in the strongest terms, from the execution of his purpose. "No, no," replied Ned, "Mrs. D—— is a d—d fine woman. It was confoundedly wrong indeed, I will allow, in her to marry a man old enough to be her father; but she ought not to lose her liberty, because she has played the fool. D—— has no right to lock her up; and I shall think I do a very laudable action by releasing her from her confinement."

Ned left London, thinking too much of the end of his journey, to make any reflections on the length of it. The delivery of a handsome woman from her despotic husband was the grand point he had in view, and he was determined to carry his design into execution.

Ned,

Ned, though a steady friend to freedom, was of too fickle a disposition to adhere, with constancy, to any schemes which he had concerted. In a journey to Yorkshire, it was highly probable that he would meet with incidents to put his ruling passion to a trial; and every body who knew him was pretty well assured that he would not let slip any opportunity, during his progress, to distinguish himself as a hero in the cause of liberty. With a spirit truly romantic, he voluntarily offered to assist all those who seemed to groan beneath the yoke of despotism: but he frequently announced his readiness to redress wrongs with so much zeal, and so little judgment, that while his intentions were defeated, his vanity was suspected.

Those who prophesied that Ned would meet with some adventure upon the road sufficient to draw him off from his first design, were not out in their predictions. Before he had finished his first day's journey, his attention was powerfully attracted by a company of strollers in a cart, many of them in their theatrical dress, which had evidently never figured in the wardrobes of Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, or the Hay-Market. Upon making an enquiry into their precipitation, (for they were carried along at a pretty brisk rate) he found that they were hurrying themselves from the malevolence

levolence of a neighbouring justice, who, being of an amorous constitution, and disappointed by the resistance one of the chaste heroines made to his overture, had resolved to punish the whole corps as vagabonds, though he had before not only winked at, but encouraged their dramatic performances.

Ned without considering the Thespian troop in the light in which they appeared in the eye of the law, glowed with resentment, and heroically declared that if they received the least interruption in their removal, he would defend them at the hazard of his life. He had scarce uttered these words in a very spirited and resolute tone, when the terrified justice, mounted on the fleetest horse in his stable, and attended by a brace of his mirmidons, as well provided for expedition, made their appearance.

Unluckily, just at that moment the theatrical cart, or to speak more genteelly, carriage was suddenly stopped by the flying off of one of the wheels. In consequence of this accident, several of the illustrious personages tumbled out: and those who were not ejected, were too much frightened at the appearance of the formidable magistrate, to be in any condition to oppose him. Not so frightened by his appearance was Ned: instead of being intimidated by his presence, he rode up to the inflamed justice on his giving orders to seize the

the lawless crew, and intrepidly asked him, what he meant by so arbitrary a proceeding. "I mean," said the justice, "to send these impudent wretches to prison for having dared to act loose plays in my jurisdictions."

Ned was not at all satisfied with this answer: his reply produced a blow; and a bloody battle ensued: in that battle the slave to liberty lost his life.

ANECDOTE

OF THE

Dutchess of K——ton.

WHEN the dutchess of K—was Miss C—h, she was disappointed in love, and her admirer having married another lady, she grieved so much, that she kept her bed for some weeks. Her physician ordered her a prescription, which, by an error of the apothecary, was composed of a great quantity of laudanum, which threw her into a sleep of two days and two nights. The ill-natured world gave out that she had poisoned herself; but Lord Chesterfield, who always vindicated her, contradicted

tradicted the report wherever he went, and hearing her false lover relate the story, he told him, "My lord, you have endeavoured to poison every hour of the life of so amiable a woman, but in vain, and you are now mean enough to stab her reputation."

THE PERPLEXED WIFE.

A MORAL TALE.

POPE, in his Essay on the characters of women, tells us, that two ruling passions almost divide the third, and that

Those only fix'd, they first or last obey
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

It may be affirmed because experience warrants the affirmation, that the fair sex are in general, extremely fond of pleasure and of power, but though these passions may justly enough be called ruling ones, there is a third by which they are sometimes over-ruled: the *love of play*: by the instigation of this passion, they not only throw themselves often into painful situations, but into situations in which they lose all their power, and are obliged to appear in the most humiliating light by the meanness of their submissions.

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Bred up in a very private way. in a romantic and unpopulous part of the kingdom, under the tuition of her exemplary parents, who could not afford to support the expences of a genteel boarding-school, Lætitia Bendish improved her mind and her person so much by a close adherence to their instructions, that few women, with all the advantages of the most fashionable education, acquitted themselves with greater propriety in the politest circles.

With a fine understanding, and a striking exterior, she had a considerable share of good nature and sensibility. As Mr. and Mrs. Bendish doated on their daughter, they did every thing in their power to promote the concurrence of her inclination with her duty, and she sincerely loved them, while she honoured and obeyed them. Happy in the affection of her parents, she only sighed when she could not relieve the wants of those whose distresses strongly moved her pity, and demanded her assistance. For no selfish gratifications did she wish for affluence; she was contented with her little sphere of life; she only envied the rich for the opportunities they had to employ their wealth in acts of liberality.

While she was growing up every day more and more amiable in the partial eyes of those who gave
 F f her

her birth, Lætitia received a shock, which violently agitated her whole frame, being of a very delicate constitution, as well as keenly susceptible of the tenderest impressions. This shock was occasioned by the death of her mother, and it was hardly supportable—a mother for whom she ever had felt the highest esteem, the most affectionate regard.

When the first effusions of her poignant grief were over; when she had loudly lamented her irreparable loss in the most animated language, she sunk into a melancholy, from which all the efforts of her half distracted father, and a few select friends, could not rouse her.

Mr. Bendish had always loved his daughter with a fondness of which no man but a father can have a proper idea: that fondness increased when he recollected the last words of a wife, whose separation from him he felt as painfully, perhaps, as if every limb of his body had been amputated. She was every thing to him while she lived: in her he found the wife, the mistress, and the friend, most happily united. Unspeakably wretched, was he, therefore, without her: doubly wretched, as his dear Lætitia, deeply affected by the blow which had destroyed his peace, was utterly unable to administer any consolation to him. Time, however,

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at length dispelled the gloom which had hung over her, since her mother's death. Time, also, reconciled her father to his fate : and they both endeavoured to make each other's life comfortable to the utmost of their abilities.

Mr. Bendish, having been of a musical turn from his cradle, acquired a considerable deal of musical knowledge very early in life; and as that knowledge increased with his encreasing years, he was sufficiently qualified to be his daughter's instructor, when she discovered a desire to be acquainted with a science to which her genius strongly pointed her. At the time of her mother's decease, she played upon her harpsichord in a very masterly manner, and gave no small pleasure to those who heard her instrumental performances, especially when she accompanied them with a voice of which every tone was melodious. When her mother died,

“ Her taste for music then was o'er,”

But time, by restoring her to the full exertion of her faculties, restored also her musical taste, and in consequence of that restoration, the melancholy reflections which now and then rose in her mind had less and less power to disturb its tranquillity.

To change the scene and to throw her thoughts into a quite new channel, Mr. Bendish carried his Lætitia to a watering place not many miles from his private peaceful habitation ; not doubting but that the situation of the place itself, and the genteel company who frequented it in the season, would greatly tend to promote the total removal of all depressing ideas.

Mr. Bendish, very soon after his arrival at Buxton, found—and with pleasure—that his daughter was not a little admired for her person: he was, however, more flattered by the encomiums bestowed upon her accomplishments, having, himself, largely contributed to the consequence she derived from them. The satisfaction which he felt upon this occasion, was considerably heightened by the propriety of her whole deportment, on her first public appearance, and his declared approbation of her conduct in the most encouraging terms, served to render her additionally attentive to every part of her behaviour.

In the train of Lætitia's admirers was a Baronet, young and sensible: his figure was engaging: he was happy in his address, and perfectly well bred. To Lætitia he behaved in the most respectful style, but he could not help taking pains, at the
same

same time, to make her see that he distinguished her from every other woman in the place.

Lætitia had sagacity enough to see the conquest she had made, and she felt the importance of it; but conducted herself with the nicest discretion, and neither by her looks nor any unguarded expressions, gave Sir James Halton reason to suppose that she beheld him in the light of a lover. She treated him merely as a young fellow who deemed it necessary to flirt with every girl he met with, to shew his gallantry; and by so treating him, had the pleasure to be assured that all her conjectures concerning the particularity of his carriage to her were confirmed.

Mr. Bendish plainly perceived that Sir James behaved to Lætitia as if he had very strong prepossessions in her favour: he also as plainly perceived that Lætitia's heart felt strong sensations in his behalf; but he kept the remarks which he made on the behavior of them both to himself; not without wishing, for his daughter's sake, that Sir James would come to the point about her, as she evidently longed for a regular declaration of that passion which his eyes very forcibly discovered for her.

Lætitia was naturally of a delicate, timid disposition, and having been educated in the most private

vate manner, had not acquired any of those airs and graces which women of the world commonly adopt, in order to set themselves off to the greatest advantage. Conscious of these deficiencies, not a little depressed too by the striking difference between her station in life and that of her admirer, she could not make that spirited display of her attainments (which were really considerable) that she would have done, perhaps, had she found herself in a higher sphere : or had the man who flattered her with his attentions and assiduities moved in a lower one.

In this situation, deeply in love with Sir James, almost dreading a disappointment, and ashamed to acquaint her father with the tumults in her tender bosom, she waited with all the anxiety of impatience for an event on which the happiness of her future life in a great measure, depended. Her feelings were doubly painful while she strove to confine them to her own breast, to conceal them from her father : she did not indeed communicate them to him with her lips, but his penetration enabled him to dive into her soul, and explore its most secret recesses. Pity was the first passion which his discoveries, in consequence of his discernment, excited ; terror was the second : for *Latitia*, injured by grief arising from the conceal-

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ment of her Love, and the oppression of her despair, appeared to be in a declining state of health, and by her altered looks exceedingly alarmed the fondest of parents.

Terrified at the condition to which Lætitia's partialities in favour of Sir James, and the uncertainty occasioned by Sir James's silence, had reduced her, Mr. Bendish could not behold her in that condition without the sincerest concern, and the most distressing apprehensions. By repeated requests he prevailed on her to confess the cause of the pitiable change he had for some time observed in her; but her confession only served to increase his disquiet on her account, as he was afraid to expect the wished-for removal of it, and as he could not decently, he thought, take any steps towards the accomplishment of his desires, and the dismissal of his doubts.

While the good Mr. Bendish, and his deserving daughter, were thus unhappily situated, the latter drooping every day more and more under the pressure of her tender sorrows, and the former most affectionately lamenting the havock which those sorrows had made in her constitution, they were both suddenly relieved from their respective miseries by the frank and generous behaviour of Sir James, by which he gave a happy turn to their
spirits

spirits, and exhibited himself in a light equally amiable and engaging.

It was some time indeed before Lætitia, (after what she had suffered, during the agonies of suspense,) recovered her health; she was, however, in a little while restored to the full enjoyment of it. With the tranquillity of her mind, the beauty of her person returned; and it was, indeed, so much heightened by the happiness of her heart, that Sir James grew more enamoured of her than he had ever been: and as her conversation also improved upon him, with the increasing freedom which his generous proposal had produced, he could not restrain himself from urging with all the eagerness of an impatient lover to fix a near day for the completion of his felicity. With all the delicacy ever becoming her sex, particularly so upon such an occasion, she discovered the pleasure which his eagerness gave her; with equal delicacy she left the nomination of her wedding day to him.

The delay on Sir James's side, with regard to the disclosure of that passion for Lætitia which she had certainly kindled in his bosom, did not arise from a diminution of it, in consequence of any impropriety in her conduct: it resulted entirely from the stimulating desire he felt to be assured his passion was returned; having never, in all his connections

nections with the female part of the human species, seen or conversed with a woman alluring enough to make a conquest of his heart. Accustomed, from his rank, his fortune, and his great alliances, to appear chiefly in the higher walks of life, he had with too much attention marked the behaviour of women of fashion to wish to have any matrimonial transactions with them.

Boldness and affectation were two acquired accomplishments in the fair sex which he never admired; and as those females who, in other respects, were most attractive in his eyes, distinguished themselves in those accomplishments, he found in himself no propensity to figure in the character of a married man.

Sir James's appearance at Buxton, at that time, was merely accidental: he had no intention to visit that place when he left London, in order to make some improvements upon his Derbyshire estate: it was in compliance with the particular request of an old friend whom he overtook a few miles from the above mentioned town, that he accompanied him to the place to which he was going for the benefit of his health. When he was at the Wells, he was indeed sufficiently satisfied with the company he met there, not to repent of the change

he had made in his travelling plan; but little did he imagine, that among the ladies assembled at Buxton he should find one sufficiently engaging to render herself necessary to his happiness.

To the happiness of Sir James, Lætitia became absolutely necessary soon after his arrival at Buxton: she appeared to him in every respect a woman formed to make an unexceptionable wife; and the moment he thought he could depend upon her being as much in love with him, as he was with her, he avowed his passion in the most flattering overtures.

As the friend whom Sir James had overtaken upon the road was the minister of a neighbouring parish, the nuptial ceremony was performed by him in his own church.

When all the previous preparations were finished, the happy pair, with Mr. Bendish, not less happy, though in a different way, then set out thoroughly pleased with the business of the morning to Halton farm.

Lætitia, upon her arrival at the farm, not only found a very elegant house very pleasantly situated, but she also found every accommodation which she wished for to make life agreeable. No woman ever entered into the marriage state with
more

more transporting prospects : no woman ever was more deserving of all the felicity which that state can bestow.

On the approach of winter, Sir James carried his Lætitia to London, not without some triumphant sensations, believing that he had, in her, a wife as much superior to the common run of married women in point of conjugal merit, as she appeared in his eyes superior to most women married or single, in point of personal beauty. Allowances should ever be made—and ever will be made by candid people—for the uxorious effusions of a doating husband ; but Sir James Halton met with very few friends in the *great* world ready to bear the overflowings of his enraptured heart : they thought his behaviour to Lady Halton extremely ridiculous ; and almost every female of his acquaintance, especially the unmarried ladies, and those who had hoped to share his title with him, exclaimed against his choice of a wife in pretty smart expressions, mixing with their satire as much wit as they could muster up upon so provoking an occasion.

Those, however, who saw her elevation with the greatest disquiet, behaved to her with the greatest politeness : and very naturally thinking that they could not so effectually alienate her husband's

band's affections from her, as by inspiring her with the passion which he beheld in all women with abhorrence. This passion was gaming; and her seducers were too successful.

Lady Halton, before the winter was over, grew so much devoted to the card table, that Sir James began to be both wretched and alarmed: wretched, as her attachment to play had evidently weakened her attachment to him: alarmed as her losses were considerably and frequently repeated: his peace was destroyed, and he was not quite easy about his honour. In hopes of recovering the first, and of preventing any injury to the last, he, with every payment of her honourable debts, endeavoured to prevail on her in the mildest and most soothing language never to touch another card. Lætitia could not help feeling the justness of his remonstrances, but her heart was untouched by the persuasions of his lips: the four aces had taken possession of it, and all his eloquence was insufficient to dislodge them.

After many fruitless efforts to gain the point he fervently wished for, Sir James peremptorily assured Lætitia one day, that if she ever played again a separation should immediately follow. Startled at this assurance, delivered with unusual warmth, she implored his forgiveness, and positively declared

clared that she would act for the future in every respect, agreeably to his desire and commands.

As this reply was accompanied with tears, Sir James was melted. With fondness he embraced her; pitied, loved; and pardoned.

The very next night Lætitia's evil genius carried her to Lady Sweepwell's rout. There she plunged herself deeply in Lord Fleecer's debt, and was obliged, before she left the room, to give him a solemn promise that she would on the third day afterwards either produce the money he had won, or pay him in the mode he had proposed for the cancelling of his winnings.

From this night to that preceding the day appointed for the adjustment of her account with Lord Fleecer, Lætitia's mind was in the most painful state to be conceived, and its agony every moment increased. Terrified at the thoughts of being separated from Sir James, (for whom all her conjugal affection now returned, and with violence) and dreading the interview with her formidable creditor, she was tortured in the extreme. Sir James over-hearing a dialogue between her and her woman, was in spite of all he had said concerning a separation, so affected by her sorrow and contrition, that he rushed into the room, pressed her

her with ardour to his bosom, forgave her, and put it into her power to defeat Lord Fleecer's infamous designs.

Lætitia, struck with her husband's generosity at the very time she felt herself totally unworthy of his esteem, became a new woman, a new wife, and to prevent a return of a passion which had nearly proved fatal to her, never played cards again.

T H E
POWER of LOVE.

I.

AS arrows fly from bended yew,
So swift to meet my love I flew ;
I fought her through each shady grove,
The haunt of wisdom and of love.

II.

But ah ! in vain was all my care,
To find my lovely cruel fair ;
She treads, alas ! a distant plain,
And all my sighs and tears are vain.

Tir'd

III.

Tir'd with the search, I back return'd,
And all the way in silence mourn'd;
Then bow'd devout at Bacchus' shrine,
And thought to drown my cares in wine :

IV.

But all in vain ; the potent juice
Did no such wond'rous change produce ;
My tortur'd brain, my throbbing breast,
Its boundless potent power confess'd.

V.

But love within my breast remain'd,
And o'er my heart imperious reign'd ;
My soul dissolv'd with fierce desire,
Like Etna scorch'd with inward fire.

VI.

I tried sweet music's magic sounds,
To cure love's deep and bleeding wounds ;
But every note and soothing strain,
Did but increase my inward pain.

VII.

Tho' every muse had try'd her power,
My mind's lost peace quick to restore,
Not all their strains my pain could move,
I still must live the slave of love.

ANECDOTE

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ANECDOTE

OF

VOLTAIRE.

WHEN Voltaire was in England, he was highly careſſed by all the Engliſh nobility; but by none more than Lord Cheſterfield. His lordſhip gave him a general invitation to his table, and always accuſed the bard of inattention when he did not dine with him. Voltaire frequently excuſed himſelf in the moſt polite terms: but being one day a little hard run at White's upon the occaſion, the poet replied with ſome acrimony, " My lord, I always conſider it as a ſingular honour to be in company with a nobleman of your lordſhip's genius and abilities; but really, my lord, when I find how much you prostitute the gifts of nature by entertaining ſharpers and adventurers, I pity your judgment, and admire my own abilities." His lordſhip turned upon his heel, and retorted, "*J'aime l'eſprit meme grand je le trouve dans un coquin.*" Voltaire did not rejoin.

THE

A MORAL TALE.

"Fathers have flinty hearts!"

Mr. Ruffet, a country gentleman, with a much larger estate than he deserved, was upon all occasions, as absurd a being as ever existed; but he was, in his parental character, particularly reprehensible. He had lately buried an exemplary wife, whom he hurried out of the world by his brutality, and had only a daughter living. With violent passions, he had a very weak understanding; but,

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though

though extremely illiterate, he had so high an opinion of his own intellects, that he thought himself sufficiently qualified to speak in a decisive tone upon every subject in the discussion of which he was engaged.

Miss Ruffet, in her person, ranked among the *agreeables*; there was nothing striking in her figure or her face; but as she was naturally graceful in all her motions, and always looked good humoured, few people saw her without feeling prejudices in her favour. Had her father bestowed a liberal or polite education on her, she would probably have shone with the first women of the age; but in spite of all the disadvantages under which she laboured, in consequence of her father's narrow way of thinking, absurd way of acting, and inherent rusticity, she improved herself in such a manner as to render her appearance engaging, and her conversation courted. Her behaviour was, upon every occasion, under the direction of propriety.

Ruffet, by having a daughter who never did any thing to displease him intentionally, who made it her whole study to give him pleasure, had a treasure in his possession; but he was totally ignorant of its value. Often indeed did he seem to be extravagantly fond of her; but if she discovered,

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at any time even by her looks the slightest opposition to his will (and he frequently required compliances which revolted against her inclination) his eyes flashed indignation, and he poured out his resentment in the severest, rarely in the most decent language. Yet the harshness of his expressions, never drew from her an undutiful word; she was either silently submissive or endeavoured, by the mildest modes of utterance, to appease the storm of paternal anger.

Ruffet was a great politician, or rather a violent partyman; for he really knew no more about the political state of his country than one of his pointers.

Having heard from his cradle, (as his father was a furious anti-courtier), the severest reflections on ministerial measures, he grew up with a mortal aversion to all the proceedings of the cabinet, and strictly opposed them, without giving himself time to consider whether they might not be, if candidly examined, as beneficial to the nation, as he deemed them precipitately pernicious. At every county meeting he never failed to discover the littleness of his mind, by railing at the premier for the time being, and as certainly at an election supported, with all his interest, the candidate against whom the minister exerted his temporary power.

H h 2

Ever

Ever ready to support a man whom the minister opposed, he was particularly animated—inflamed indeed—with the spirit of opposition, when a neighbouring gentleman, extremely offensive to him on many accounts, offered himself to be a Representative for the nearest town to which they both resided.

Mr. Ruffet's violent opposition to Mr. Greening gave no small uneasiness to his amiable daughter, as she had unluckily settled her affections on that gentleman's only son, a very agreeable and accomplished young fellow, lately arrived from France; additionally accomplished by foreign travel, without having left any of his English virtues upon the Continent.

Young Greening, though he had seen none so attractive in his eyes in every respect; and it was with the sincerest pleasure that he perceived he was far from being an object of indifference in her eyes. Having frequently conversed with each other at a neutral house in the neighbourhood, at the house of a benevolent lady, who had a great regard for Miss Ruffet, and no less esteem for the whole Greening family, they became too strongly prepossessed in each other's favour not to wish for an indissoluble union. Their hearts, indeed, were united: but they dared not to think of an hymeneal connection.

The

The good lady, who was visited both by Mr. Greening and Mr. Ruffet—tho' never at the same time—took great pains to make them prefer the happiness of their children to the gratification of their party passions; but all her efforts were fruitless; they would not hear of the alliance forcibly recommended between their families, and at length, carried their mutual resentment so far as to forbid the fond lovers to meet again at the house of her whom they now looked upon no longer in a neutral light, but as a person who, being zealous for a marriage of which they highly disapproved, would probably take some steps to bring about the consummation of it.

To prevent his son from having any more interviews with Clara Ruffet, Mr. Greening sent him into the North, to transact an affair of a singular nature for him. Mr. Ruffet was extremely well pleased with George's removal, but still more when the younger son of the Earl of B—— came down to oppose Mr. Greening.

As Lord S—— was the son of a patriotic earl, he came sufficiently recommended to Mr. Ruffet; and he interested himself so much in his lordship's behalf, that he carried his election with a high hand. To increase Mr. Ruffet's transports upon the joyful occasion, Lord S—— begged he might
have

have the honour of being allied to him by marrying his daughter.

Ruffet, when Lord S——made so flattering a request, was almost delirious with delight; to marry his daughter to a man who had ever shewn the strongest desire to oppose all ministerial measures, and the son of an earl too—the thoughts of such a brilliant marriage half distracted him.

Poor Clara, whose soul doated on her George, received the addresses of Lord S—— with tears, and the commands of her father to accept of them with terror. For a long time she hesitated, not knowing how to act in so cruel, as well as critical, a situation; but at last, the dreadful apprehensions with which her mind was harrowed, when she reflected on the excruciating miseries which numbers of her sex have endured in consequence of their filial disobedience, urged her to give her hand to her noble lover; but her heart falsified the language of her lips while she repeated the irrevocable words.

In a few weeks after his marriage, Lord S——, hearing of the arrival of a sister of his at Paris, and of her confinement there (by the return of a disorder, under the pressure of which she had been greatly relieved by the waters of Baregès) set out for

for that capital, and carried Clara with him, not, however, in the character of an affectionate husband, who loved his wife better than any woman in the world—No; he carried her in the character of a jealous husband. The truth is, he had, soon after his marriage, very broad hints directed to him concerning Lady S——'s attachment to George Greening, and the coldness of her whole behaviour to him left him no room to question it. He never had felt, indeed, much love for the woman he married; as he was a younger brother, and slightly, as he thought, provided for, he availed himself of Ruffet's vanity and pride to improve his circumstances by a lucrative alliance with him.

It is impossible to describe the state of George's mind when he, in the midst of the business he was transacting for his father, heard of the marriage of the mistress of his heart. He behaved rather like a madman than a rational creature, and hurried home with the utmost expedition, in order to seize an opportunity to expostulate with his Clara on her desertion, after having promised so faithfully to be his alone.

By travelling with more precipitation than prudence, he was, by the time he arrived at his father's house, in a high fever.

Lady

Lady S——, when she was acquainted with the arrival, and with the situation of him whom she still loved (though she often blamed herself severely for indulging a passion which could not be cherished by her with discretion) was but a few miles from him, and preparing for her little voyage. She wept at the melancholy intelligence, and even reproached herself for having been the eventual cause of it. The attempt to see her deserted lover would, she knew, be a wild one; yet she could not refrain from writing an affectionate note to him, full of pity, full of contrition, replete with the sincerest wishes for his welfare in general; replete with the most fervent prayers for his recovery in particular.

The perusal of this note, dispatched by Lady S—— to him by a confidential messenger, did more towards his recovery than all the medicines which his physicians had prescribed for him.

“She is to be pitied,” said he, kissing the note, and pressing it to his bosom; “she is truly to be pitied—What a brute is that father who dooms his daughter to perpetual wretchedness, by compelling her to marry a man whom she cannot love!”

Such soliloquies as these frequently burst from him, during the recovery of his strength and spirits.
When

When his health was re-established enough to permit him to travel, he set out for France with redoubled ardour, as a friend of his there informed him that Lord S—— had not only treated his Clara with the greatest unkindness, since her departure from England, but had kept her so closely confined at a chateau he had hired for the summer near Paris, as to render her apartment a prison.

George had been very rightly informed concerning the injurious treatment which Lady S—— had met with from her jealous husband (a treatment she had by no means merited, as she had not, though she could not behold him with the eyes of affection, given him any reason to suspect her fidelity to him) but he certainly made a resolution not to be defended, when he resolved to deliver her from her captivity. Impelled by love, he was deaf to the voice of discretion.

Lord S—— being no stranger to Clara's prior attachment, often upbraided her, in the bitterest terms, for having married him; and was, indeed, not a little apprehensive of George's making some attempts to get at the idol of his heart, before he heard of his embarkation at Dover. As soon as he received that intelligence, his behaviour to Lady S—— was still more unkind and he ordered

her to be watched with a vigilance which would, he thought, sufficiently frustrate any designs formed by his rival to procure an interview with her.

George, on his arrival at Paris, went immediately to the friend who had acquainted him, from time to time, with his Clara's distressful situation, and consulted him how to proceed in a manner the most likely to be attended with success. The active jealousy of his lordship, and his extreme vigilance, seemed to place unsurmountable bars in his way; but the point he had in view made so deep an impression upon him, that he was not deterred from the execution of his designs by the difficulties which threatened him. His friend, indeed, talked to him very strongly in the dissuasive stile; but his dissuasions were slighted.

While he was projecting the deliverance of his Clara, he received a letter from her which contained so pathetic an account of her confinement, that he was doubly animated to undertake her release.

In a short time afterwards, with the assistance of a faithful servant, a fellow of great dexterity who artfully introduced himself into Lord S——'s family, he projected the deliverance of his dear Clara. In consequence of her being permitted to walk every day in the garden, when the weather

was

was favourable, and of being attended by a new duenna, who luckily pitied her unhappy condition, she agreed to meet her lover in a field adjoining to it; and both of them, when they had fixed the important interview, waited for the appointed moment, with the utmost impatience. They met, they embraced, and proceeded with mutual delight to the asylum ready for their reception; but just when they were within sight of it, they were surprised by Lord S—— attended by several of his domestics.

George, for a while, though unsupported, endeavoured to protect Lady S—— against her husband, and his myrmidons: his efforts were vigorous; but they were the efforts of a Quixote; they could not possibly prove successful. He had the cutting mortification to see the mistress of his heart hurried away from him, and he was additionally grieved to think that he should, probably, never have it again in his power to rescue her from the arms of her tyrant. Slight, however, was the mortification, and that grief, compared to the agonies he felt when he was informed, in a few weeks afterwards, that Lord S——'s increasing ill usage had put a period to his Clara's existence.

George on the decease of a woman whom he could not cease to love with the greatest ardour, though he knew that his passion for her became

criminal as soon as she was the wife of another man, hastened to England, being unable to remain in a place in which he had been so cruelly disappointed, and so severely distressed. On his return home, and acquainting his father with the affliction of his heart, he met with a reception which he little expected. Mr. Greening, having been previously informed of his son's rash, indefensible proceedings, instead of giving him an affectionate welcome, reprimanded him in the sharpest accents for his precipitate behaviour; to which, he added, Lady S—'s death might fairly be attributed to him, as her husband's ill usage had been redoubled by her inconsiderate elopement with him. George when he came to think seriously on what his father had said to him, felt all the force and justness of his reprehensions. Looking upon himself as the immediate cause of his Clara's untimely death, he was harrassed with the most painful reflections, and those reflections threw him into a melancholy, which no applications, physical or moral could remove.



WINTER

WINTER

A Tempestuous Night.

LO! Winter's direful glooms appear!
Foul vapours taint the lucid air,
And fable tinctures glow;
The joyless rains, portending floods,
Loud boisterous winds untop the woods,
That grumbling wave below.

When Sol the western ocean seeks,
And æther stains with fiery streaks,
The clouds uncertain roll;
Till from the leaden-colour'd east
Pale Luna rises from her rest,
But holds a short controul.

See through the fluctuating air,
Obtuse, the glitt'ring stars appear,
Or shooting quick, exhale:
Snatch'd in short eddies plays the leaf;
The conscious heifer snuffs, with grief,
The threat'ning stormy gale.

The plummy race its changes speak,
In thicken'd groves they shelter seek,
To shun tempestuous night:
The screech-owl plies its doleful strains;
The clam'rous rooks, in blacken'd trains,
Thick urge their weary flight.

In barren fields the cattle fed
With fodder seek the kinder shed,
 With most anxious care ;
Forth from the rustling forests high
The solemn sounding whirlwinds fly,
 And bids the world prepare.

In sudden burst the tempest pours ;
The rolling clouds its heavy show'rs
 In rapid torrents send :
The crack'ling thunder knows no bound ;
Fierce light'nings skim along the ground,
 In desolation end.

The breathless trav'ler, all aghast,
Shrinks to the ground beneath the blast,
 That o'er him now shall glide :
The harmless flocks, that graze the plain,
The floods now sweep into the main ;
 Huge uproar lords it wide.

All nature reels. A shocking scene !
'Till the Almighty Power Supreme
 Bids the rude world be still.
Then straight, by his command suppress'd,
The boist'rous winds retire to rest,
 At his Omniscient Will.

A
CURIOUS INSTANCE
OF
FRENCH PERFIDY.

AS every method, consistent with truth and justice, should be pursued to impregnate our minds with the idea of Gallic Perfidy, so every consolation that a well grounded hope can present to us, ought to be administered to our countrymen, to cheer up their spirits under the present gloom in the political atmosphere; and as nothing can be more conducive to that salutary end than an extract from well-attested facts in history, the following instance will shew that the friendship of France has always been fatal and unlucky to those who have made trial of it.

We shall proceed to consider one of the deepest and most cruel tragedies that ever was acted upon the stage of Europe: a tragedy it was, that will fix an eternal blemish upon the memory of Louis the Great, and serve as a warning to all posterity how they trust to the friendship of a Prince who sacrifices honour, faith, and all that ought to be accounted most sacred among men, to his ambition and his interest. I mean the affair of Messina, which happened in the following manner:

Though

Though by the contract of marriage between Louis the Fourteenth and the King of Spain's sister confirmed by the treaty of the Pyrenees, in the year 1660, the French King had entered into a firm alliance with his brother-in-law, and formally renounced all right to the succession of the crown of Spain, and whatever pretensions he might have to his territories, in case of his Catholic Majesty's decease; yet, notwithstanding that treaty, and contrary even to common generosity, Louis the Fourteenth had well nigh stripped his brother-in-law, who was scarce turned of infancy, of one of his finest kingdoms, that of Sicily. Ever since that island became part of the dominions of Spain, the city of Messina had made a very considerable figure, and obtained such ample and advantageous privileges, that she seemed rather a Republic within her little district, than a town under the subjection of a Monarchy. Very few cities went beyond her for trade; she therein excelled most of the Empires in the world: nor was there any of her bigness in the Mediterranean that pretended to come up with her in riches. Such was Messina; and such, perhaps, she might have remained to this day, but for the fatal friendship of Louis the Great, who plunged her into deep ruin, without resource.

The

The Viceroy having laid new duties upon certain merchandizes, the Messinese exclaimed against that imposition, as an injury done them. Nor were the Agents and Pensioners of France wanting on that occasion to blow the coal into such a flame, that at last they obliged those unhappy people, by their flattering promises and sly insinuations, to shake off the Spanish yoke, and put themselves under the protection of France.

But it was not long before the Messinese repented the folly they had committed. Neither were the arms of a minor King, whom they had abandoned, so much the subject of their repentance, as the insolences continually offered them by the French garrison and governor, whom they had received. In a word, the French behaving themselves like masters, and not like protectors, convinced the Messinese, but too late, that they had leaped out of the frying pan into the fire. Nevertheless, the poor people, conscious to themselves that they had given the King of Spain no cause of complaint, and finding on the other hand that it was impossible for them to disengage themselves from the French, shut their eyes against the rigours with which they were treated by those masters, and resolved to make their new slavery as easy to them as possible. After they had thus

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groaned

groaned for some years under the French yoke, at last an end was put to their unspeakable misery.

Monsieur de la Feuillade arriving at Messina the 20th of February, 1678, with a considerable fleet of men of war, was received by the Messinese with all possible tokens of joy, assumed the title of Viceroy, and took a public oath to defend the city against all who should attack it. On the last day of the same February, that gentleman assembled the inhabitants, and told them that he had orders from his master to undertake something of importance, in order to procure them a very considerable advantage. This the deluded people immediately took to be at least the reduction of Syracuse, and the rest of the island; and the better to keep them in their blindness and ignorance, Monsieur de la Feuillade ordered a great number of waggons, mules, and oxen, to be got ready, as if he designed to transport provisions by land, caused the French garrison of Messina, consisting of about 6000 men, to be re-embarked the 9th of March, shipped off several pieces of heavy artillery, just as if he had intended to put this great enterprize in execution; set out from Messina with loud acclamations of the betrayed inhabitants, and sailed directly for France, abandoning the poor wretches to the mercy of the incensed Spaniards.

The

The next day the French fleet, meeting with a violent storm, was obliged to return into the bay of Messina ; and the citizens still persuaded of the sincerity of the men who betrayed them, presented the admiral with a consecrated flag to set up at his ship's stern ; but the wind coming fair the 15th of March, and the French soldiers, who had landed, embarked again in the greatest hurry, with all that ever they had left behind them at their first embarkation, made the Messinese at last suspect, all of a sudden, they were betrayed ; insomuch, that the people running to Monsieur de la Feuillade, just as he was upon the point of leaving them, obliged him to return to the town-house, where he made a speech to the Messinese, transported with rage and fury, concluding with these mortifying expressions : " In a word, I am commanded by my master to carry my troops back to France ; you must therefore endeavour to defend yourselves for two months, at the expiration of which time I shall return ; mean while if any of you have a mind to go to France, you may, provided you do it in good order."

This thunderclap struck the Messinese with such a general consternation, that of all the citizens only 112 of the richest had the resolution to accept of the offer. And indeed they had no time

to prepare for their departure, for the French fleet hoisted sail the next day, leaving Messina never to see it more.

A singular example this of the generosity, and faith, and friendship, of Louis the Fourteenth; who thereby ruined one of the richest cities in Europe, and condemned to the gibbet above 300 of her principal inhabitants, whom the Spaniards sacrificed to their resentment as soon as they had retaken Messina; and one of the unhappy gentlemen, whom Monsieur de la Feuillade carried off, who had been Consul of the place, and one of the wealthiest merchants in the Levant, was afterwards forced to beg his bread in France.

T H E

Romantic Daughters :

OR,

A PLEASANT REVENGE.

“**W**AS there ever such treatment?” said Mr. Trueman to his friend Worthy, as they came together from the house of old Mr. Meanwright, who was an honest farmer, and at the opportunity

portunity of his daughters, had come to town to treat the girls with a sight of London. These two gentlemen, Trueman and Worthy, were his country neighbours, two wealthy Esquires, who paid court to his daughters with designs of the most honourable nature. They accompanied the farmer up to town, to make the party more agreeable; but the girls had no sooner got into London, than they put on London airs, recollected all the nonsense they had picked out of romances, and commenced all at once persons of infinite taste and condition. As to their old country lovers, they were now out of the question, forsooth. No, no; they must have something more refined—more *ton*—more every thing that belongs to London!

“ Was there ever such treatment?” said Mr. Trueman; “ why the girls will scarce deign to give us a civil answer. My Moll and your Bett are quite in metamorphose. Odds, honesty, my friend, was there ever such a change! Why, they affect to whisper, to gape, to loll, to leer, to hear a little, to see less; and, in fine, they do not chuse to know either us or themselves. However, this may be all very fine; but if you will come into my scheme, I will play on their exalted Ladyships a trick of retaliation, that shall make them remember their infidelity and coquetish airs as long as they

they live. I know a couple of cunning, shrewd fellows, who will aid our plot charmingly ; and it is a project that will, I dare say, not only make them love us hereafter the better for it, but make them excellent stay at-home women for the future."

Just at the period of the departure of these two angry lovers, the honest farmer met them going out of the door. " Whither so fast gentlemen ?" said he. But, without deigning to answer, they both pulled off their hats, and brushed by hastily. This conduct nettled the old man, who went directly to his daughters, and demanded to know what they had done to the young men, in order to send them out of the house in such a huff.

" Lord, papa," said the eldest of them, adjusting her hair at the glass, " I wonder you call one from the duties of the *toylitte*, to answer such nonsense. As to those young men, I am surprized they can have the assurance to suppose we can attend to their sighs and nonsense, now we are got to London. Besides, it is the very bottomless pit of ill-breeding, papa, to talk bluntly, as they do, of love and matrimony, without preparing one for it : for every body knows that marriage is the last thing, after a thousand other charming ceremonies, which, by little and little, lead us to it. Oh, Heavens,

vens, papa! it is proper that lovers of two such girls as we, should exercise their wits a thousand ways to please us; and even at last the declaration should not be given, unless in a harbour, or else in a private chamber, and always with tears in their eyes, upon their knees. Then, after this, papa, come on difficulties, persecutions, pains, penalties, false suspicions, complaints, hopes, despairs, quarrels, reconciliations, according to the laws of every well-written romance in the English language. Then the dress of Trueman and Worthy!—Did ever two such woeful-looking lovers appear in London before?—No, papa, they may do for dirty places in the Hundreds of Essex; but, for any thing else a little more delicate, they are insupportable. To say the truth, papa, I wish you would do us the credit, to dress a little more like Mr. Somebody.”

Poor Mr. Meanwright lifted up his hands, and exclaimed furiously that he did not comprehend one syllable of their nonsense, but that he insisted upon their behaving to Trueman and Worthy as usual. “I tell you, you jades,” said the old man, “they are men of worth and wealth: I know their families, their friends, their aunts, cousins, and characters. I know all about them; and if you use them so again, as I have reason to believe you have

have of late, I will never own you for my daughters again."

At the end of this speech, however, Lady Moll and Madam Bett repaired again to the glass, and began again the business of powdering, curling, frizzing, and pomatuming

In the mean time, Worthy and Trueman were putting their little plot of revenge in execution, or rather *preparing* it. They had knowledge of two lads of London, who were equal to every frolic that could possibly be started, and who, indeed, seemed to rejoice in every thing that looked like a piece of roguery. They were in a low station, the one being a cobbler, and the other a currier; but they answered the present purpose, as the reader will see, to a miracle. But I must not too much anticipate.

While the honest farmer went out to the lodgings of his two young neighbours, in order to be heartily reconciled to them, the farmer's country servant, Robin, came into the ladies room, and, in his aukward way, told them that there was a monstrous great man dressed *nation fine*, come to wait upon them. This information put the girls into a great flurry; and e're they could well adjust themselves, in came a Mr. Somebody, under the
character

character of my Lord Dazzlebutton, humming an Italian air with as absolute an assurance and consciousness as if he was really a nobleman. " My name, is Dazzlebutton! I am the richest man in London: I lead the world: and I am drawn by the report of your beauty, which I find even *greater* than reported, to pay my adoration to your charms.

While the girls were preparing a complimentary reply to this Pindaricism, in came another Mr. Somebody; who after many scrapes and writhings of the body, announced himself to be the Earl of Star and Garter. The two Lords paid due homage to each other: they flattered; they fidgeted; they picked their teeth; they talked scandal. They were excellent representatives of very, very fine gentlemen indeed!

The girls were so wholly taken up with their new guests, that they neither thought of their father, nor their lovers. They imagined that, by a kind enchantment, they were to be led forth into palaces, and chariots, and that all the universe was to be changed upon them for the better. The mock Lords continued to lord it to admiration, and had by heart the whole routine of the mode. And that this degree of perfection may not astonish the reader, it may be proper to let him know

that these two young fellows had formerly served as valets to two of those sparks, whose whole business is comprized in the first arts of conversation and non-entity. How after such an easy, doing nothing situation, the one of these lads could stoop to cobble a shoe, and the other to curry a hide, the God of changes and revolutions alone can tell : so it was.

Having carried this farce on till the very heads and hearts of the girls was on fire, Mr. Meanwright knocked at the door ; but on his entering the room, how am I to describe the good man's amazement, upon seeing two such flaming heroes ! He retired back a few paces, and held his hat in his hand. The Nobles persisted in their importance ; but, upon being told by Lady Moll *that* was their father, they were graciously pleased to desire he would sit down. This he did, after great scruple and hesitation, not yet having sufficient courage to ask who he had the honour to entertain.

To relieve him however, from this irksome situation, Trueman and Worthy, the two masters of the scene, gave a furious knock, and entered the apartment just as Lord Dazzlebutton had proposed to the Earl of Star and Garter that they should make a party to the play, just to give a squint at
the

the boxes, and so off again to Almacks. The Earls had, however, their cue. No sooner did they perceive Trueman and Worthy enter the room, than they rose from their seats, and pretended to pay them the utmost respect.

The girls were chagrined at this. The farmer sat in silent astonishment. "Oh, now I think of it," said Trueman to one of the noblemen, "Pray, have you done heel-tapping my shoe Mr. Bristle?" "Heel-tapping your shoe!" cried Lady Bett, blushing: Do you know what you say? Silence, man, that is my Lord Dazzlebutton, the richest man in town, and who came here on purpose to pay his devoirs to our charms!" "Is it" said Trueman: "I beg his Lordship's pardon; but, notwithstanding that, if my shoes are not brought home to my lodgings very stoutly soled and heeled, his Lordship and I shall have a fore quarrel, I doubt."

Before the amazement occasioned by this discourse had time to go off, Mr. Worthy, on the other part, encreased it, by asking the Earl of Star and Garter, alias Mr. Skinner, the currier, whether he found dog's skin or calf skin take the tan best?" "What the deuce is all this!" said the farmer, rising. The Ladies were at a stand. "Well, but here, gentlemen," said Trueman to the mock

Lords, "here's a crown a-piece for your trouble: your Lordships may now descend again into your own private characters. Our design is fully answered: the clothes you will be so good to leave in our lodgings, that we may return them to the proprietor in Monmouth-Street. In our rooms, Mr. Skinner, you will find your jerkin; and you, Mr. Bristle, will find your leathern apron. Farewell: when you go next in a great character, may you be equally successful! I have the honour to wish your Lordship a very good day."

"That may be, Mr. Trueman, said the currier, who was the archest of the two—"that may be; but if you ordered us to push the matter as far as it would go, we should have put your nose out of joint, I can tell you that; for both the Ladies would have married our clothes and titles with all the pleasure in the world; and, o'my conscience, I believe if you had staid a little longer, the currier and the cobbler had fairly put to flight all the pretensions of the 'Squire and the estate in the country." "How, Ladies!" said Trueman, "is this true?" "For shame, for shame!" exclaimed the father: "A'n't you fine ladies to play these pranks! What, you must have Lords, must you! Honest men, and well to live, won't do for you dainty ones! Mr. Trueman, give me your hand; I like

I like your scheme of all things." " But then the unfortunate consequence, my good Sir!" said Worthy, affecting surprize; the consequence!" " What consequence!" cried the girls trembling. " Why, the whole affair will be all over the town by to-morrow night: there is nothing done in London, of this kind, that does not creep into the news-papers; and by this means both your daughters, farmer, will be hooted at as they pass along the streets. This London is a most dreadful town for that."

" Here's a fine piece of work for you!" cried the father. " Oh, what a curse it is upon an honest man to have two unmarried girls upon his hands!" " I shall die with shame!" said Lady Moll. " I shall sink into the earth!" said Lady Bett. — " And is there no way to screen our heads, and even eyes and ears, from this infamy?" said the old man, whose ignorance of the town made him really think the news-paper strokes true. " Is there no way, Master Worthy?" " Yes," said Worthy, very gravely, " I think there is." " What is it? What is it?" cried the girls eagerly. " To return again into the country by day-break, and never mention the affair again. When you are not seen about town, the thing will soon be blown over, and forgotten. This is the

the only remedy to save you from ruin.—Will you consent?" "Consent!" said the girls, heartily humiliated, "We will consent to set off in the middle of the night; and we here both of us promise, upon our knees, never to make such fools of ourselves again, nor never to mention a Lord's name, for the time to come, without trembling."

"That the matter may be more complete, (continued Bett,) I am on my knees also, in order to say, that if Worthy will take me, and Trueman my sister, after our romance, I will be unto him a faithful wife; and we will sooner think of drinking up the ocean, than of ever desiring another journey to London." "A match!" cried Trueman. "A match!" echoed Worthy. "I am then the happiest old man in all Essex!" cried the father, and wiped away the water that came into his eyes.

The scheme succeeded. They left London: they married. They now and then mentioned Lord Star and Garter, and Lord Dazzlebutton's adventure over their own fire-side,—but their utmost excursion is now, once a year, to a neighbouring fair, and perhaps a hop at farmer Divegale's on Martlemas-Day.

A REMARKABLE STORY
OF A
HERMIT.

A CERTAIN holy hermit named Parnhe, being upon the road to meet his bishop who had sent for him, met a lady most magnificently dressed, whose incomparable beauty drew the eyes of every body on her. The saint, having looked at her, and being himself struck with astonishment, immediately burst into tears. Those who were with him wondering to see him weep, demanded the cause of his grief.

“ I have two reasons, replied he, for my tears; I weep to think how fatal an impression that woman makes on all who behold her; and I am touched with sorrow when I reflect that I, for my salvation, and to please God, have never taken one tenth part of the pains which this woman has taken to please men alone.”



ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

MAURICE SUCKLING.

WHEN Mr. Suckling was a young man, he was remarkable for a foppishness of dress, and effeminacy of manners, which rendered him extremely ridiculous, particularly among his brother tars, who gave him the appellation of FINE BONES; however, the anecdote we are going to relate of him, affords a striking instance that military men are not always to be judged of by appearances. When Captain Suckling commanded a ship under the late Commodore Forest, they were cruizing, three in company, off the island of Hispaniola, when being observed by FIVE French ships of SUPERIOR force then lying at Cape Francois, they immediately got under weigh with a view of capturing the British ships. The Commodore judged it adviseable to make the signal for the other two ships to come within hail, in order to consult their Captains on what was best to be done.—The brave Suckling without hesitation replied,—“WHY, ENGAGE THEM TO BE SURE.” This so much astonished the ship’s company, that they voluntarily gave FINE BONES three hearty cheers.—

cheers.—He then called his first Lieutenant to him, and said, “ Sir, I am sensible there are many reflections and prejudices against my character; if therefore any part of my conduct during the approaching engagement; should betray the least marks of impropriety or fear, I desire you will send me forthwith below deck; and take the command of the ship.” In short, Captain Stuckling behaved with the utmost intrepidity throughout the action; and this little squadron gave the haughty MONSIEURS so severe a drubbing, that they returned in the most shattered condition to the Cape, to the great mortification of the inhabitants of Hispaniola, who had prepared a grand entertainment for the reception of the British prisoners. Commodore Forest’s squadron had scarcely a mast standing when they put into port.



THE WILL,

A GRECIAN STORY.

ATHENDORUS lived at Athens. He punctually discharged the duties of a good citizen. His fortune was below mediocrity. A small patrimony had scarcely sufficed for the expences of his education. His fidelity to his friends, his tenderness to his parents, his taste for the sciences, his genius and strict integrity, merited, and acquired him the love and respect of his fellow citizens: While young he had given salutary counsels to his country, and had served it with distinction in its wars. The different sects of philosophers, contended amongst themselves for the honour of having him for a disciple. Athendorus refused to make a choice. Perhaps he was deterred by their perpetual disputes; it may be he was afraid, that by joining one sect he would give offence to the rest; or perhaps he was contented to conduct himself through life like a true philosopher without being ambitious of the title. The wealthiest citizens of Athens were his friends. They were in vain desirous of making him amends for the injustice of fortune. Philocles was the only person from whom he would receive the smallest favour, even when struggling with extreme

treme penury. Monimia, a young Athenian, indigent, but beautiful, gentle, modest, and virtuous, touched his heart; she was equally charmed with Athendorus. The horrors of poverty did not terrify them: their souls were mingled, and determined to join their hands. Content with little, honest industry supplied all their wants. They found a thousand pleasing means of rendering their burthen more light, and they mutually aided each other in supporting it. Happiness so pure would never have suffered abatement; but death, cruel death! snatched Athendorus, from the arms of his inconsolable wife. He left her as a pledge of love, a daughter too young as yet to be sensible of her misfortune; and for a jointure—a will. Monimia, her head covered with a veil which hardly concealed the excess of her grief, holding her daughter in one hand and the will of her departed husband in the other, was conducted before the assembly of the Areopagus, in the presence of a multitude of citizens, anxious to hear read the will of a philosopher who had nothing to bequeath. They opened it, and found therein these words; “ I demise to Philocles the dearest of my friends, my wife and daughter, and desire him to marry the one, and educate and portion the other.” So singular a will, a legacy so little calculated to enrich the legatee, occasioned many pointed plea-

fantries. The Athenians, vivacious and satirical, exercised that poignant wit so peculiar to them, in ridiculing the memory of Athendorus. But their mirth was interrupted by the arrival of Philocles, who, eagerly breaking through the crowd, presented himself before the judges, his temples crowned with flowers and bearing in his hand the cup of libation. O Athenians! cried he, penetrated with grief for the death of Athendorus, I went to his tomb; I ornamented it with those funeral gifts with which we decorate the sepulchres of those who are immaturesly torn from us. In the fullness of my sorrow, prostrate on the tomb of my friend, I bathed it with my tears, I uttered groans and sighs; all the faculties of my soul suspended: nay, there were some moments when I imagined that my spirit was going to follow that of him whom I lamented.—

Suddenly, I heard a secret voice at the bottom of my heart which said to me; Is it by cries, groans, tears and unavailing superfluous sorrow, thou meanest to honour the ashes of thy friend? Athendorus was benign, he feared the Gods, avoided the wicked, eschewed evil and acted uprightly. His virtues have entitled him to the reward destined for the just. His soul at this moment actually enjoys the purest pleasures of Elysium. And
 thinkest

thinkest thou that in those mansions of unclouded bliss his gentle spirit can feel a wish to disturb the quiet of his friend? Dost thou imagine that he requires thee to follow him into the grave ! did he not leave thee some duties to fulfil ? watch over his disconsolate widow, be a father to his orphan daughter : cherish and love those, who while on earth he cherished and loved. Imitate him and perpetuate the remembrance of his virtues by practising them. Thus will thou fulfil the real intentions of Athendorus. These words revived my sinking spirits, I felt myself reanimated. Arising with precipitation and in a kind of extacy, I carried away the funeral gifts which shaded the tomb of Athendorus ; I have covered it with flowers, I have replenished my cup with sparkling wine, I have made the usual libation. I know, O Athenians, the contents of Athendorus's will, I will obey his last commands. Then approaching Monimia and her daughter, and embracing them tenderly, wife of my friend, cried he, thou shalt be mine, I have one daughter, the fruit of a former marriage, thy daughter shall be reared with her, and I will make no distinction between them. I mean not, O Monimia, to endeavour to make you forget your husband ; imprinted on our hearts in characters not to be effaced, we will always preserve a sweet and tender remembrance of him.

His

His fidelity to his friends, his tenderness to his family, his love for his country, his patience, his courage, shall be the constant themes of our conversations, and the object of admiration. We will never forget his virtue, we will endeavour to imitate them, and leave them as precedents to those who shall survive us. The words of Philocles moved the hearts of the Athenians, who only replied by acclamations. That volatile people, to whom it was only necessary to point out the path of rectitude, to engage them to pursue it, heaped praises on Philocles, and conducted him to his house with every demonstration of joy. Philocles religiously observed his promise; he married Monimia and made her happy: he spared no expence on the education of the daughter of Athendorus; and when she attained her sixteenth year, he assigned her a portion, and left her at liberty in the choice of a husband.



A ROMAN THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

THE people of Rome enraged against Augustus, on account of certain oppressive laws by him imposed upon them, but more, for having banished Pylades the comedian, were so infatuated, that they submitted to the former, for the sake of obtaining the recall of the latter.

This passage is cited by Montesquieu, on the authority of Dio Cassius; and, according to what may be collected from the concurring evidence of the same author, Xiphilinus his abridger, Sallust in Vit Augusti, and Macrobius.

The occasion of this important incident was as follows: Pylades, full of himself, and sure of a strong party to espouse all he said or did, pointed, contemptuously, with his finger from the stage, to a citizen who took the liberty of the theatre to hiss him. This was suitably *resented*: the audience divided; part declared for the player, part for the citizen. A sedition ensued; the pretor interposed; and on the behalf of the citizen brought the cause before Augustus. Augustus, also, taking the same side, which appeared to be the strongest, not only reprimanded Pylades, but, as it should seem,

seem, reflected on the stage itself, as having a strong tendency to disturb, as well as to amuse the people. Pylades, on the other hand, more shrewdly than modestly, replied: "'Tis for your interest, Cæsar, they should be amused any way." Banishment ensued. His decree at court only served to increase factions, and, consequently, his importance every where else; insomuch that the city was never at peace, till he was recalled, on the ignominious terms specified above.



